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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



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BOLD LOOK Fashions. "American Panorama"



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on

and on

and on

and on

and on

and on

and on

and on

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and on

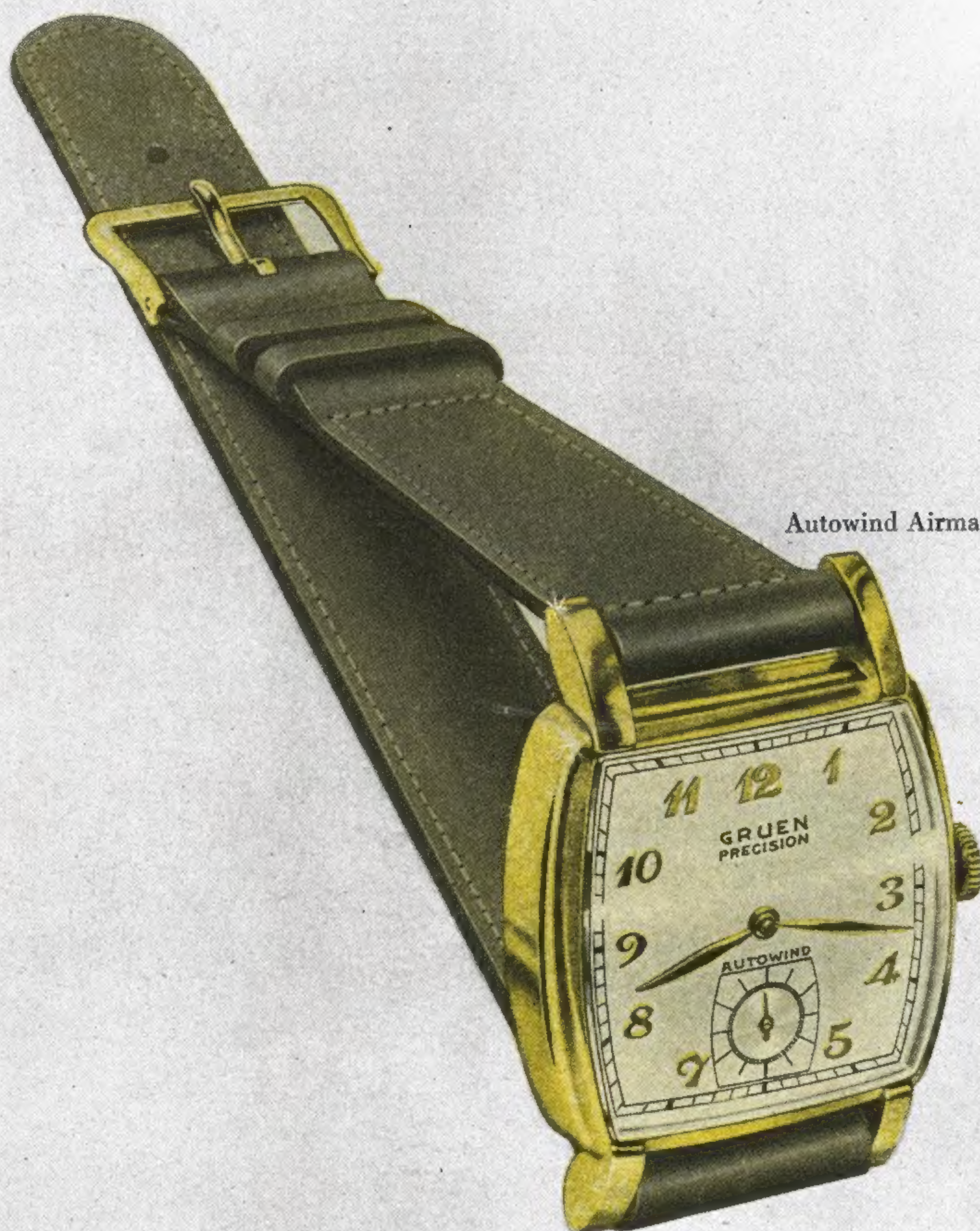
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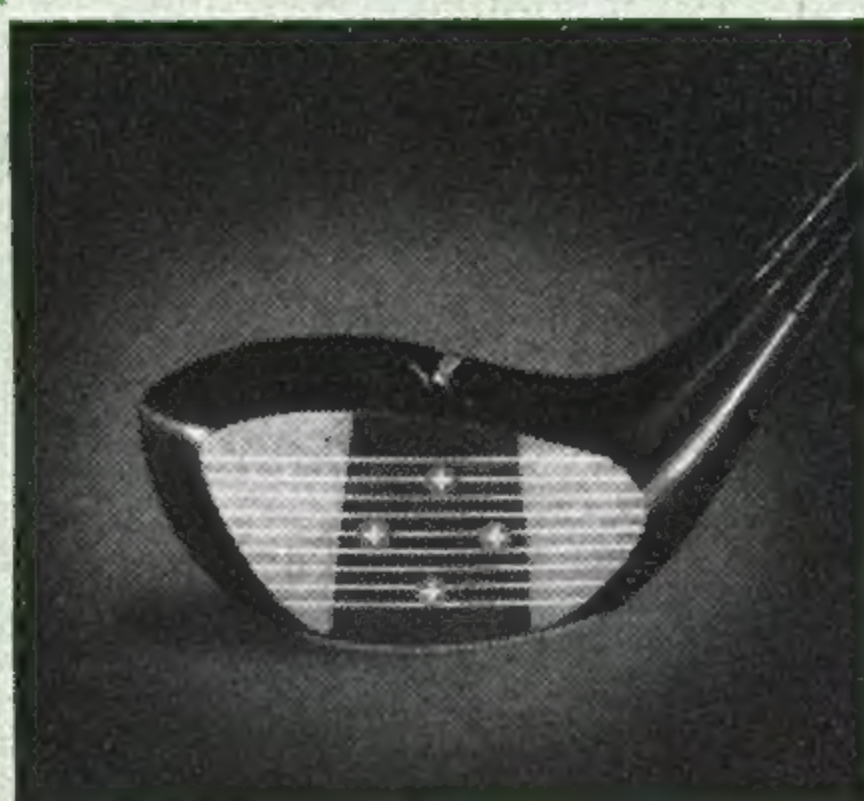
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memo from the publisher:

on slaying an eagle and kissing a queen

It happened the other evening in the club car of the Century. We had recognized the two men next to us: a well-known writer, and one of the country's top automobile manufacturers. They were having cocktails and discussing the need today for more men with the qualities of leadership when the atmosphere was suddenly churned up by the entrance of a noisy young man with a weak face, a strong voice, and too many drinks aboard. For several minutes he made a conspicuous ass of himself. It was in the silence that followed his exit that the automobile man spoke: "I guess *he'll* never slay an eagle or kiss a queen," he said.

That picturesque figure of speech started us thinking. Variations on a theme.

Yes, the qualities of leadership are indeed rare; yet, because of their rarity, at least they're not obscure. You can spot a good man in a crowd these days—and you'll seldom see a fool who'll fool you. Take a look at the men who are doing things; study the builders, the thinkers, the doers—you'll see a pattern of strength, conservativeness, poise.

That's what Esquire has been doing, for many months: studying the men who are doing things. And the result was the discovery of that pattern. Strength, conservativeness, poise—right down to the clothes they wear.

Now study the new fashion pages, in this issue, on the Bold Look for spring. Try visualizing those clothes on a group of fools. It's no go. For clothes don't make the man—but *men made the clothes you'll see there.*

Men who build, who think, who are doing things. It's curious how definitely their character and individuality express themselves—and how subtly they agree in the clothes they wear...

Yet how not quite right are those clothes for the little man who'll "never slay an eagle or kiss a queen."

JTS



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contents for April, 1949

Vol. XXXI. No. 4

Whole No. 185

comment

SHE GETS AWAY WITH MURDER J. B. Rice, M. D. 41

mystery

THE HUNTED Charles Mergendahl 42

western

COFFIN CANYON. George C. Appell 58

supplement

THE ESQUIRE GUIDE TO GOOD GOLFING

THE FAIRWAY TO BETTER GOLF 86
LEAVES FROM THE GOLF PRO'S NOTEBOOK Drawings by John McDermott 88
THE FIVE CARDINAL SINS. Drawings by Robert Osborn 89
ARMCHAIR ROUND OF THE TOUGHEST COURSE IN THE WORLD. 90
A GALLERY OF GOLFING GREATS 92
GOLFING OUTFITS—RAIN OR SHINE. 94
HOW'S YOUR G. R. Q.? 96
A GOLFER'S ODYSSEY 96

personality

VIKING DRAGON SLAYER Herbert Kubly 45
PRINCE OF PARTY THROWERS Maurice Zolotow 52

articles

BILL IT LIKE A CIRCUS. Lee Rogow 46
INDIAN WINTER: NEW SEASON. Jimmy Cannon 48
LUCKY AND THE ANGEL R. Michaels 50
IRISH STAG HUNT 64
PISCATORIAL PIED PIPER Robert D. Potter 77
OLD GOLD ON WHEELS 78
KNOW YOUR CHEESE. 80
NOW THEY'VE SEEN EVERYTHING Parke Cummings 84

fiction

A CABIN ON THE "QUEEN" William Francis 57
DEAR, DEAR SECRETARY Lester Cooper 61
NOBODY GETS HURT Richard Howells Watkins 74
THE LAST ADVENTURE Jerome Brondfield 82

pictorial

BILL IT LIKE A CIRCUS. From the Sydney Burton Collection, New York 46
IN THE MANNER OF LAUTREC Kodachrome by Plucer 51
THE GOLFERS. Painting by Charles Lees 53
SKIRMISH Painting by Al Moore 55
APRIL Photograph by William Stone 60
IRISH STAG HUNT Photographs by Ronny Jacques 64
OLD GOLD ON WHEELS Kodachromes by Wallace Litwin 78
CHEESE CHART OF Do's AND Don'ts Kodachrome by Wallace Litwin 81

wearables

THE BOLD LOOK: AMERICAN PANORAMA. 66
METROPOLITAN VIEWPOINT 68
AMERICAN GEOMETRICS 70
HERE IT'S PALOMINO, PAL! 72

departments

Correspondence: THE SOUND AND THE FURY 15
Contributors: BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE. 21
Travel: MEETING SPRING HALFWAY Richard Joseph 62
Fashions O. E. Schoeffler 66
Travel: ESQUIRE'S WHERE AND WHEN CALENDAR 156

ADVERTISERS' INDEX 166



T. M. REG.

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Editorial:

The Mail Animal

HOWARD LINDSAY tells the story of the time when the great George M. Cohan posted a notice to the members of his company, and it read, "Rehearsal today at 10:45 a.m. to take out the improvements."

Only a Cohan or a Barnum could have swung that magnificently simple blow at all the nonsense that clutters up any kind of a production. The happy wonder of it all is the way the old master, who knew every variation in the book, had the genius to stick to Rule 1 and think of the audience.

The temptation to embellish is, of course, the devil that lurks at the elbow of every piano player, the housewife making a salad, or an editor smoking out his next issue. But, as Cohan knew, the real life in the theatre is on the other side of the footlights and, just as truly, the true lifeblood of a magazine is not literally in its pages, but in the people who scan them.

And so, once and again, we turn to the magic folder of letters from Esquire's readers that courses through this office twice a day, and we enjoy a transfusion of living thought, sometimes ungrammatical, that nevertheless is the true literature of any publication. The office boy is the uncaring catalyst who makes possible this wonderful chemistry that can stir even the cold blood of an editor, and we suppose that he isn't sufficiently appreciated. At least when he came down wearing a Mortimer Snerd mask the other day, we feebly tried to rebuke him by acting as if he looked the same as usual, but the glitter of his bright eyes betrayed us, and we snickered along with the girls, and were rewarded with a packet of letters from our readers.

A lady called one of our most home-loving and dependable authors a gangster. A young lady enclosed a ravishing picture of herself, suitably inscribed to us. A gentleman angrily advised us that a French newspaper was pirating one of our stories, and courteously translated their effort to help us prove the point. A trusting soul had an idea he wanted to tell us about, but first he wanted to be assured that he'd be well paid for the idea if we liked it, and he wanted a letter setting forth what we'd do with the idea if we accepted it, and how much

he'd get for it. He did not tell us what the "idea" was, however.

But the high points of the mail folder were supplied by two good friends who set us straight on a couple of things. The first, a sea-going character whose casual talk of faraway places will start a little fire in your heart, told us something about our own magazine only he is entitled to say:

"I know better than you the sort of guy I am, and I read Esquire, assiduously. I know a lot of other guys like me who do it also. We are your inarticulate, unseen audience. You didn't even know that we were alive, did you? The magic rod of your 'poll' waved over our heads and its divining needle didn't even quiver in passing. I (and this applies to a lot of us) am not youngish, neither am I a man of affairs, and I scarcely know what social life means—even to the point of associating it with disease. Our well-appointed home would make goosebumps sprout and grow like shingles around your midriff, we have no automobile, our wife ran off with a columnist, and our one-and-a-half children got married and moved to Podunk. Leaving us nothing much in life, except to read Esquire!

"I am so well past fifty that I forget where I saw the milepost back on the road. I was a seaman for too many years—I climbed to the top and became a skipper. I went to war, a pair of times, and navied around the world to make it safe for the other '16-to-1.' I met a lot of people in many places—young, middle-aged, and old. I had both eyes open—I was taking a poll, too. I mingled with doctors, merchants, lawyers and chiefs, and rubbed elbows with charlatans, harlots and thieves. I saw pistols for two, more than once, and mingled with lavender and old lace, as well as arsenic and lace. And I learned a lot about people from a lot of people.

"I have seen men—between thirty-five and seventy-five—reading Esquire in the forecabin of a sailing vessel off Cape Horn. Many times they were foreigners, reading slowly, almost painfully. And I have seen whalersmen reading Esquire way down in the large Southern latitudes. Salmon fishermen reading it up North in the fog-blanketed waters among the Aleutians. Tuna fishermen, down

Continued on page 8

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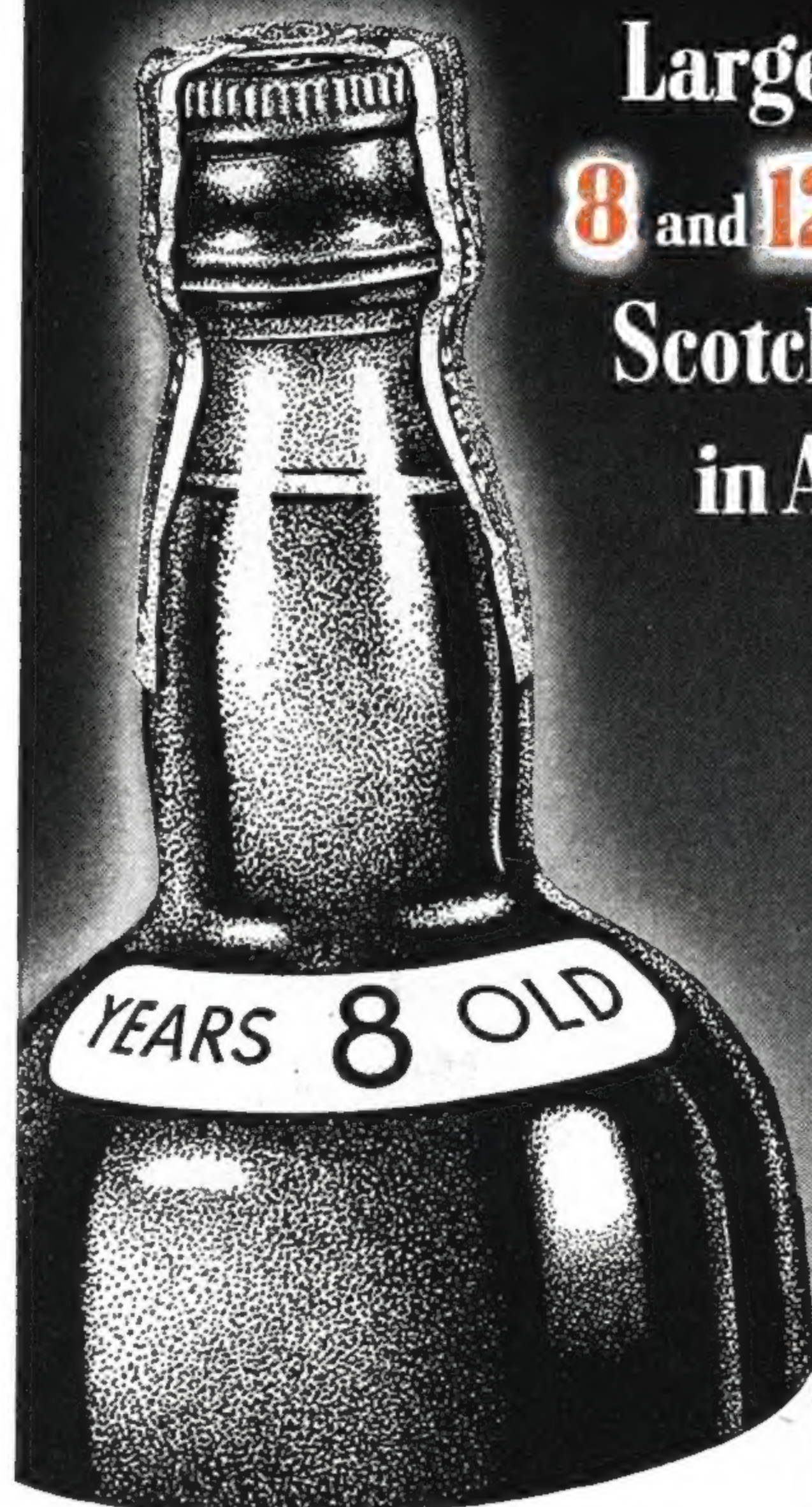
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Editorial: The Mail Animal

Continued from page 6

on the equator—and even a copy left cached in the sand on the Galapagos for another comer to pick up and also read. I have seen marines reading it, with battle not an hour ahead of them on Godforsaken dabs of sand in the southwest Pacific. And I have swapped copies with renegades hopelessly relegated to a life on the headwaters of the tributaries to the Amazon. I have picked it up on an overseer's table in Mozambique, Tanganyika and Rhodesia.

"Then to come away from the rawer side of living, I have seen staid—even stodgy—college professors poring through a copy between lectures. Students—with all of life ahead of them—grabbing a peek on the campus, or in their twice-by-eight cubbyhole, called 'well-appointed home.' Sweet old ladies with hair in curlers, or with or sans wig, rocking swiftly to the tempo of a good story or article. Doctors, dentists, lawyers and plain plumbers with a copy ready to hand. And I have gone through—in and out without restraint—prisons, where the numbers, in numbers, were reading Esquire. And God only knows how long I could go on, and to what a varied extent, to prove that you do not know WHO IS READING ESQUIRE.

"Now: You have two of the best jobs of writing I have ever seen in the February issue. The vignette on page 37 is a masterpiece of a complete story done in less than 300 words. And the old western, *Cold Water and Cherry Pie*, is a really smooth and appealing job. Congratulations to the two authors. With best wishes."

Thanks for the letter, Captain Bethel, and for the fresh salt breeze that suddenly blew through this fusty place when we opened it.

* * *

The second letter that brightened the morning and made us determine to wade into that stack of unread manuscripts was a brisk straightening out we took from a lady who politely disagrees with a certain fashion editorial we wrote suggesting that the little woman stay at home when her man goes out to buy a suit. Says she:

"I thought your Fashion Coordinator fine in every respect, except article 10 entitled, 'Leave the Little Woman at Home.' Probably the author's wife is not intelligent enough to help him pick out a suit, but I am, and all my friends are smart enough to do it, too. I never flashed my legs at any salesman, I do not think my husband is a dope about anything, and he likes to have me along. The man who wrote that article must have a wife who *does* think he's a dope. And I think she's right."

We stand corrected. We still think we were right, as a general thing, but obviously here is an exception. We still say leave the little woman at home, but not

Continued on page 10



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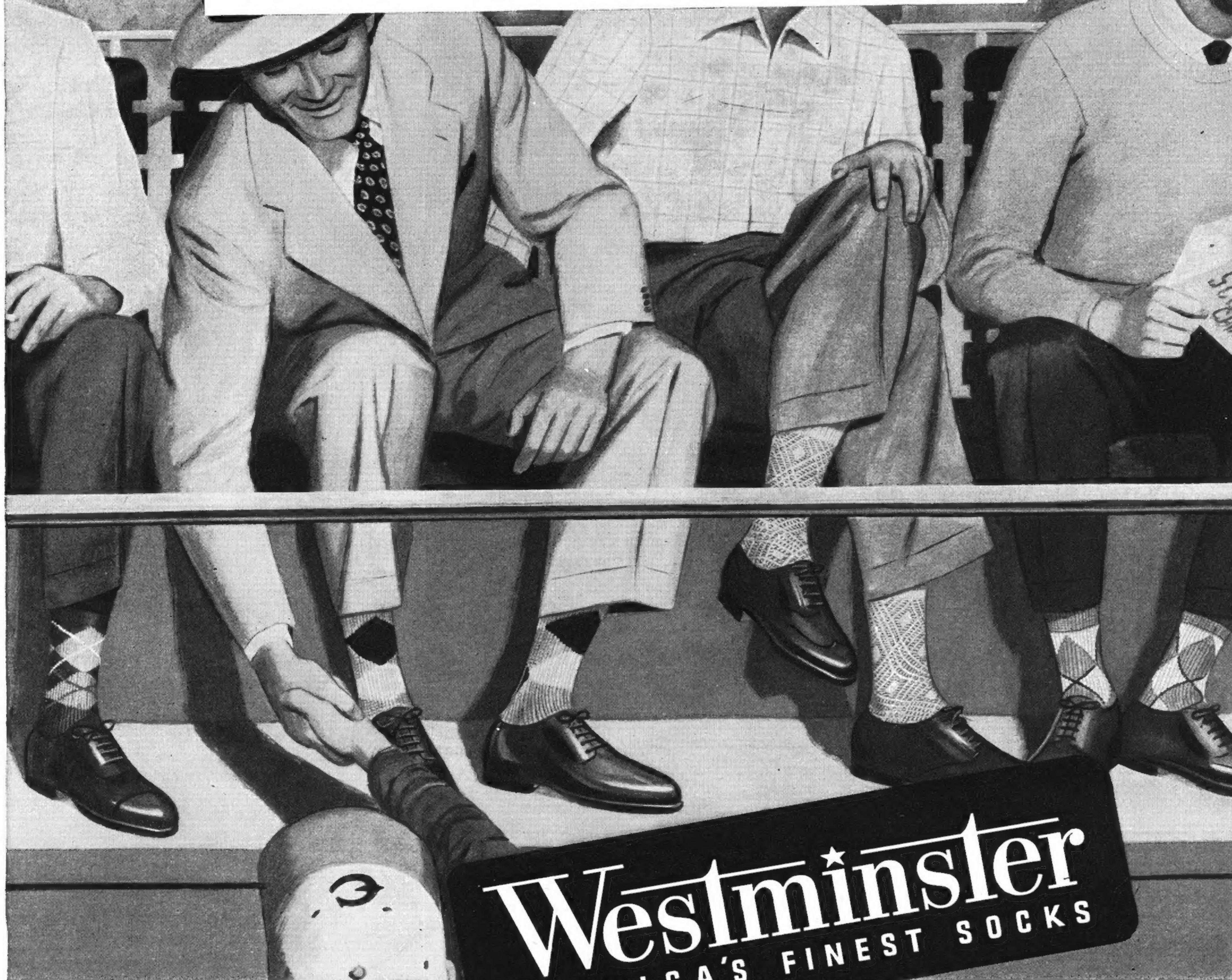


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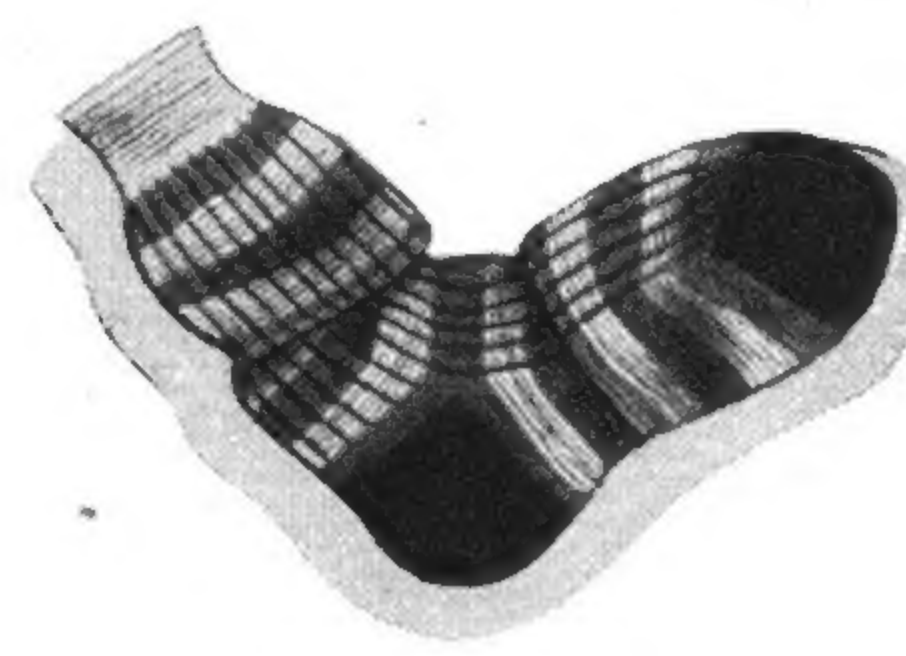
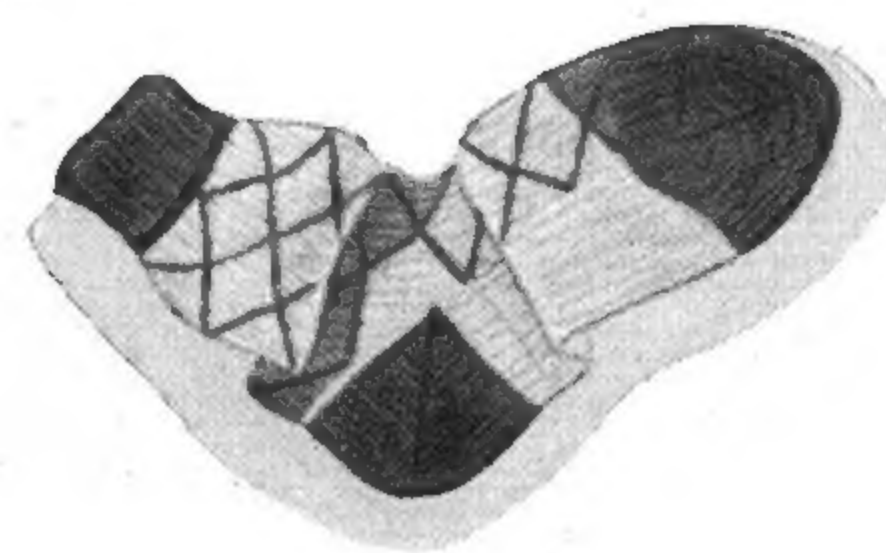
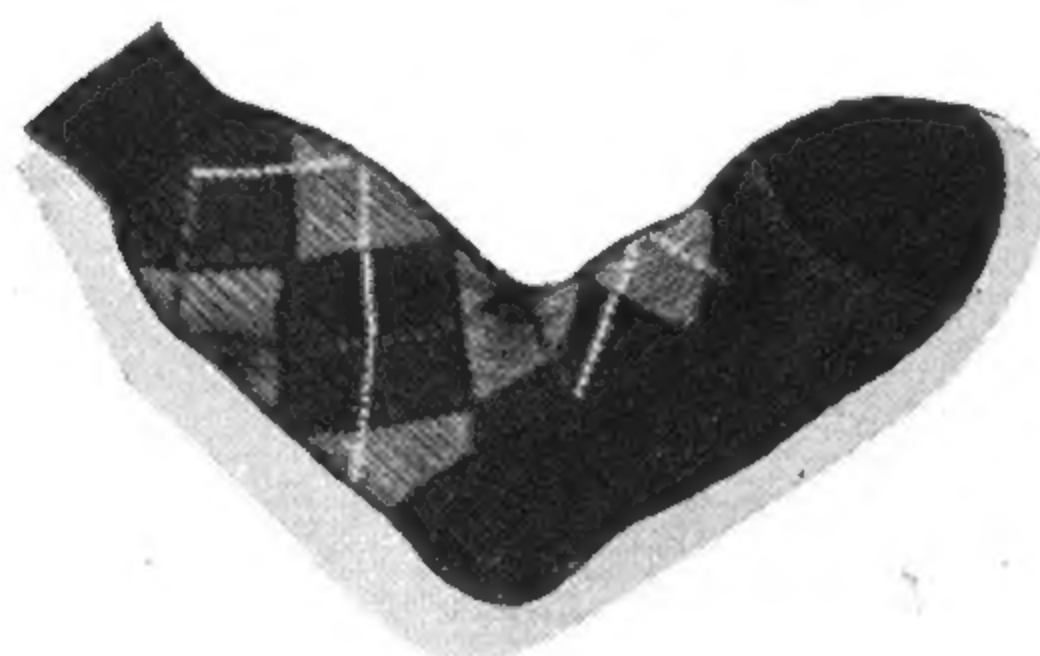
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Editorial: The Mail Animal

Continued from page 8

this little woman—she is loyal and spirited enough to grace any of man's establishments, be it either home or store.

And so, another mail tomorrow.

* * *

Working on the old-car story (*Old Gold on Wheels*, page 78) was so much of a pleasure that it became dangerous. We got so interested in the ancient vehicles that we almost gave in and bought one. That would have been fatal. The time and money so lovingly squandered on the task of restoring, say, a 1911 Marion would have precluded anything else.

When the old car spirit moves in, you're in another world. Take one fellow we visited on the shores of Long Island Sound. He had a beautiful wife, a large, lovely home with an irresistibly comfortable terrace overlooking the water, a bountiful liquor closet, private beach, and acres of green lawns and gardens. Where did we find him? You're right. In the garage. He climbed out from under an incredibly decrepit Mercer. He was greasy, filthy, and just about the happiest man we have ever seen.

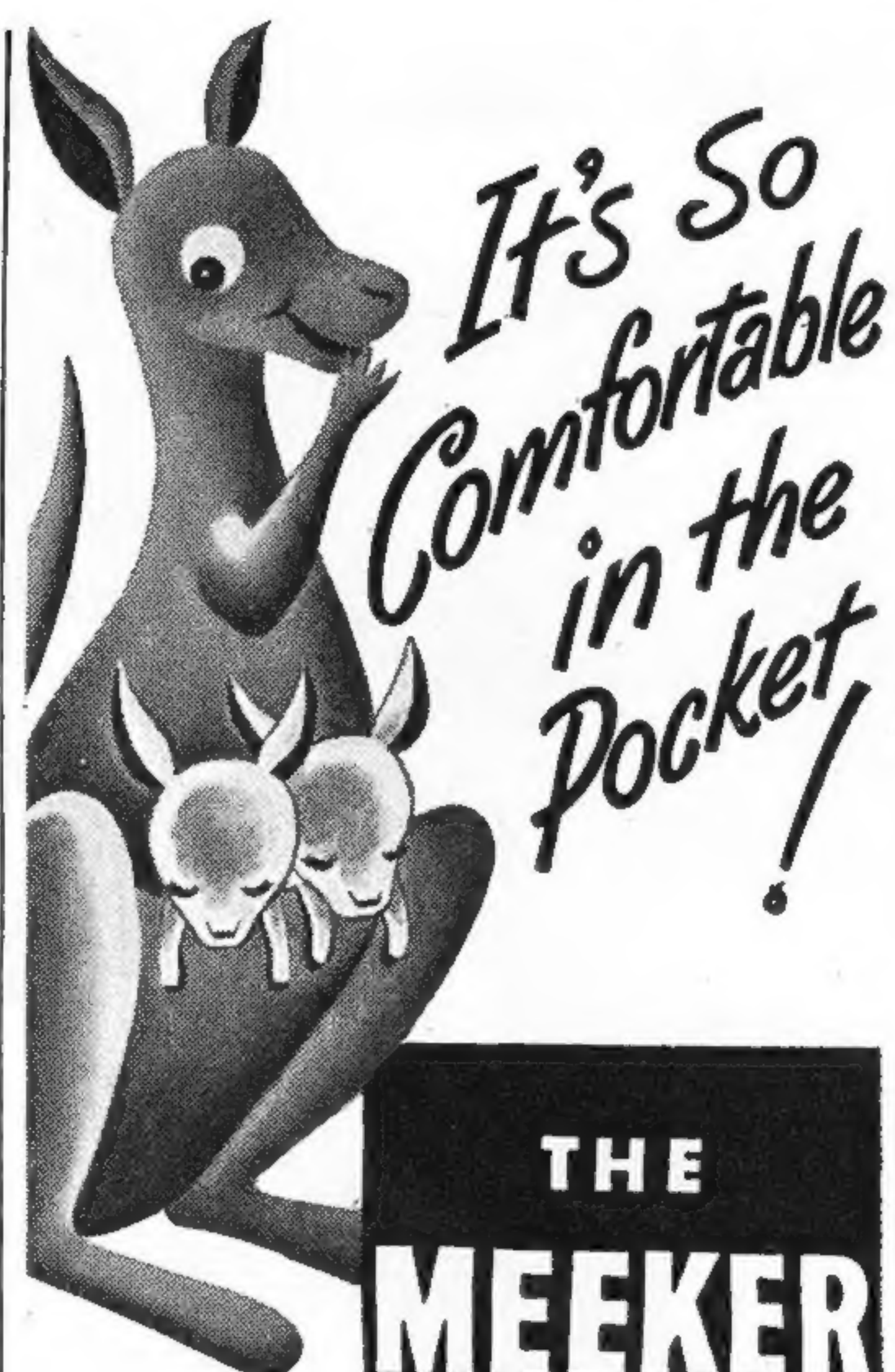
"Look at her!" he said. "Isn't she beautiful!"

She certainly wasn't. The upholstery was chewed and moth-eaten. One fender was missing. There were gaping holes in the dashboard for instruments lost long ago. Cobwebs festooned the steering wheel, and the motor looked as though it had been dredged up from the bottom of the sea.

We looked longingly at the terrace where a butler was fussing around with bottles and ice. "Can't we," we suggested, "sit down somewhere and talk about old cars?"

"Fine," he said and lowered himself to a grimy running board. Reluctantly we joined him. Four hours later we were still there and by that time we were manifesting all the symptoms of the disease. We ran a slight fever at the sight of a handsome pair of old brass head lamps. There came dizziness and spots before the eyes when confronted with a bulb horn, vintage 1919, that sounded for all the world like Paris in the gay and dreamy days after World War I. And we felt cold and trembly as he told us, "Now in an old barn near Scranton there is a delightful old Stutz Bulldog, 1915. So far, outside of the farmer, I'm the only one that knows about it. If you'd like we can drive out there and . . ."

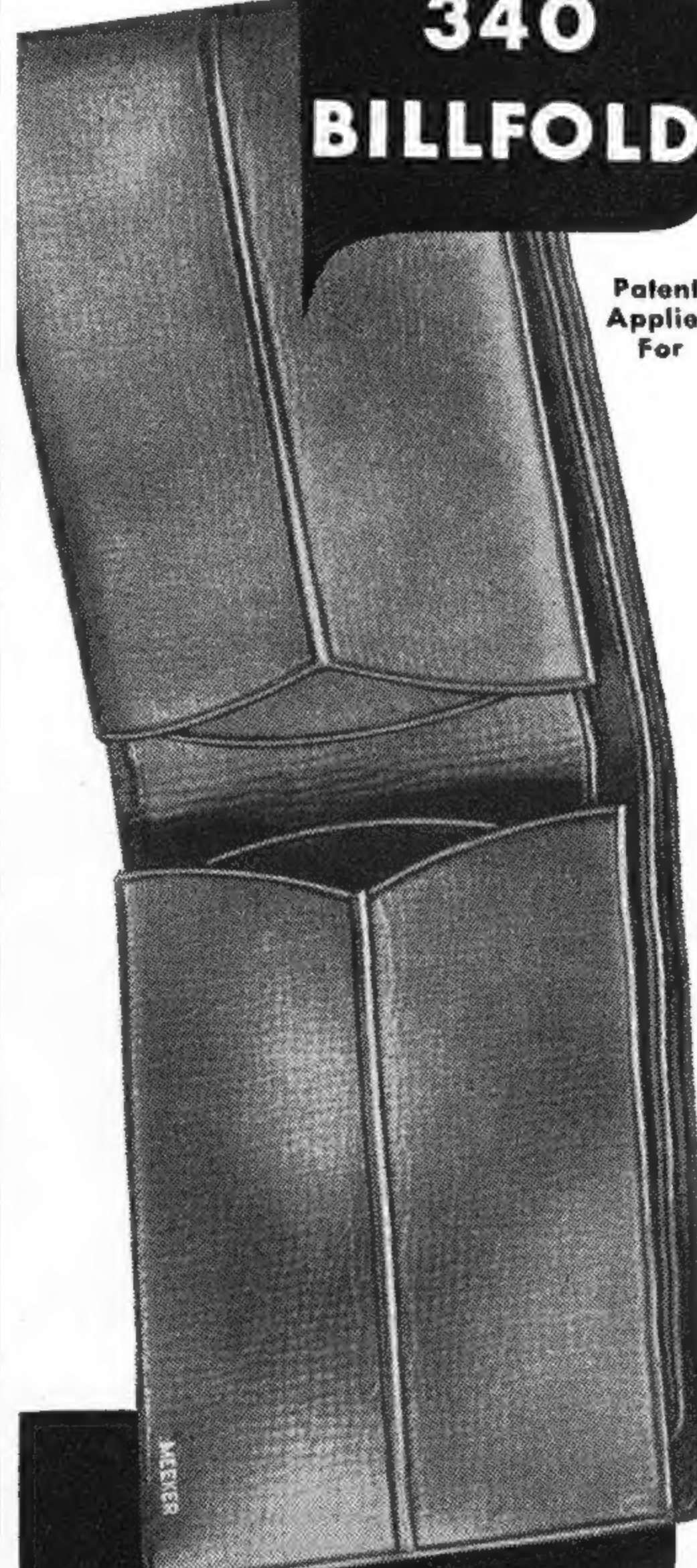
We left hurriedly before we had a chance to say yes. On the way home we saw in a junk yard the solid hulk of what looked like an old Nash. Trying not to look at it was like trying not to look at a beautiful woman. But we drove on. After all, we had a story to write. ‡



It's So Comfortable in the Pocket!

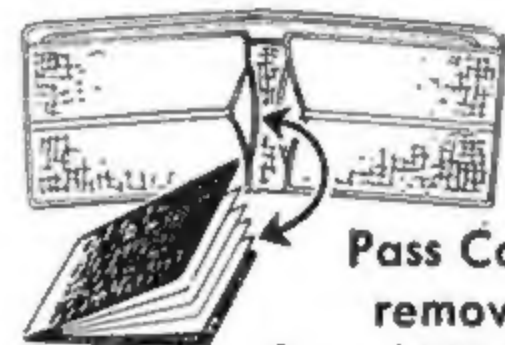
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Patent Applied For



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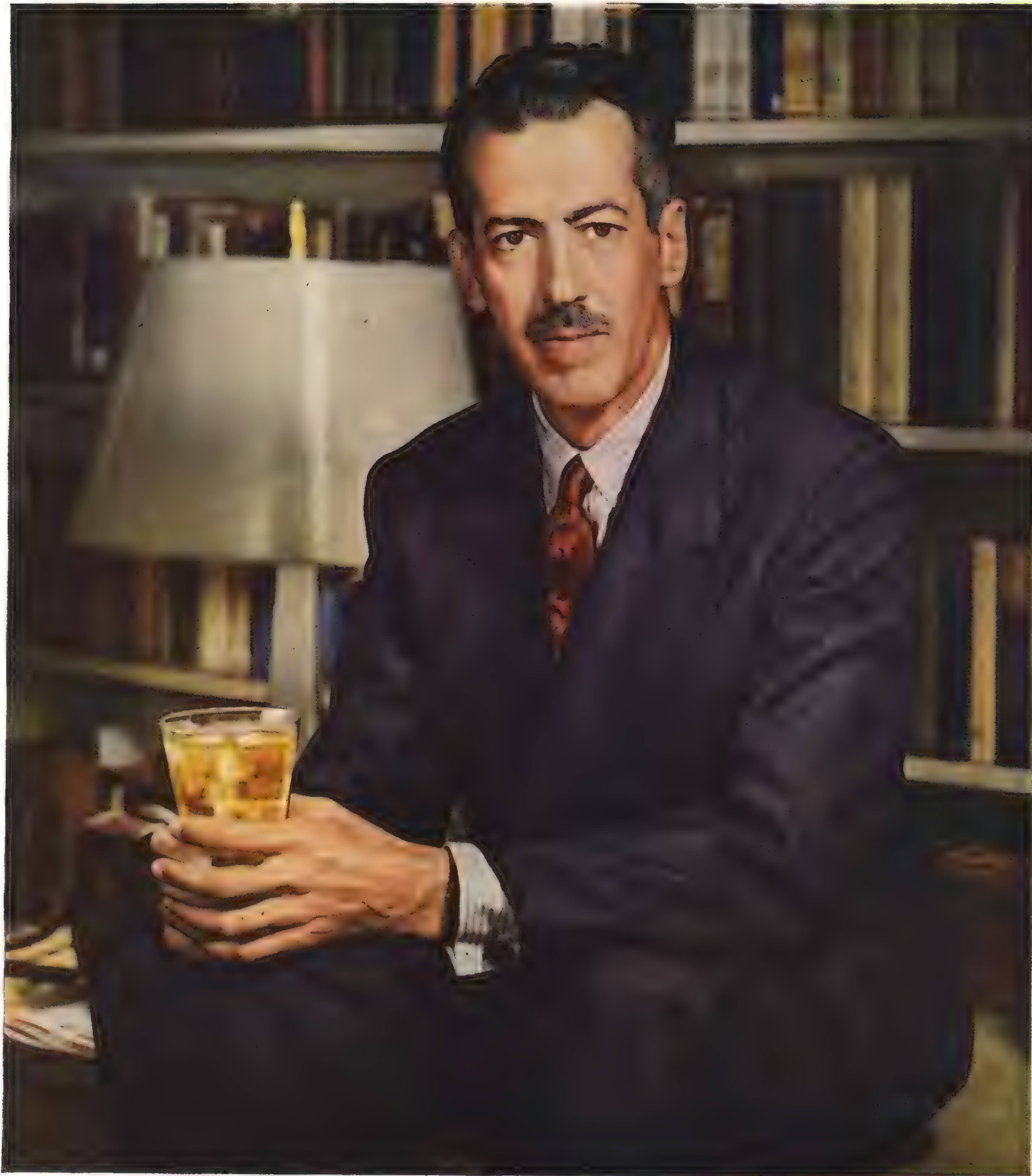
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Studebaker's the buy word

**for thrift that lasts
and style that thrills**

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Here's a fabulously fine new 1949 line of pacemaking post-war Studebakers—low-slung, flight-streamed new sedans, coupes and convertibles—new visions of loveliness inside and outside—the most value-packed automobiles that a moderate investment ever bought!

Here's a new kind of operating economy that's a pleasant surprise in these times—amazing savings not only on gas and oil but also on repairs.

Don't wait—stop in at a Studebaker dealer's and see these newest versions of the cars that changed the face of motoring. Your first look is sure to take you a long step toward proudly driving a thrilling new Studebaker of your own.

White sidewall tires, wheel trim rings or discs, available on all models at extra cost.



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You use amazingly little gas even on long trips in a postwar Studebaker. Yes, whether on the open road, or in stop-and-go city driving, you can always count on a Studebaker engine to give brilliant, low-cost performance.



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spring selections

Ask for 8768

Ask for 8755

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Construction Gives You More Value

City Club Luxury-Tred Shoes give immediate foot comfort...no breaking in is needed. A permanent cushion for the bottom of the foot is built in and special flexibility is provided where the ball of the foot rests and the foot bends. Luxury-Tred features include a smooth-treading, resilient insole that won't curl around edges or become distorted...plus special arch and heel construction that gives vital support where it's needed most...all to help you be confident, comfortable, correct in the Best Dressed Circle!

Ask your shoe dealer or write us



BEST DRESSED CIRCLE

also
CLASTON SHOES
at lower prices

Ask for 8759-1

City Club

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Mild and Mellow
 "The blend of experience". The finest-tasting whiskey of its type in America — and the best value.

Rich and Mellow
 A superlative blend of ALL whis-kies. Definitely America's luxury whiskey — yet its price is moderate.

PARK & TILFORD

Fine Whiskies Since 1840

The Sound and the Fury

question of tactics

We purchased from you a quantity of Esquire's *Guide to Good Hunting*, which resulted in very favorable comments from our customers.

Several of our very exacting hunters have raised a question regarding a statement made on the back cover—Big-Game Hunting:



"Usually, animals living in timber are still-hunted, those in open areas are stalked." These hunters claim that stalking and still-hunting are the same. Can you give us the correct interpretation? Is there any difference between stalking and still-hunting?

P. R. WALTON, President
Union Supply Company
Pittsburgh, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: There is a difference between stalking and still-hunting. In stalking, the hunter pursues the animal, advancing stealthily on his prey. In still-hunting, on the other hand, the hunter lies in wait at some haunt of the animal—a water hole or a feeding ground. Sometimes other men assist him by driving the animal toward the spot where the hunter waits.

want a debate? see Esky

I came upon two glaring inaccuracies in your January issue, in a piece yelegt *Want A Drink? See Your Lawyer*.

I quote:

"... (in Vermont) an 18-year-old (male or female) can order beer or wine with meals but he has to be 21 if he wants to consume it off premises."

This is a half-truth, more dastardly and damaging than a mere outright lie. An 18-year-old can order beer and wine with his meals in Vermont, but in so doing he makes himself liable to a stiffish fine and/or imprisonment. And the seller who serves him is liable to a stiffer fine and longer imprisonment, plus loss of license. A 21-year-old, to slurp his legal alcohol off premises, must first buy his beer or wine in stores which are licensed both locally and by the state, or purchase his hard stuff from a state store, with Vermont making a handsome profit—and a tax.

I quote again:

"In Vermont you may drink at a bar only if stools are provided and food is served over the bar."



Another half-truth. Wholly true it is that state law says bars must have stools (except in clubs) and that you are supposed to have your tokus firmly planted on same.

And for the two short drinking periods on Sundays, in commercial establishments *hot* food—and great is the waste thereof—must be served with liquor or beer. But during legal hours on week days you may have your drinks bare on table or bar, just like New York.

If your man had wanted to pick on something quaint liquorwise in Vermont, why didn't he get this one:

Only one drink per customer can be on bar or table legally at the same time. Suppose you order a shot and a beer chaser. All right. But by golly you can't have the chaser in your hand or on your table or before you at the bar until you've downed your shot like a good little man.

HARRISON BROWN
Brattleboro, Vermont

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following information comes from the *Licensed Beverage Industries: Section 15 of the laws of 1939, Act No. 216* reads: "No spiritous liquor shall be sold by a third class licensee to any person under 21 years of age." Section 22 reads: "No malt or vinous beverages shall be sold by a first class licensee to any person under 18 years of age." The only penalty a minor suffers is when he or she falsely represents his age with the purpose of circumventing this restriction, in which case that person is liable to imprisonment of not more than 30 days or a fine of \$20 or both. Section 22A of the liquor control act provides that the premises licensed must be "devoted primarily to serving meals, that the premises have adequate and sanitary space and equipment devoted to preparing such meals." Section 307 of the regulations issued by the ABC Board provides that "Alcoholic liquors may not be sold or offered for sale over a bar or in a place commonly called a saloon. A counter equipped with stools, which is primarily used for the service of meals shall not be considered a bar."

unwed mother's case

I splurged half a dollar on your November issue so that I could read Dr. Rice's article, *The Case for the Unwed Father*. I was an unmarried mother just five weeks ago, and was anxious to better understand the man's point of view.

I agree with Dr. Rice that the man is a psychological problem and that there is need of a guidance or counsellor service for him. If there were, I'm sure he would realize more the reality of the situation the girl finds herself in.

At first both of you are pretty upset, but time wears away even the most disturbing of emotions. The boy can forget, but the girl is constantly reminded of her wrong by the physical discomforts. I have my M.A.—am considered intelligent (??) and emotionally stable by most of my friends, and, truthfully, I thought I would never go "soft" over having a child of my own. But you can never quite describe the feeling you get when you first feel life inside you. It suddenly becomes so real—and that doesn't diminish with time because you are so constantly reminded of it.

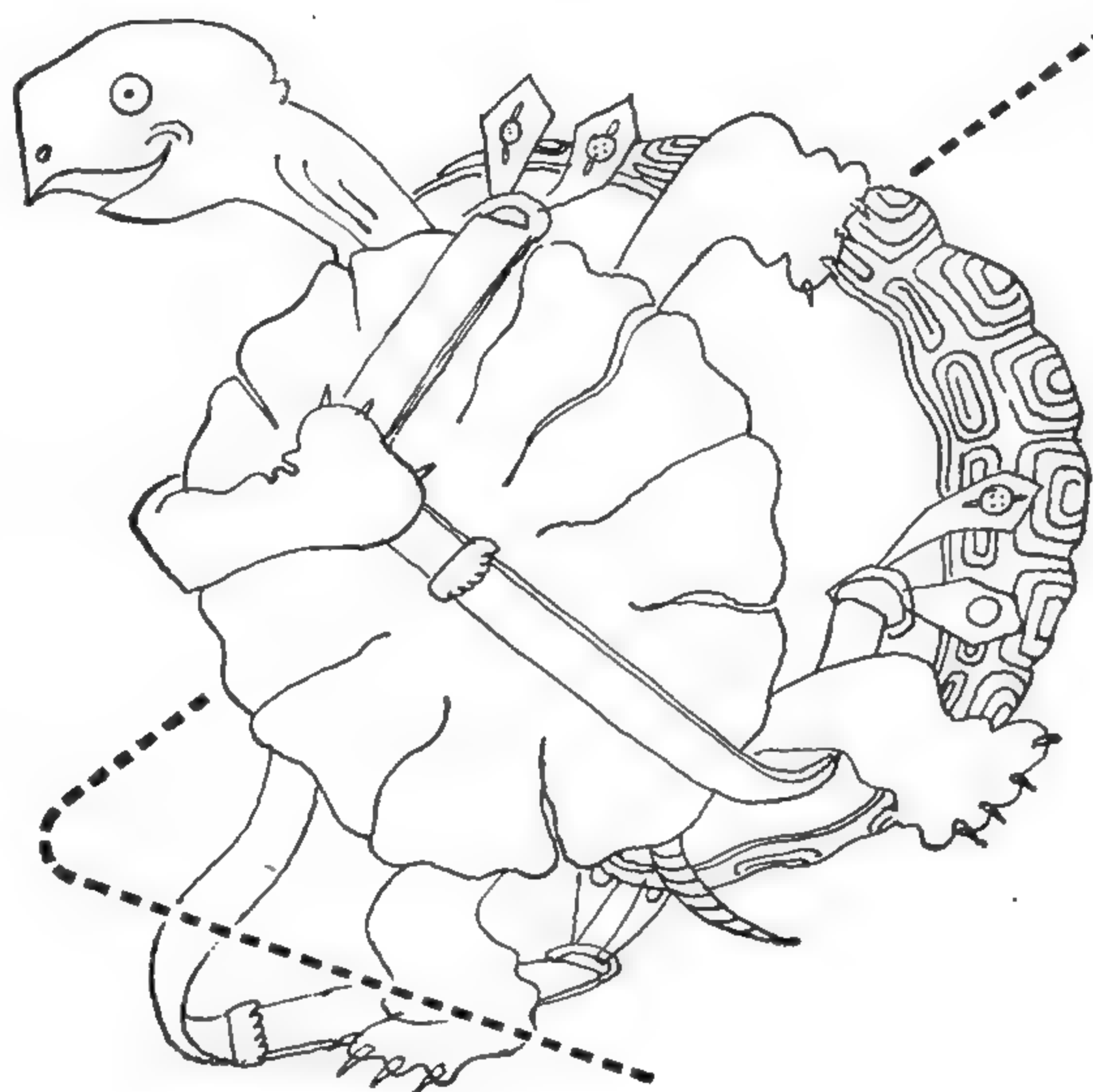
The doctor also paints modern

Continued on page 16

More men want

Jockey

Over-Knee to protect tender skin!



● Wear Jockey Over-Knee, the style that's just the right length to protect tender skin from waist to below the knee. Protects trouser press, too.

Like all Jockey styles, Over-Knee has those special comfort features—famous Y-Front no-gap opening, protective cradled pouch, smooth no-bulge seams, elastic waistband of natural rubber. Which spells real he-man comfort for you.

See your Jockey dealer—be "Hip-Taped"—get Jockey and get comfortable!

Be "Hip-Taped" for Perfect Fit!

Your Jockey dealer has the "Hip-Tape," special measuring method copyrighted by Coopers. It assures you perfect fit all over—waist, hips and crotch. Get Jockey Contoured Shirts to match, short sleeves or sleeveless.

Also Jockey Underwear in Children's Sizes

Get the complete Jockey Underwardrobe



JOCKEY LONG for full-leg protection



JOCKEY OVER-KNEE protects tender skin, trouser press



JOCKEY MIDWAY for everyday wear



JOCKEY SHORT for active sports



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Licenses: Canada, Moodies; British Isles, Lyle & Scott; Australia, Speedo Knitting Mills; New Zealand, Lane-Walker-Rudkin; Switzerland, Vollmoeller; Colombia, Ego Ltda.

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BE MISFITTED
with Famous
PEDERSEN
GOLF CLUBS
Woods and Irons

*Your Golf Pro
will fit you*



with Pedersen Clubs embodying these exclusive features—

- Correct shaft action.
- Four degrees of flexibility to suit the suppleness and strength of your wrists.
- 10 to 30 yards more distance because of built-in timing.
- Length, weight and balance to suit your physique, stance, etc.
- Heads modeled with correct weight distribution plus practical playing qualities and eye-appeal.
- Sold only through Pros.

CORRECT SHAFT ACTION is possible only because shafts specially designed by and exclusive with Pedersen, were developed and perfected to assure greatest power and control. By working closely with thousands of Pros for over 15 years, it has been proven that this *correct shaft action* is responsible for the remarkable results consistently obtained by golfers of all calibers with Pedersen Clubs.

FOUR DEGREES OF FLEXIBILITY are available in Pedersen shafts and all provide the same characteristic action definitely enabling any golfer, when fitted with the correct flexibility, to get longer, controlled shots with less effort.

ADDS 10 TO 30 YARDS—Provides greater accuracy—Enables you to save many valuable strokes due to this built-in timing feature.

In addition to their exclusive shaft development, Pedersen now offers the finest new model wood and iron heads that are already the talk of the golfing world. They incorporate the very latest accepted shapes and weight distribution along with top playing qualities and eye-appeal.

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ASK YOUR PRO to demonstrate and *fit* you with Pedersen woods and irons. He is the only one qualified to specify the correct shaft, length and swing-weight clubs for you. Remember, Pedersen Clubs are sold only through the Pro. Don't waste your time looking in stores—you will not find Pedersen Clubs for sale there.

SEND THE COUPON NOW so we can get more information to you for your immediate golfing pleasure. No obligation.

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Gentlemen: Please see that I receive more information
about Pedersen Woods and Irons.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

My _____ Club or
Pro _____ Course _____

Our Exclusive Pro Policy Requires This Information

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 15

day mothers without the tears of that 1920 saga. Does he think that just because social agencies have made it physically easier to go through with it that the remorse you feel isn't just as great? He pictures it as easy, but I wish he had to experience just one week in one of those Homes for Unmarried Mothers. You have to work, and hard, no matter whether you pay or not. You are unhappy and physically uncomfortable, and so are all the other girls, and in spite of how you all try there are times when you get pretty snappy. Just when you need affection and tenderness that would ease those long long months, you are quite alone and lonesome. He also suggests that the homes are eager to take you—yes, if you mean take your money. They really bleed you if you are dumb enough to tell them how much money you have saved when they ask you. And if you



haven't enough and are capable of earning a decent salary they want you to pay them afterward.

If any man could see the aging, especially on those little gals sixteen and under (we had one twelve at our Home whose stepfather got her that way) he'd think twice before becoming "an unwed father."

Maybe you think the girls who get caught are promiscuous. If they were they'd be more experienced and therefore wouldn't get caught. There are a few "tough" ones, but for the most part the girls are very sweet and genuine, caught in the web of liking the wrong guy. If a fellow really likes a girl he treats her like a princess and won't misbehave with her. On the other hand if it is she who does the liking she'll be overgenerous. Don't you agree?

I was levelheaded enough to decide on an adoption plan for the child, for its own good. But I wish the father had to feel a little of what the girl feels when she sees her child. I thought I was "above" all that maternal instinct business. But it's different when it's your own and you feel the softness of her little body. You're proud and you feel wonderful, and you wonder how strong the father would be about giving it up if he were there, especially when she turns out to be the spitting image of him. You have a feeling more wonderful than your "first love," and you're not ashamed of it, and suddenly minks and luxurious automobiles will never seem exciting again after this feeling. Then you think how wonderful it would be to keep her, and you can't help hating the man a little.

You sign her away, and you who have never given in to weeping have another good sob session. You have to get working again so that your family and friends will never find out and there will always be the fear that

Continued on page 18

YOU MUST AVOID
GREASY
GOO

IF YOU WANT A
CLEAN SCALP—
HANDSOME-
LOOKING HAIR



Remember Water Is No Hair Tonic

On the other hand, don't plaster your hair down with greasy, sticky products which cover hair and scalp with a dirt-catching scum. Healthy-looking hair *must* have a cleaner scalp. So use Kreml! It's never been duplicated to keep hair *perfectly in place*; it makes hair look naturally well-groomed. It *never* looks or feels greasy. And you'll like to feel Kreml working on your scalp to give it a 'wake-up' tingle. It always keeps hair and scalp feeling so **CLEAN**. Also excellent to lubricate a dry scalp—to remove dandruff flakes.

Have the 'clean-cut' Kreml-type
hair that attracts



KREML
Hair Tonic

SAVE MONEY—buy the new
large 16-oz. money-saving size
Kreml and save up to 50%.

A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.



Greatest improvement in shirt comfort since the soft collar!

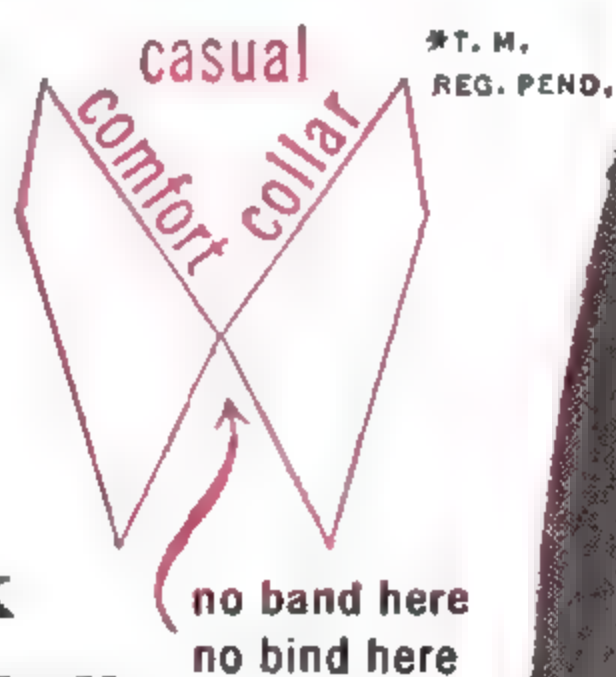
Now you can enjoy "open collar"
freedom in the shirts you wear every
day with a tie. You'll look smarter,
feel freer in the revolutionary new
Casual Comfort Collar.* The secret's
in the new Vanishing Neckband.

As it comes around toward the front of the
shirt, it tapers off and vanishes leaving
the smart-looking collar-front free and easy!

Casual Comfort Collar

Carefully body-shaped to fit, in fine
Sanforized broadcloth. Choose
from ten bright and cheerful Spring
colors. They're a smart
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WINE ROSE • SKY BLUE • DUSTY PINK
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collar sizes 13½-17, sleeves 32-35

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CREATIVE SHIRTMAKER



Harmony in leather



Superb Belts styled of Choice Cowhide by Paris

"Tops" for your Trousers

Cowhide, the most adaptable of leathers, is brilliantly styled by "Paris" master craftsmen. Smooth and supple, or rough and tough, "Paris" Belts of genuine cowhide always look smart, wear well. Make your choice of the many new styles at your favorite men's store—\$1.50 to \$12.50. Get yours today.

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Chicago • New York • Los Angeles

PARIS BELTS • SUSPENDERS • GARTERS



The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 16

they might find out some day. You have to throw yourself into your work and create new interests and try to forget. Then you bump into an article like Rice's and you live it all over again. You realize you have a psychic trauma that doesn't heal overnight, and you hope time will help.

The man's part isn't easy, but I still think he gets off easier than the girl.

ANONYMOUS

Main Street, U. S. A.

everybody happy?

I read the article about Harold Arlen with great interest. I like Mr. Arlen's music as well as the next man but—correction, please—he did not write *Cabin in the*



Sky. The film was a screen version (M-G-M) of the Broadway musical play (Lewis & Freedley) produced in 1940 at the Martin Beck Theatre; the lyrics were by John Latouche, the music by me.

At the time when the film was produced I was an enlisted man in the U. S. Coast Guard (subsequently a commissioned officer). I was offered the job of re-doing the score for the screen but was forced to decline—there was a war on, remember? Mr. Arlen contributed two or three songs with my former lyric writer, Mr. Harburg. *Taking a Chance on Love* and *Cabin in the Sky* by Latouche and self were still hits when the picture was released.

VERNON DUKE

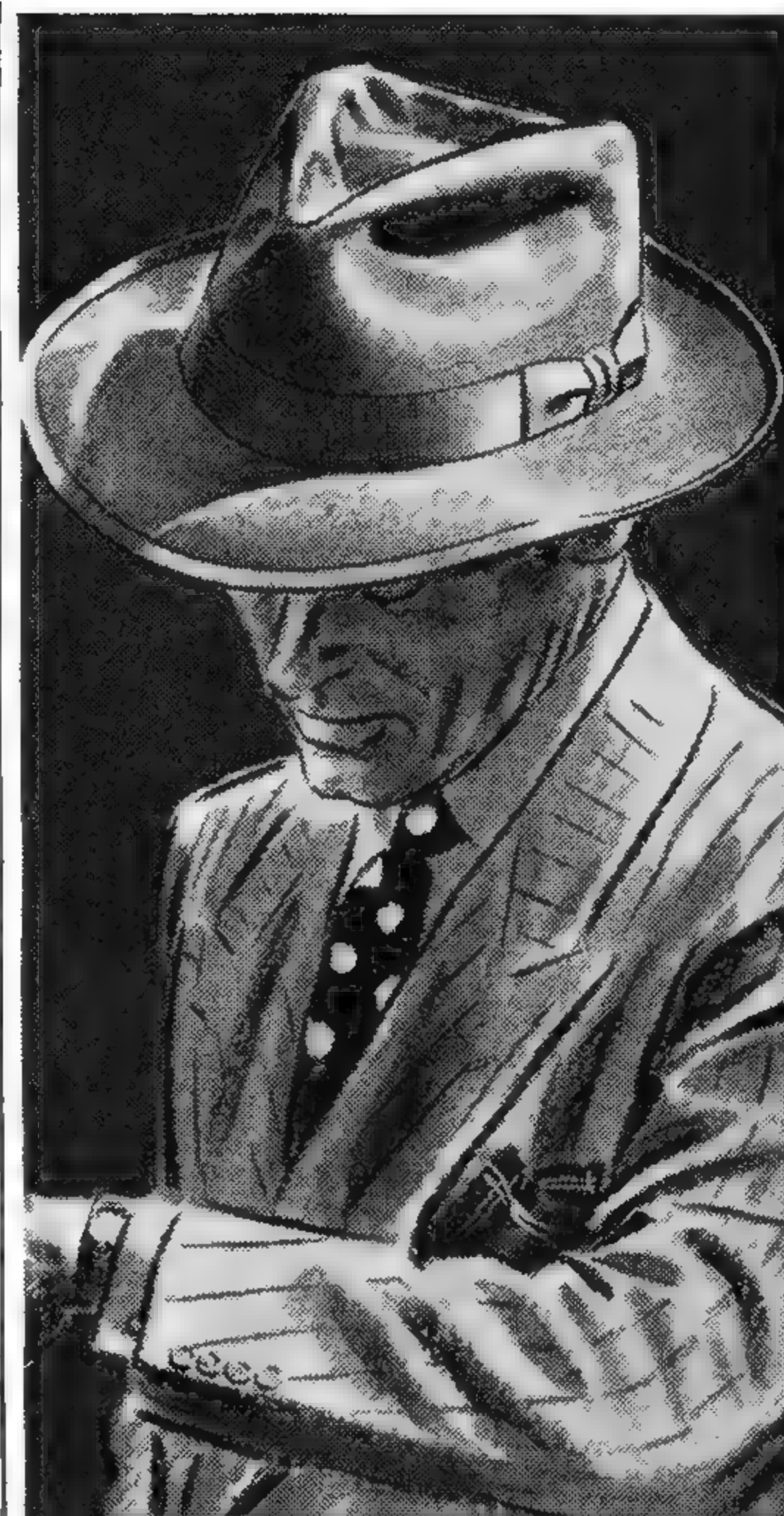
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We feel sure that Keith Monroe, in his piece, *A Broadway Legend: Harold Arlen*, did not wish to depreciate Vernon Duke's memorable music for *Cabin in the Sky* when he referred to Harold Arlen's contributions to the motion picture which followed the Broadway production. To keep the record straight, readers are reminded that while Harold Arlen composed the music for *Little Black Sheep*, *Happiness Is a Thing Called Joe* and *Consequences* (introduced in the motion picture) the title song, *Cabin in the Sky*, as well as *Taking a Chance on Love* and *Honey in the Honeycomb*, with music by Vernon Duke, were sung in both the stage and screen productions.

on the town

In regards to Claire Rose's letter "men are myopic" in December—Miss (I presume) Rose, in which category do you place those more unfortunate ones of us who go through life with these ideals yet die "loveless"? Make a promise of "gingham" and the sweet, aromatic, corned beef and cabbage smell and—New York, here I come for ten days leave!

CARLTON MORRIS, HM2 USN
U.S.S. *Cadmus*



The Adelphia \$750

Best News your Head's had in Years!

A Genuine Fur Felt Hat for Only \$7.50

Kensington Hats are made especially for the man who knows a handsome hat when he sees one—for the man who wants a quality fur felt at a price that won't upset his budget. See the finest selection of hats that \$7.50 ever bought at your Kensington Hat dealer right away.

KENSINGTON HATS \$750

"They said it couldn't be done"

The Fairway \$750





Great buy . . . great guy! While this suit was being cut and basted, the man who made it said, "Make sure the zipper is a Talon slide fastener." This thoughtful man in the background is a friend of yours . . . wants you to have the extra-fine tailoring touch of the Talon fastener, the one zipper that's especially designed for trousers. When you're trying on a new suit, it's reassuring to spot the word "Talon" on the zipper. Look for it! It tells you that a thoughtful man in the background is giving you extra value . . . extra quality!



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Stateroom aboard luxury liner *America*

Very Obviously... First Class

Seagram's VO

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND... OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD—86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, N. Y.

Backstage with Esquire



Charles Mergendahl

CHARLES MERGENDAHL gave a speech on literature and the theatre during his commencement exercises at Bowdoin College which so impressed one member of the audience—the late Wendell Willkie—that Mr. Willkie persuaded a leading advertising agency in New York to give him his first job. But Mergendahl strayed away from advertising in order to see a play he had written through production. The play lasted one night; its producer spent a few hours in jail and Mergendahl joined the Navy. After three years at sea as a lieutenant he was transferred to the States to write for the Navy's Public Information Bureau. By war's end he had also written two novels, *Wait Up for Spring* and *His Days Are as Grass*. He then retired to a Maine "salt-water farm," the setting for *The Hunted* (page 43). His third book, *This Spring of Love*, was published by Doubleday last year.



Jack Cowan

Concerning his illustrations for *Coffin Canyon*, JACK COWAN grouses pleasantly: "An artist who does historic illustration has to be able to paint it as if he had been there—this means library reading and museum research. Naturally small points of authenticity lead off into entirely new subjects which become as interesting as the original one. Invariably, I find myself eagerly consuming a rambling account in some obscure history book that has no bearing on the subject to be painted, and enjoying it more than a G.I. on a three-day pass." A native of Tennessee, Cowan joined the Air Force fol-

lowing graduation from art school at Pratt Institute, and did illustrations for an Air Force magazine. He recently joined the Stephens-Hall-Biondi Studio in Chicago.

Speaking of *Coffin Canyon*, GEORGE C. APPELL declares: "The Army I write about—the Army of mules and boots and beans and hay—seems to me to have been the best one that ever crossed the earth. Sometimes I think that the whole stableful—the troopers, the officers, the sutlers, farriers, skinners and scouts—are perched up beyond the earth, knuckling their chins and shaking their heads and looking down dubiously on what they see, and not liking it one damned bit. Halazone tablets! Mattress covers! Gasoline! Sunglasses! And female sergeants!"



George C. Appell

Having made his first two story sales from an Army hospital he was puzzled because this luck did not follow him into civilian life. Then he gained inspiration from a friend with a pet clam named Harry. Pointing to his pet, Harry's owner said: "He's cool, collected, undisturbed, has a hard bottom and low blood pressure. What more do you want in order you should write?"

DOROTHY MCKAY's cartoons, more than seven hundred of which have enlivened this magazine, have a special quality which defies imitation. By virtue of her intense vitality and easygoing style, a picture which required several days of painstaking work seems to have been dashed off in a merry moment. Inherently generous, she enjoys using rich colors; the droll ladies in her pictures are amply proportioned; families tend to be large, gestures sweeping, and the humor, broad and rollicking. The round-faced little girls she draws bear more than a passing resemblance to her red-haired daughter, Phoebe. Dorothy McKay's husband is Donald McKay, the book illustrator, and, at ten, Phoebe is highly critical of both parents' professional technique. She intends to be an artist, she says—but a good one. Mrs. McKay is happy about the fact that one of her Esquire cartoons is mentioned

Continued on page 22

Mansfield

KLEET SOLE

Jogs



Get the
Jog-step!
Check out in
on-the-beam style
...alert to what goes.
Cruise along merrily
in the husky rubber sole,
kleeted for extra wear.
Mansfields start at \$8.95
JOGS FOR BOYS
Sizes 1-6, start at \$6.95

Mansfield

WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS



*For men of action**

QUIET, PERFECT GROOMING

Lenthéric specialties for the complete, comfortable and luxurious shave. Shave Sticks, brushless or lather, in maroon or ivory finish, each 65¢. Tubes of special-formula Shaving Creams, "lather" or "brushless", each 50¢. Bowl of Shaving Soap, \$1.00, in de luxe container, \$5.00 (refills 75¢). After Shave Powder, \$1.00, in de luxe container, \$5.00. (Plus tax on powder only.)

Requisites by
Lenthéric

AT THE BETTER SHOPS

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1949 Lenthéric, Inc.

Backstage with Esquire

Continued from page 21



Dorothy McKay

in Robert Sherwood's book, *Roosevelt and Hopkins*. The drawing, which appeared in our November, 1938, issue, shows a small boy scribbling ROOSEVELT on the sidewalk; and his sister reporting: "Mama, Wilfred wrote a bad word!" President Roosevelt hung the original painting on the wall of his room in the White House and took great pleasure in pointing it out to visitors. It is now displayed in a collection at the Roosevelt Library in Hyde Park.

RICHARD HOWELLS WATKINS spent nine years on the *New York Sun* before he discovered it is easier to invent stories than to dig them up. During peacetime he has enjoyed sailing here and abroad, but finds the U. S. Navy distrustful of his vision; hence he spent the First World War as a chief petty officer commanding a desk in New York City; after the Navy rejected him for service in the last war, he



Richard Howells Watkins

managed a few runs, to get story material, in various types of Canadian warcraft. Ordinarily he splits the year between a cottage in Riverside, Connecticut, and a beach house in Deerfield, Florida, on the theory that he is brighter in bright weather. Last winter, however, he stayed north and wrote some Florida fiction; a Connecticut blizzard outside the window can really put that tropic something into a story, he discovered.

DAVID BERGER, who did the imaginative illustrations for *The Hunted*, supplied these cryptic

Continued on page 24

BY APPOINTMENT WINE MERCHANTS
TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI.



HARVEY'S

IMPORTED

Sherries & Ports

—for over 150 years
the World's
Assurance of Quality

To generation after generation, the name Harvey has been synonymous with the finest in Sherries and Ports. We suggest that your wine cellar should contain your personal assortment of the famous Harvey wines listed below.



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HARVEY'S BRISTOL CREAM
Choicest full pale Oloroso. Rich.
HARVEY'S BRISTOL MILK
Deep, golden Oloroso. Medium rich.
HARVEY'S BRISTOL DRY
A very superior pale, light Fino.
HARVEY'S AMONTILLADO
A pale, Amontillado dry sherry.
HARVEY'S SHOOTING
A medium-priced Oloroso sherry.
HARVEY'S GOLD CAP
A golden Oloroso. Medium rich.

PORTS

HARVEY'S HUNTING PORT
A superior, soft, tawny wine.
HARVEY'S GOLD CAP PORT
An exceptionally fine ruby Port.

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK



Be sure of the best with this
simple test — pick it with a

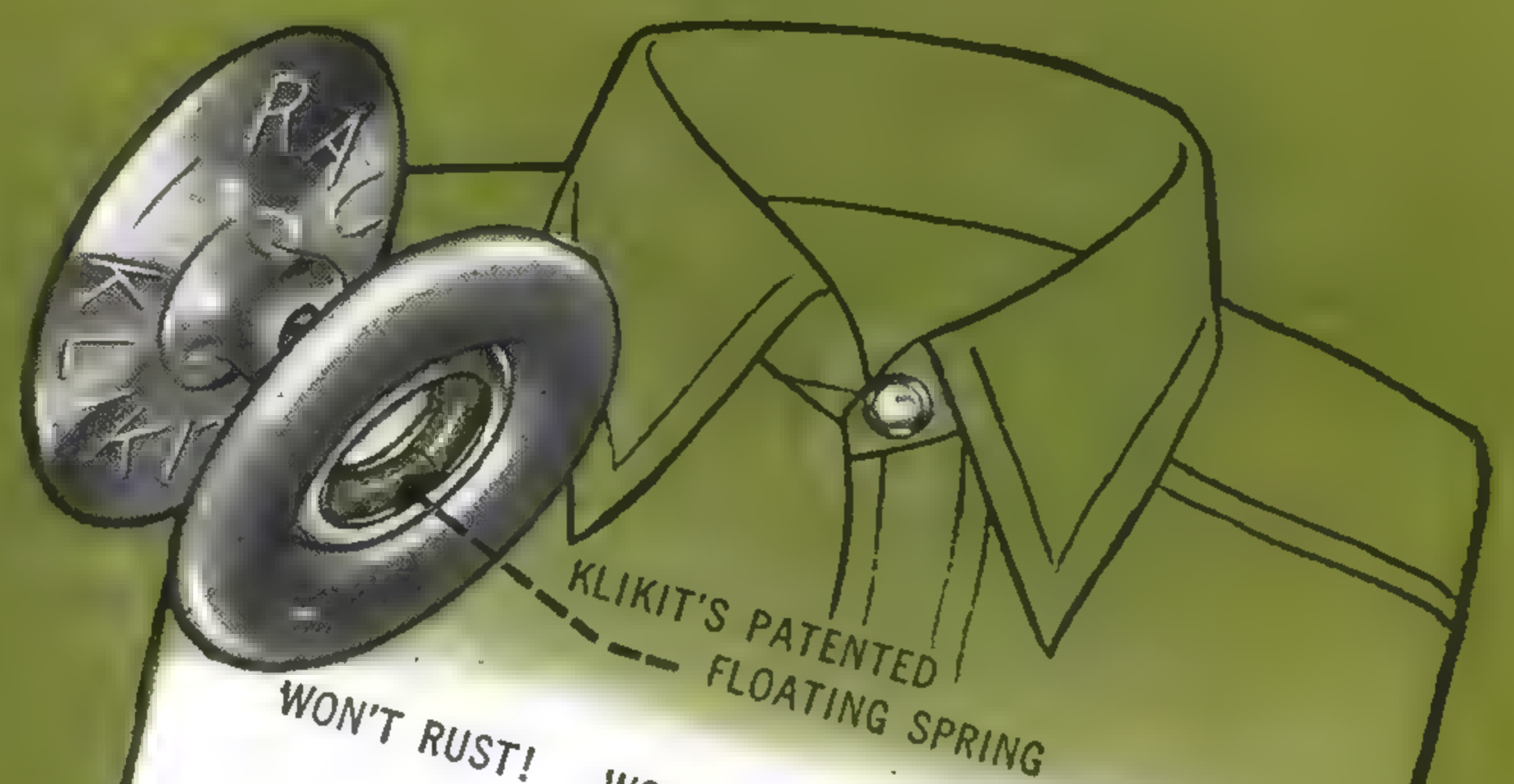
Klikit

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STYLIZED SNAP FASTENER

The finest sport shirts, shorts, slacks and rainwear—all wear Klikit Snap Fasteners. Unlike ordinary fasteners, Klikits have a laundry-proof metal spring that can't jam or break. They're a sure sign of the smartest styling . . . the most discerning craftsmanship. Look for Klikits on every garment you buy.

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FLOATING SPRING

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WON'T BREAK!

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"Columbus"
"Connie Sportswear"
"Coronet"
"Daily Double"
"Don Juan"
El Rancho
"Hamilton Snap-py"
"H Bar C"
"H Bar J"
"J Bar J"
"J Bar T"
"Mac Taggart"

McGregor Sportswear
Miller Western Wear
Nofade
Over-The-Top Sport Tags
"Paddock"
"Pennshire"
"Ripley"
Sea Island
Shirtcraft
"Skyline"
"Skyrider"
"Snaparoo"
Sports Shirts
"Tem-Tex Western"
"Texan Two"
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Wings



WATCH FOR

YOUR PRODUCT IN FUTURE

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FAMOUS STARS WHO KNOW say...

PLAY

Wilson Strata-Bloc GOLF CLUBS



Babe Didrikson



Sam Snead



Patty Berg



Lloyd Mangrum



Gene Sarazen



Jim Ferrier

The amazing Wilson Strata-Bloc wood head retains its precise measurements under any natural conditions . . . insures a perfectly *true* club face at all times, for better play and lower scores.

Wilson Top-Notch and K-28 woods, with warp- and shrink-proof Strata-Bloc heads, are used and endorsed by the top-ranking tournament players featured here, and many others.

No wood club has ever withstood tests like these



To prove resistance to moisture, Wilson Strata-Bloc heads were immersed in water for *five years*. They showed no apparent change in shape. Baking tests registering 212°F also failed to distort Strata-Bloc heads.

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Wilson precision built irons are designed and engineered to meet the exacting requirements of top notch players. They have won highest praise for performance under extreme conditions of tournament play.

Wilson Top-Notch and K-28 high compression golf balls give you the exclusive advantages of "Blended Tension" winding. You get the thrill of it with every shot.

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(A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)
Branch offices in New York, San Francisco
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Players shown are members of the famous
Wilson Advisory and Golf Promotion Staff.

ITS Wilson TODAY
IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT

Backstage with Esquire

Continued from page 22

notes: "I was born and raised in Denver, and attended art school there, and later, at 19, in New York City. I continued art studies



David Berger

in and out of school till World War II. Spent three appalling years in the Army, leavened by seven months as artist correspondent for *Yank* in Paris. Studied art and life. Came home. Studied art—off and on—in and out. At my current rate of progress I should be able to paint the way I want to in 150 years, and hope Congress will authorize free art courses in homes for the aged."

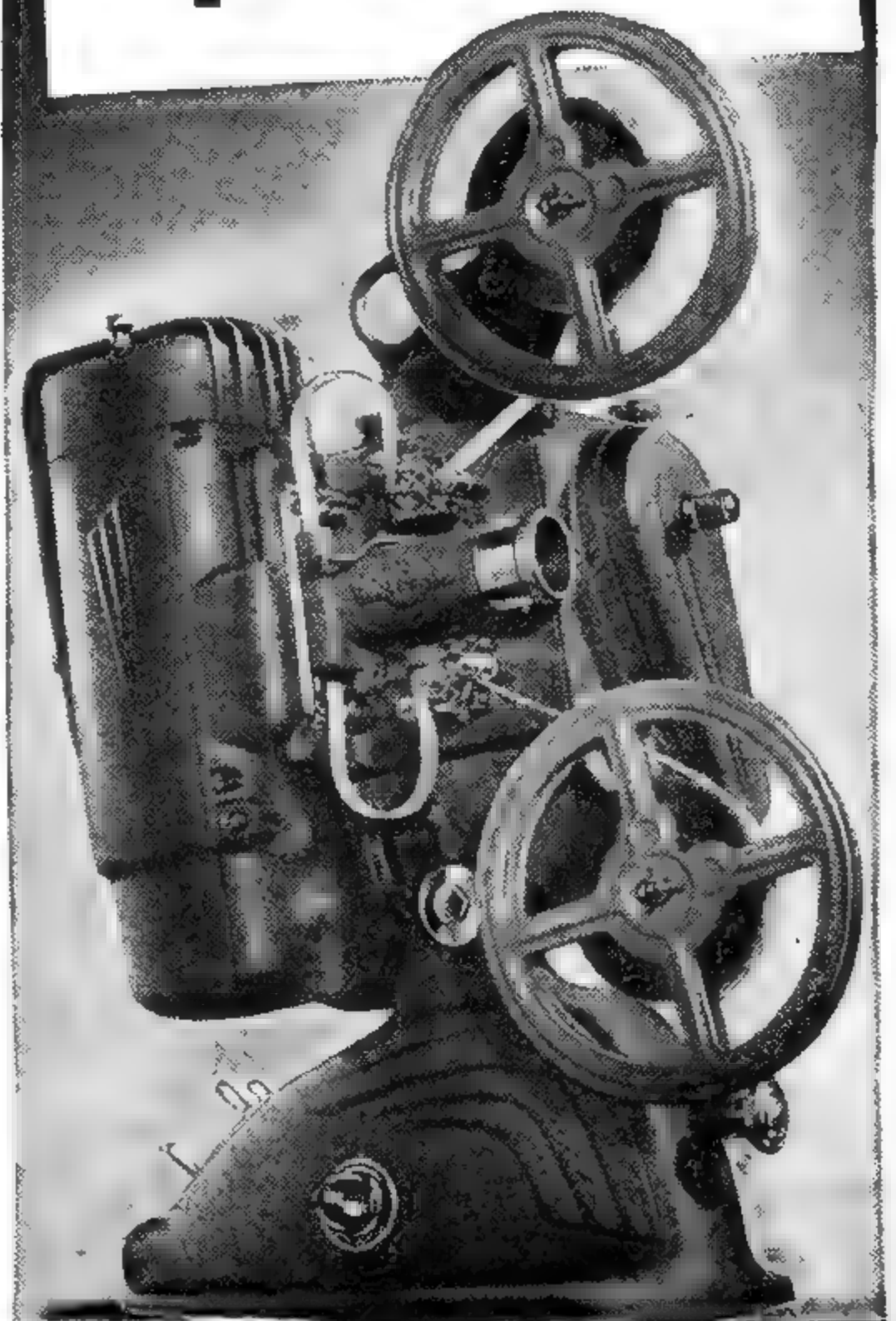
MARTIN BURNISTON, whose fashion drawings appear regularly in *Esquire*, has contributed outstanding illustrations, not only for this magazine but also for leading apparel advertisers. Born in Toronto, Canada, he attended public schools there before going to Western Technical Institute and the Ontario College of Art. He began



Martin Burniston

his artistic career at Bridgen, Limited, in Canada, then went to the Slade School in London, England to study fashion art. After spending a lot of time in Paris, he came to New York a decade ago, and in the following year he married a French girl. During World War II he served as a pilot in the RCAF and upon his return to civilian life he spent another year in Europe for advance studies in fashion illustration. Now he lives in Westport, Connecticut, and enjoys cruising around in his new English automobile, an MG. #

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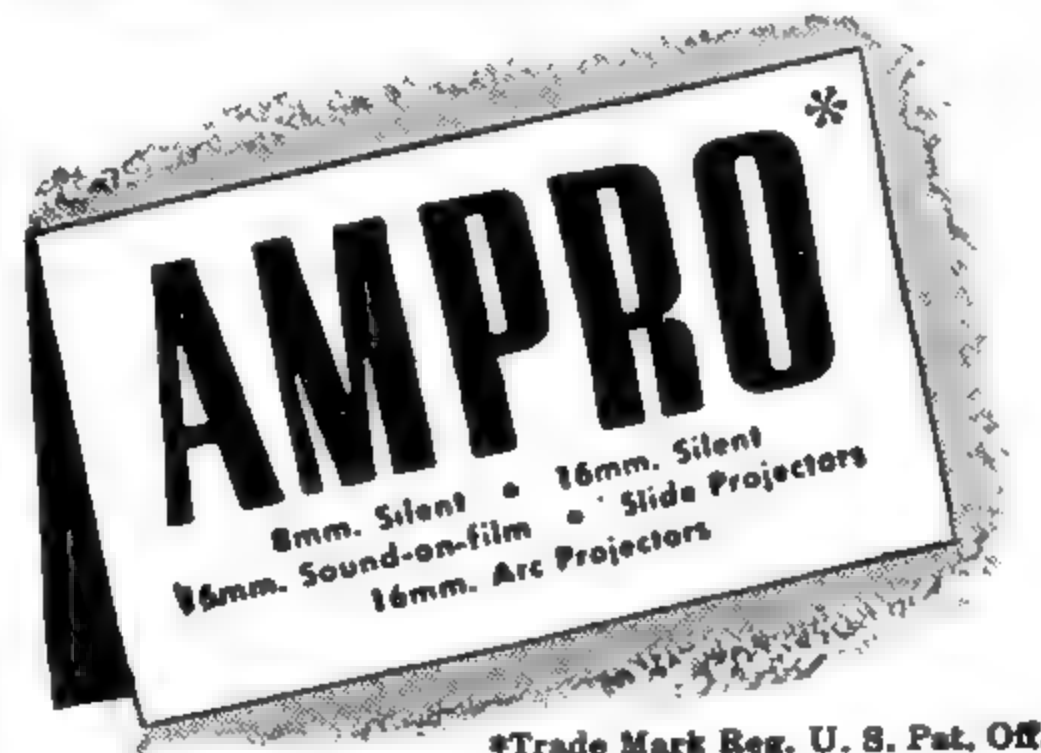
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in "wideway stripes"

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*Try a pair and you'll agree
they're the coolest things on two feet
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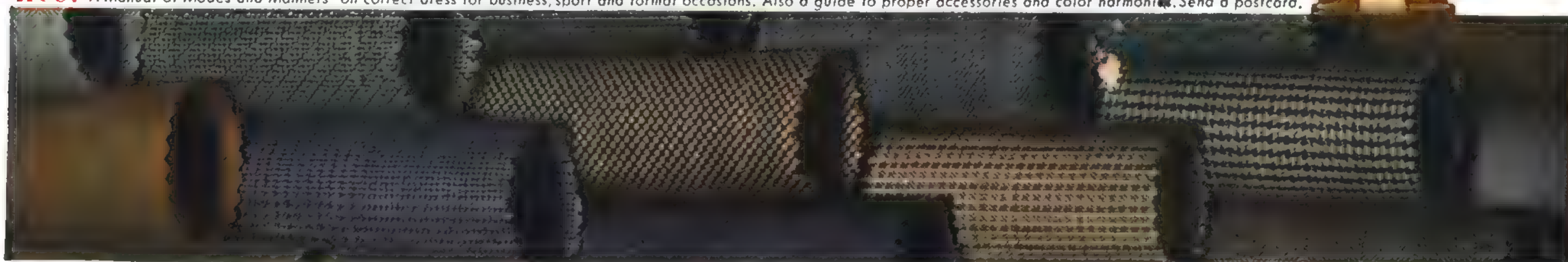
HAMMONTON PARK CLOTHES

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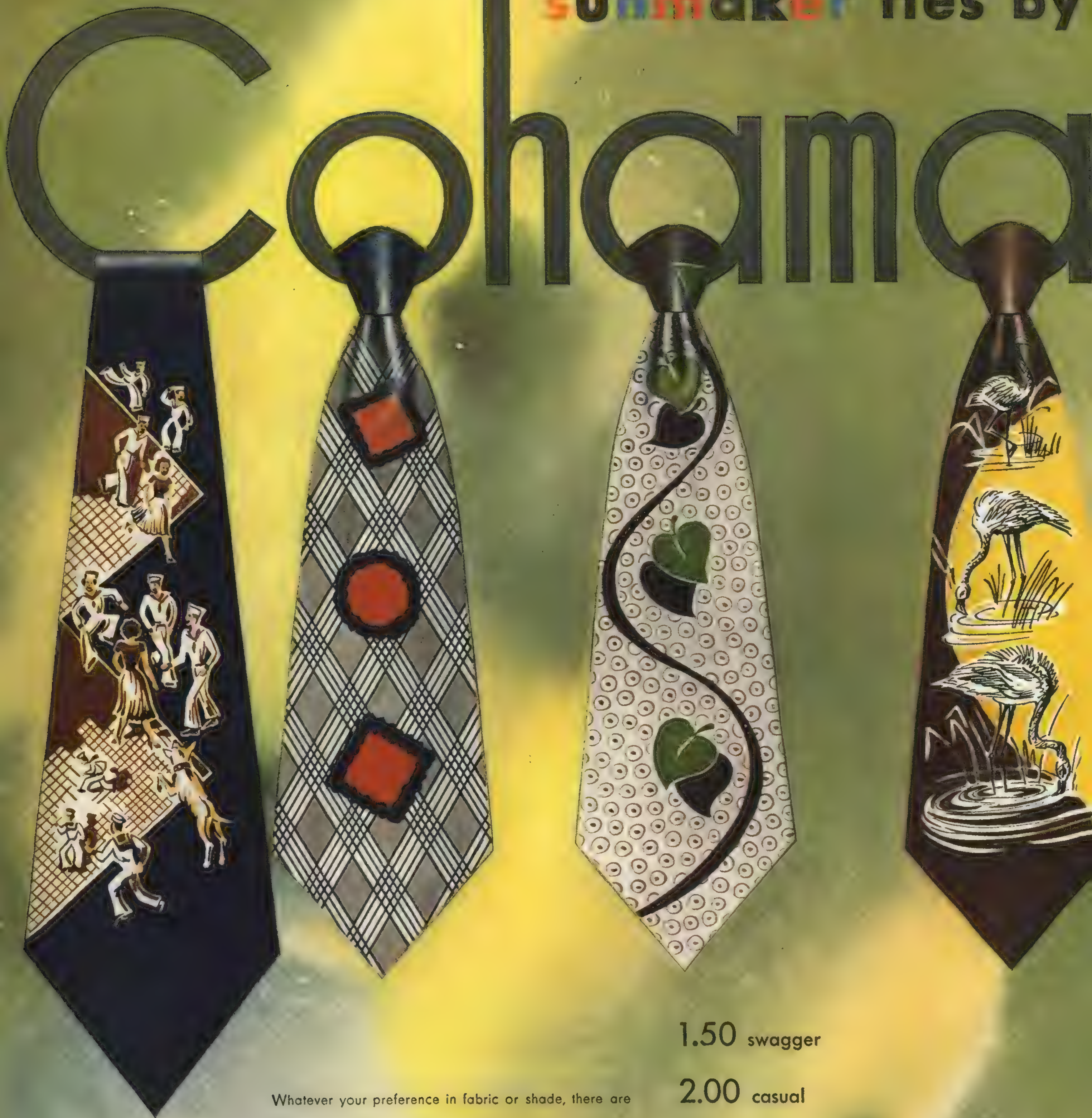


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1.50 swagger

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2.50 spectator—in pure silk

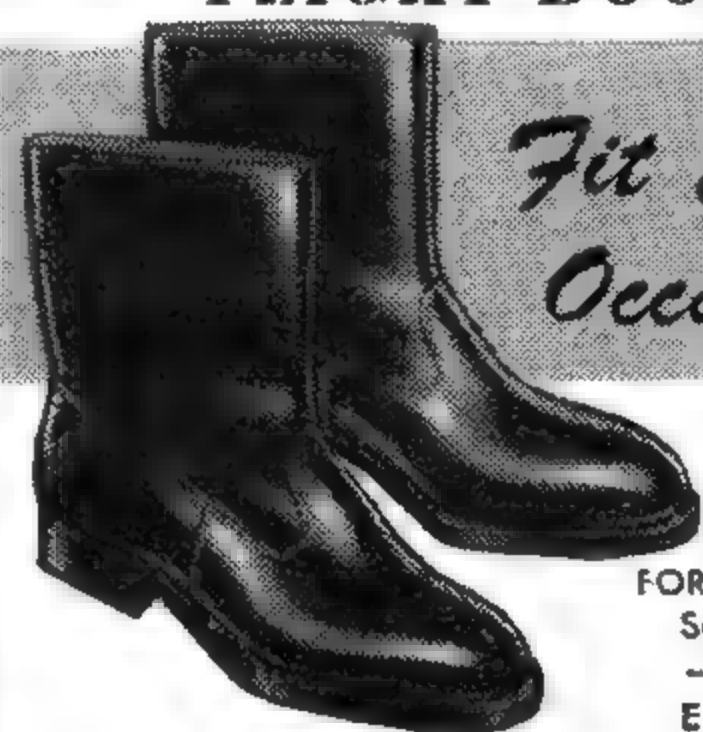
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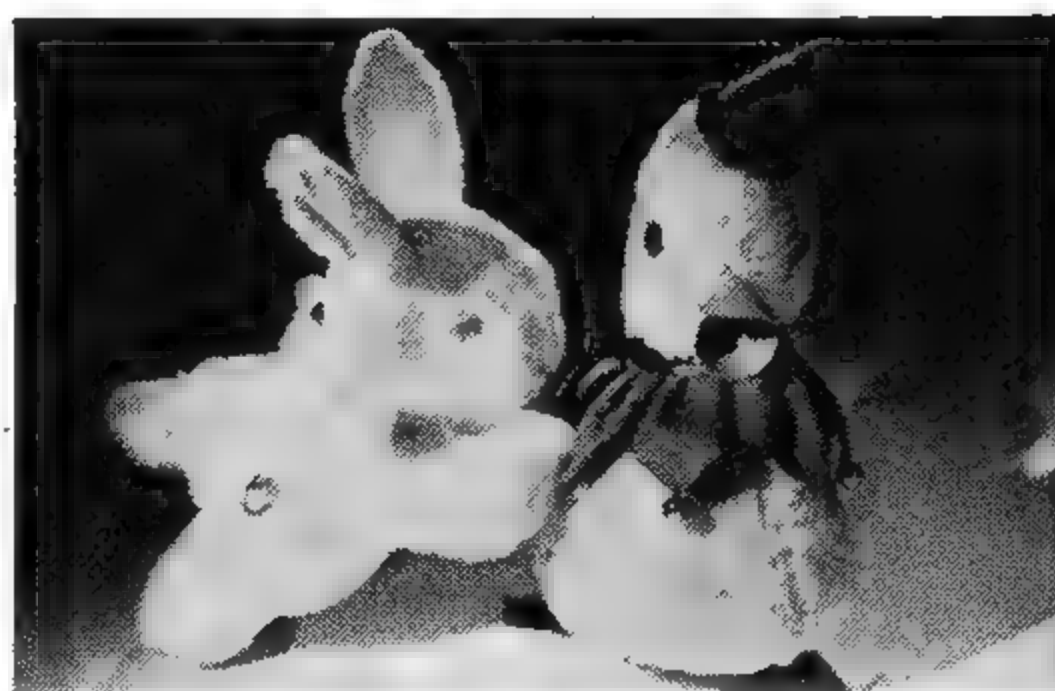
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Talking Shop with Esquire

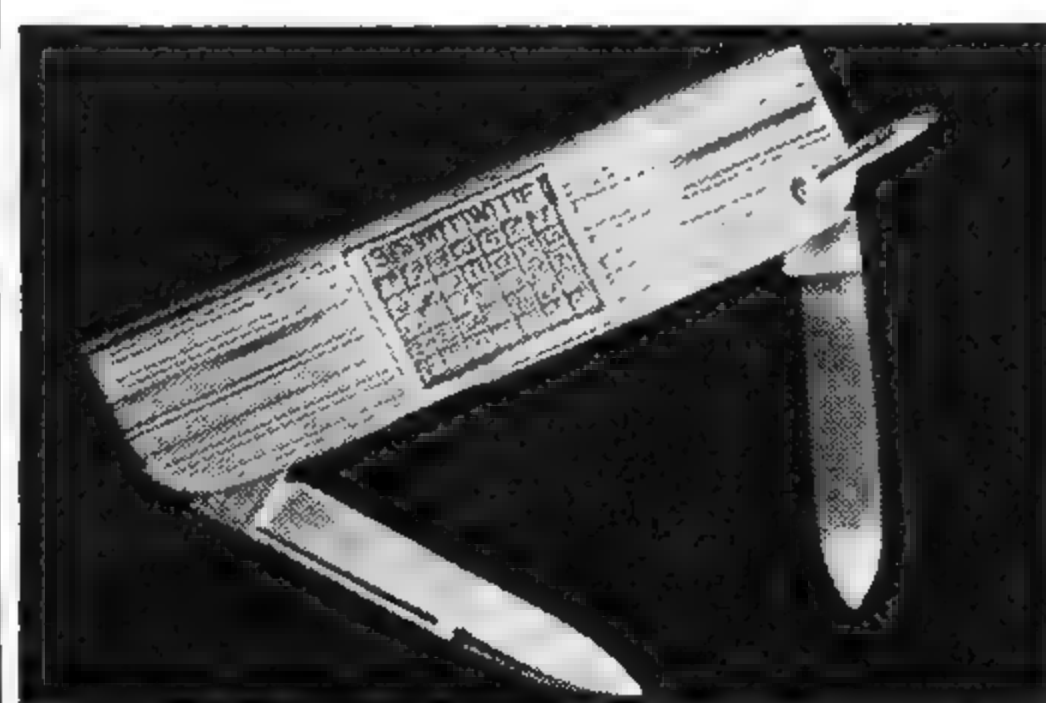
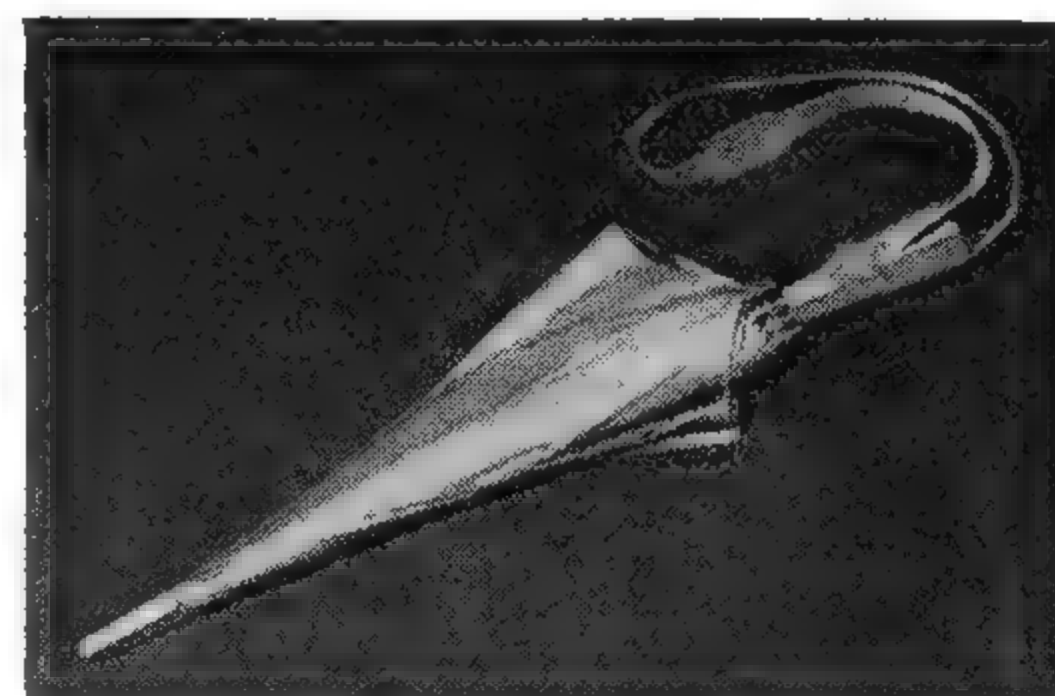


EASTER GREETINGS. The gay duck in a cocked hat and the white rabbit with the innocent expression have music in their middles. A Swiss music mechanism plays a gentle tune, sweet and lovable. The rabbit comes in colors, the duck perpetually in yellow with bright trimming. A childish delight even for so-called adults.



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TOUCH OF ELEGANCE. Like a little girl who prays for rain because of a new raincoat, a grown-up girl welcomes April showers if she has a charming umbrella. In sand gold, it blends with any color she wears and hangs by a suede shoulder strap so she isn't likely to lose it. A bright touch for gray days.



SOMETHING TO USE, to toy with and to wear proudly on his chain, this three-way piece of fine jewelry combines a small penknife blade, a nail file and a perpetual calendar. About 3" long, it is either solid gold, gold-filled or sterling silver. In an oblong space on the back, there is room for an engraved name or initials.

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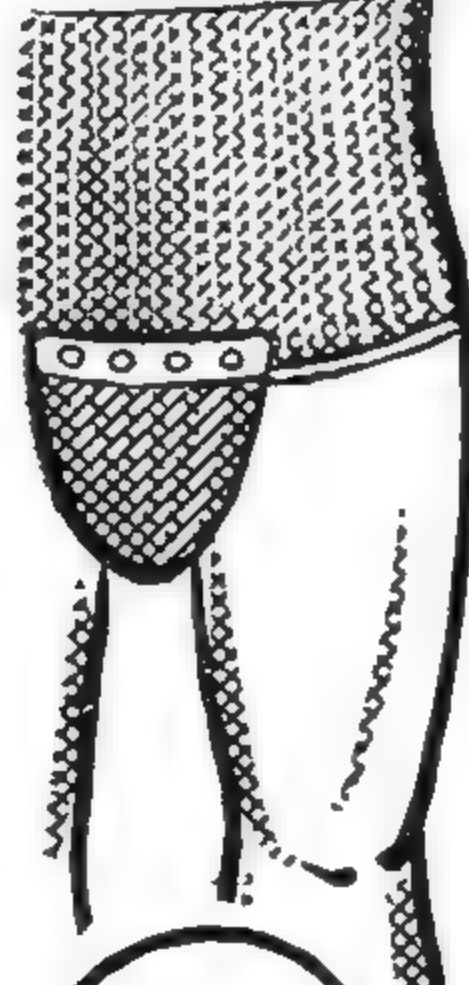
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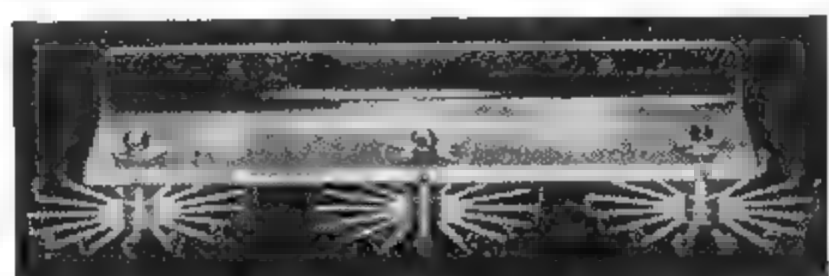
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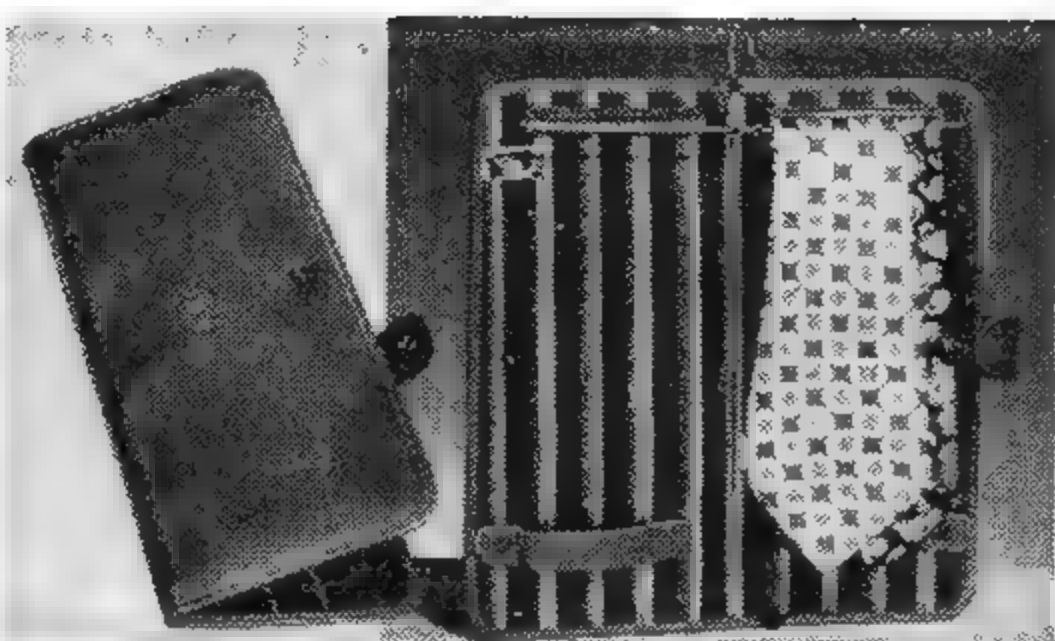
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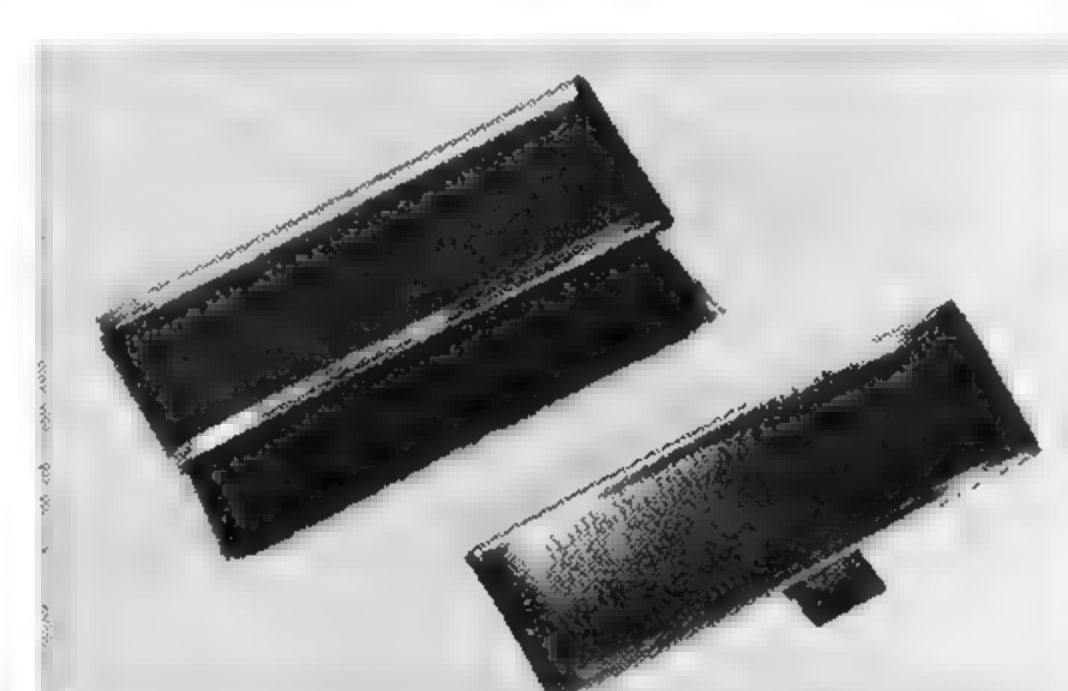
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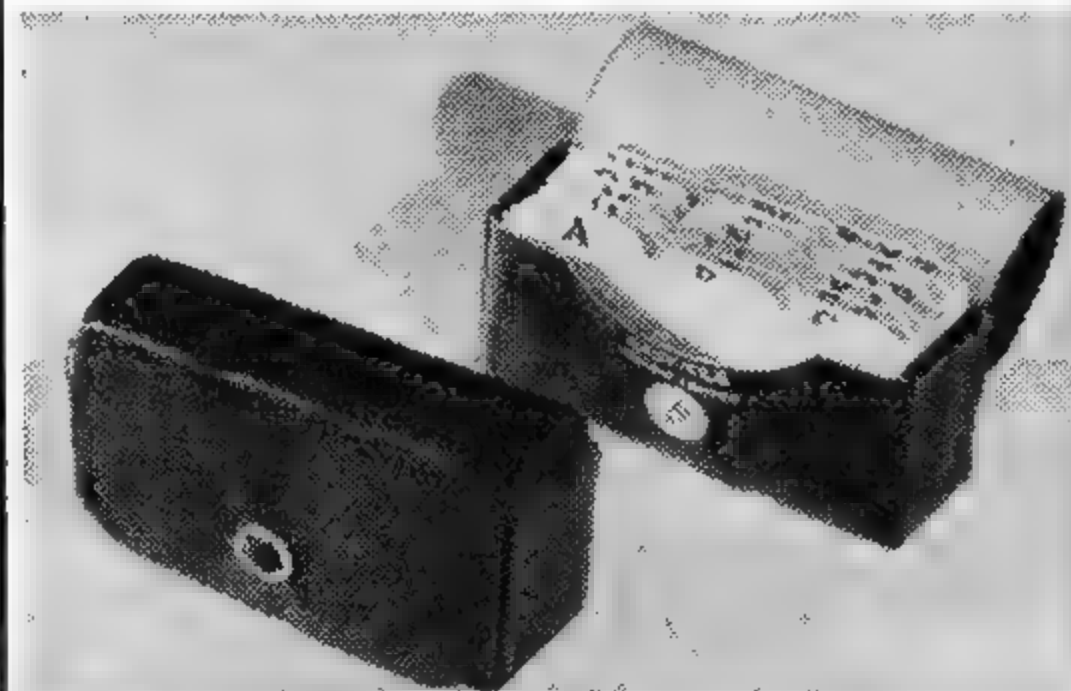
EVERLASTING, light-weight and washable, a Nylon watch strap hides many a superior quality in its simple appearance. A fine weave in brown, sand or black. Most straps disintegrate with perspiration. This one almost never wears out, is comfortable to wear and is neat enough to make a trim wrist look trimmer.



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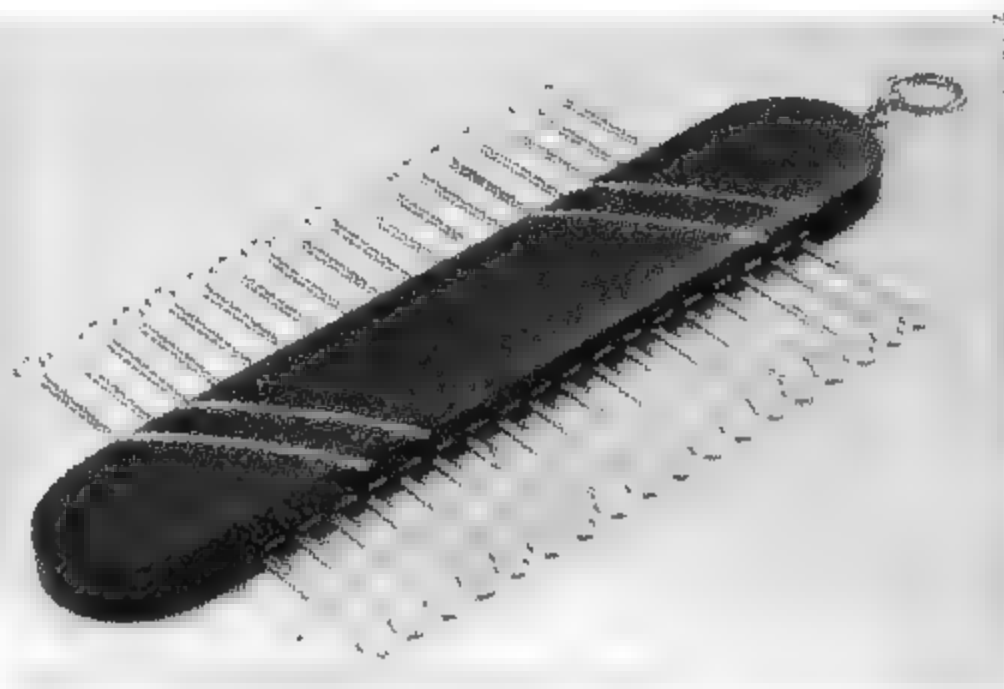
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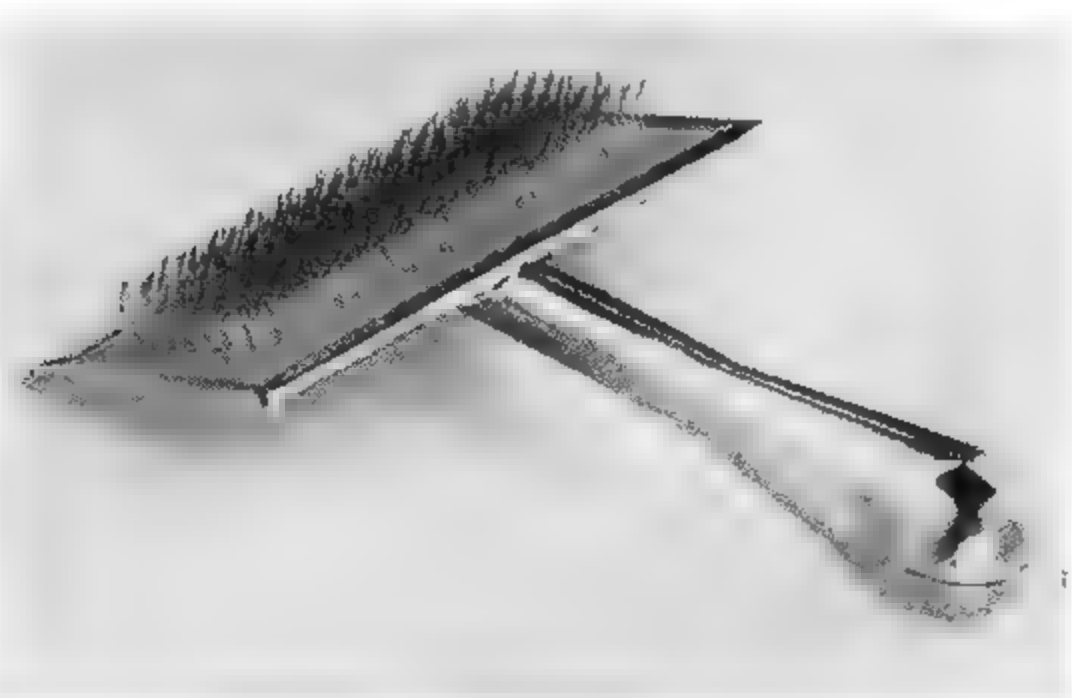
NEAT AND NOVEL, an ingenious lighter, European style, about the size and shape of a slightly oversized lipstick case. You just press the two ends in towards each other and a flame comes up out of an opening in the middle. Release the pressure, and the opening closes over. It's a one-hand operation.



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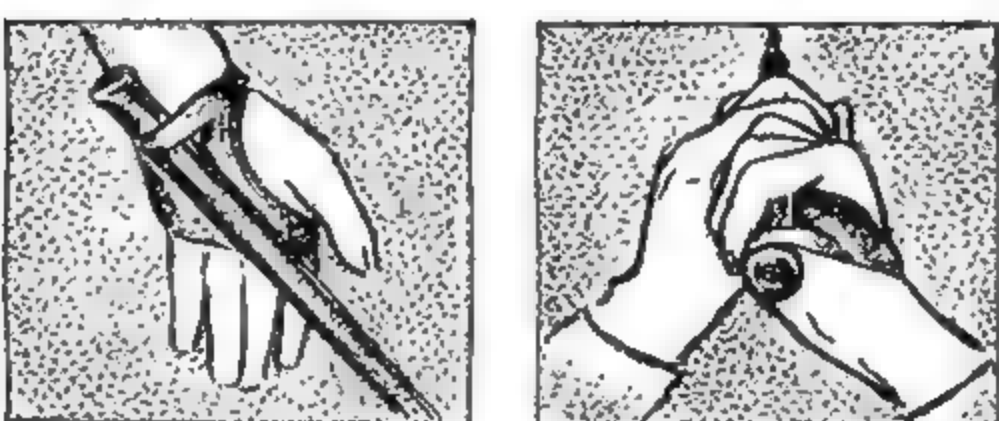
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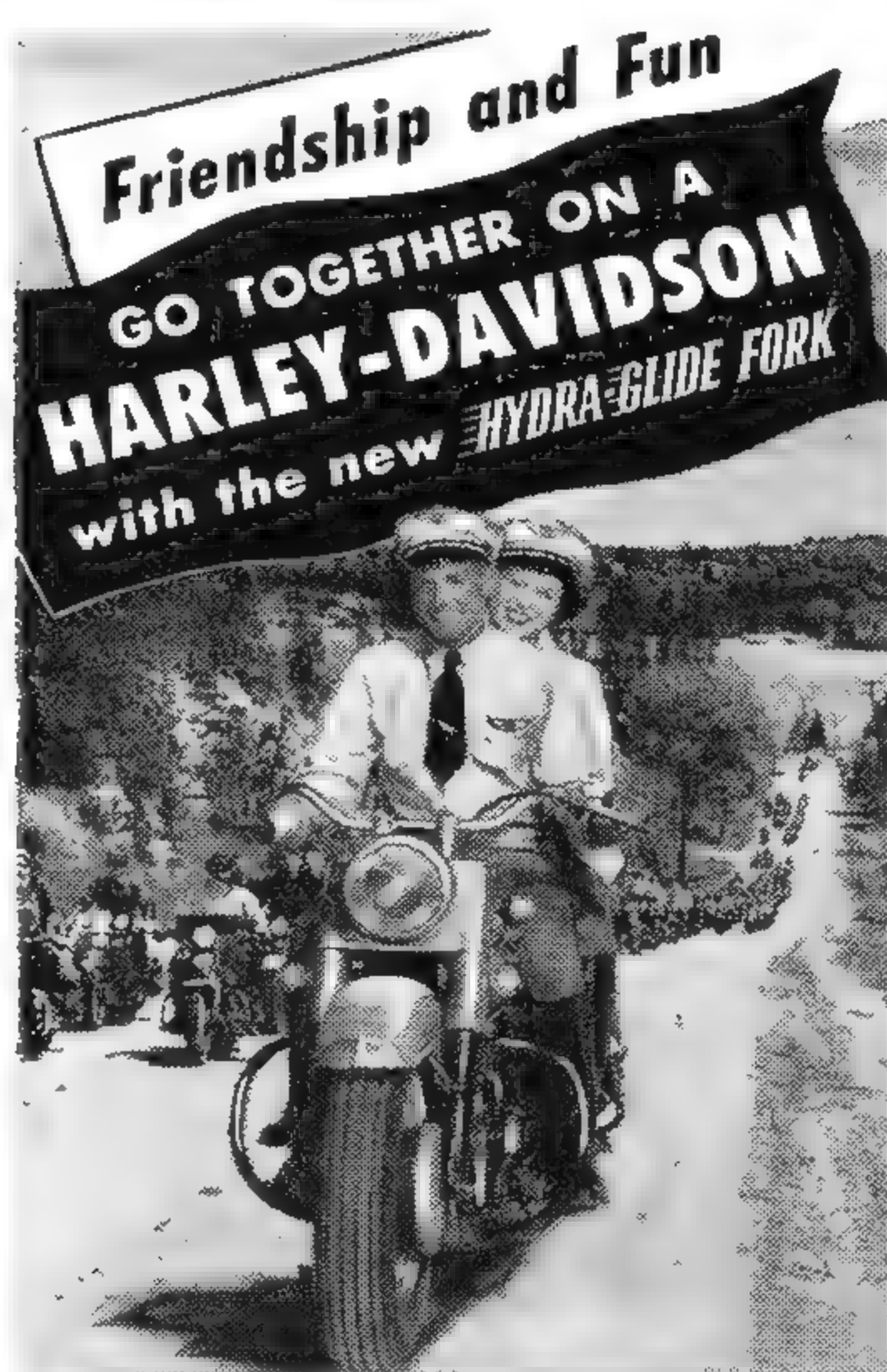
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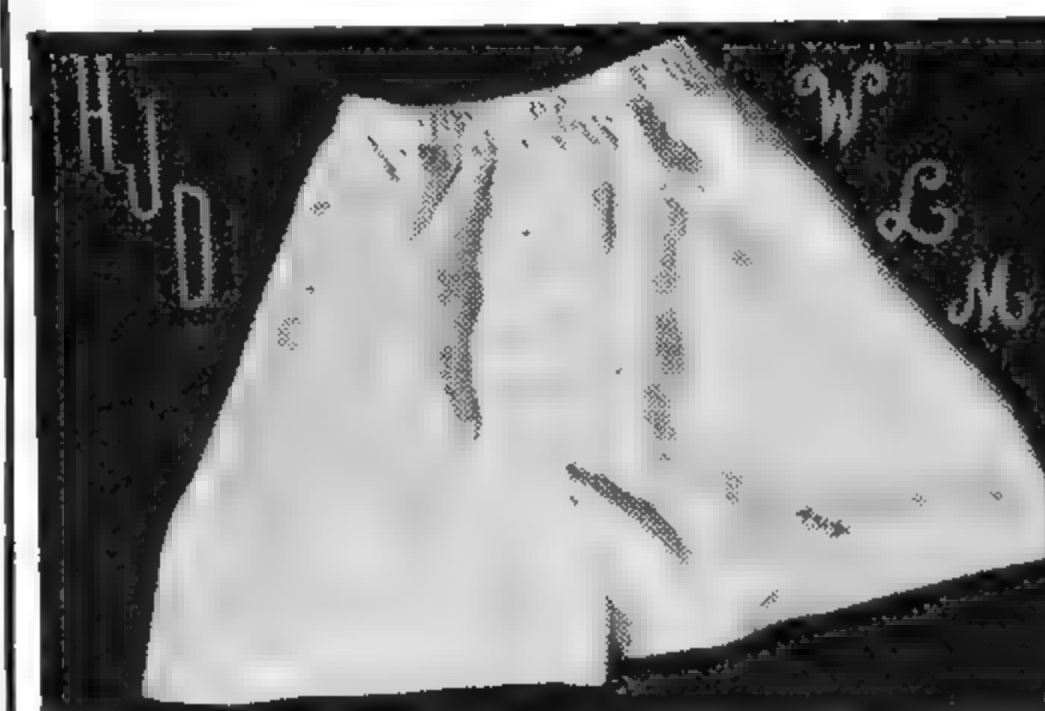
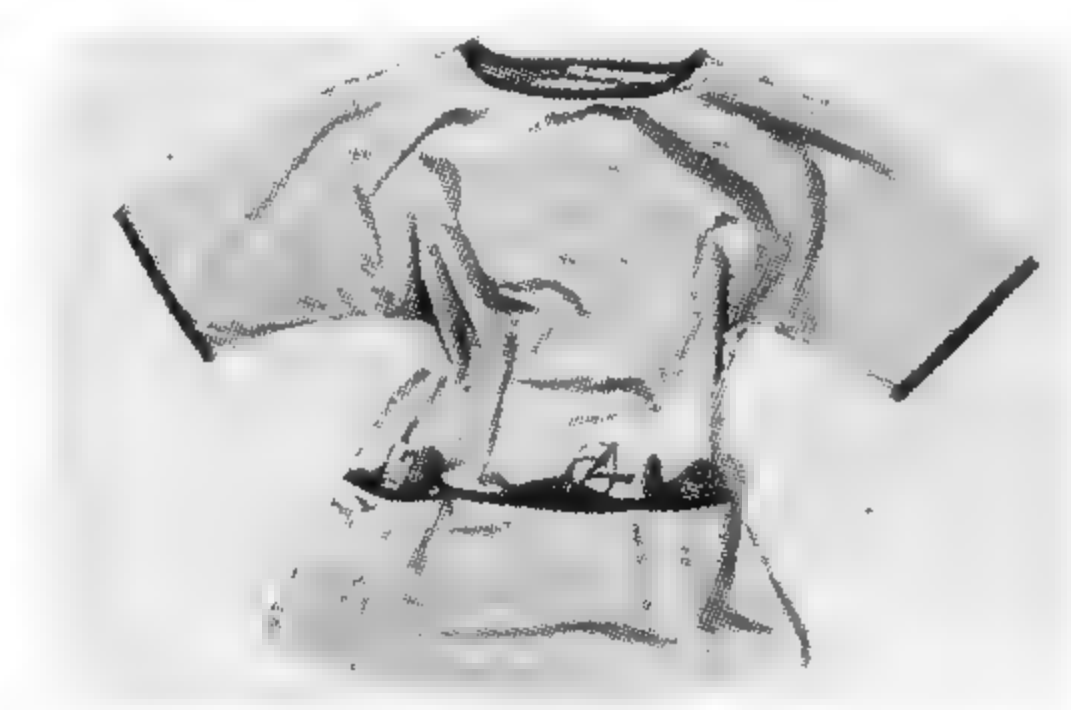
Talking Shop

FAMILY QUARRELS have been known to start because a wife uses her husband's razor or his talcum. Here's everything from after shaving lotion to face cream clearly marked "For Men Only". These aids to male appeal leave no doubt as to the proper user and can be of more advantage than some suspect.



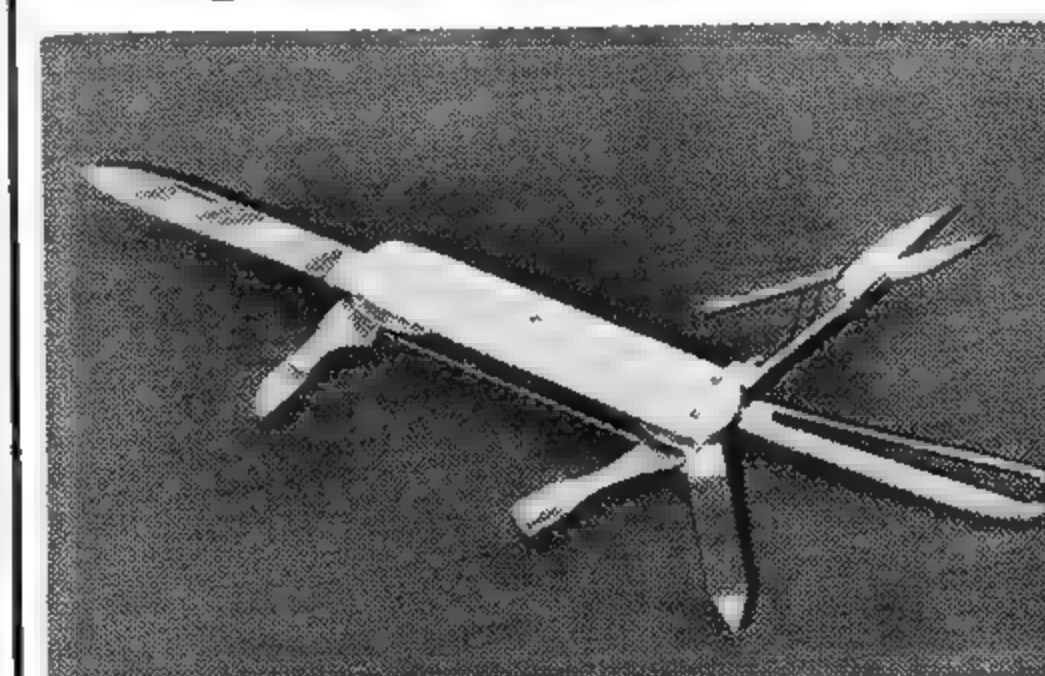
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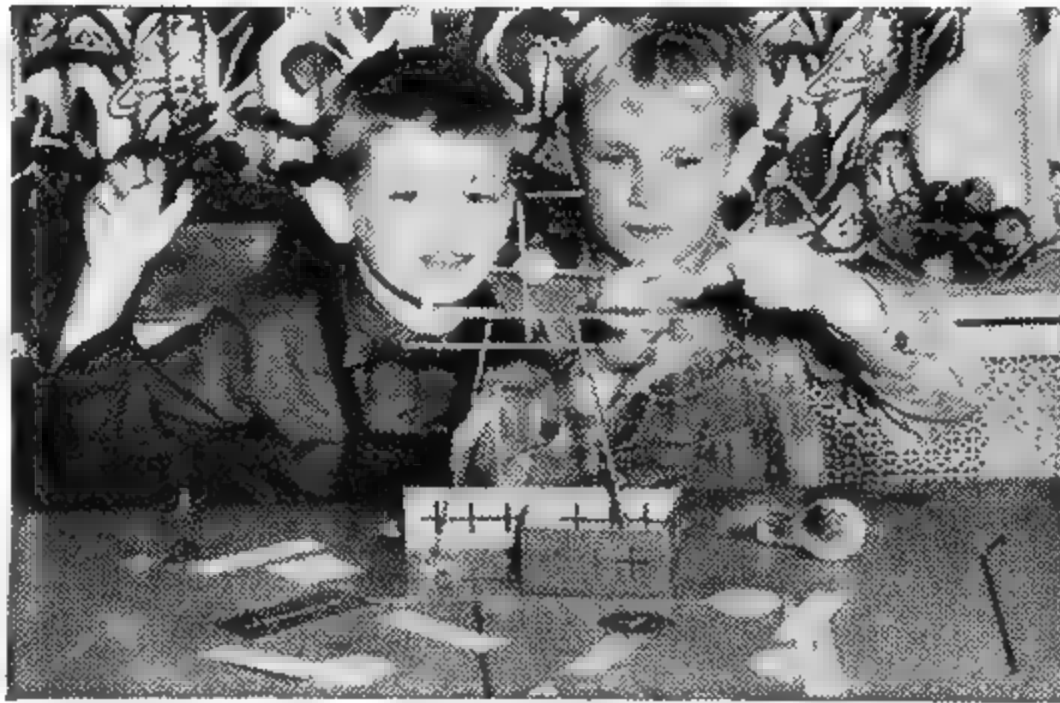
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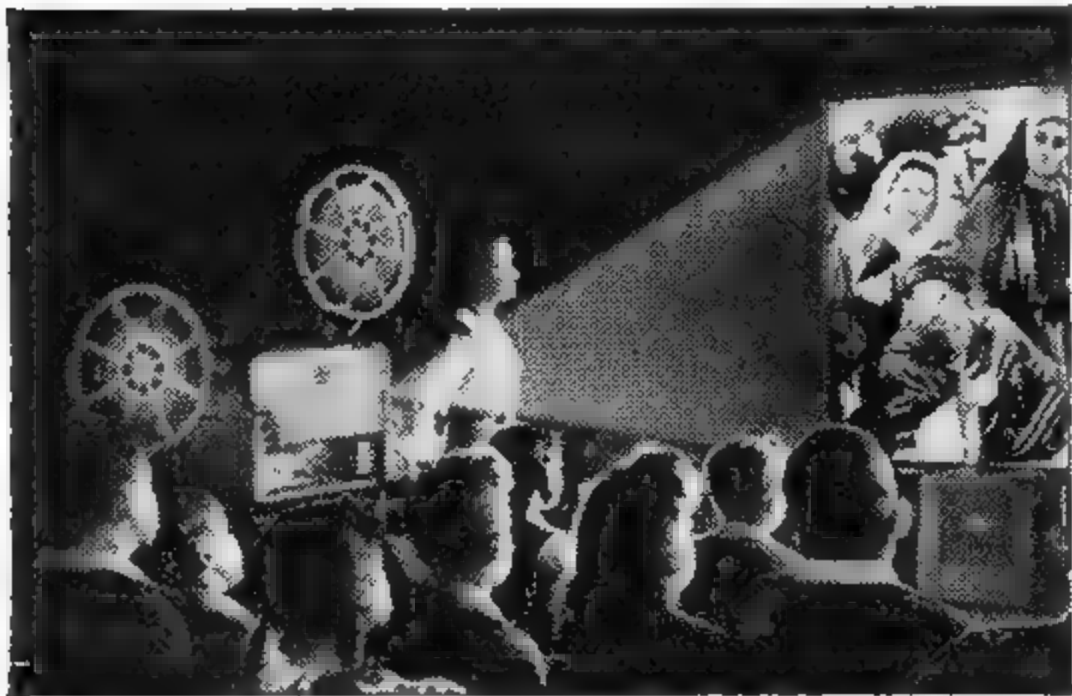
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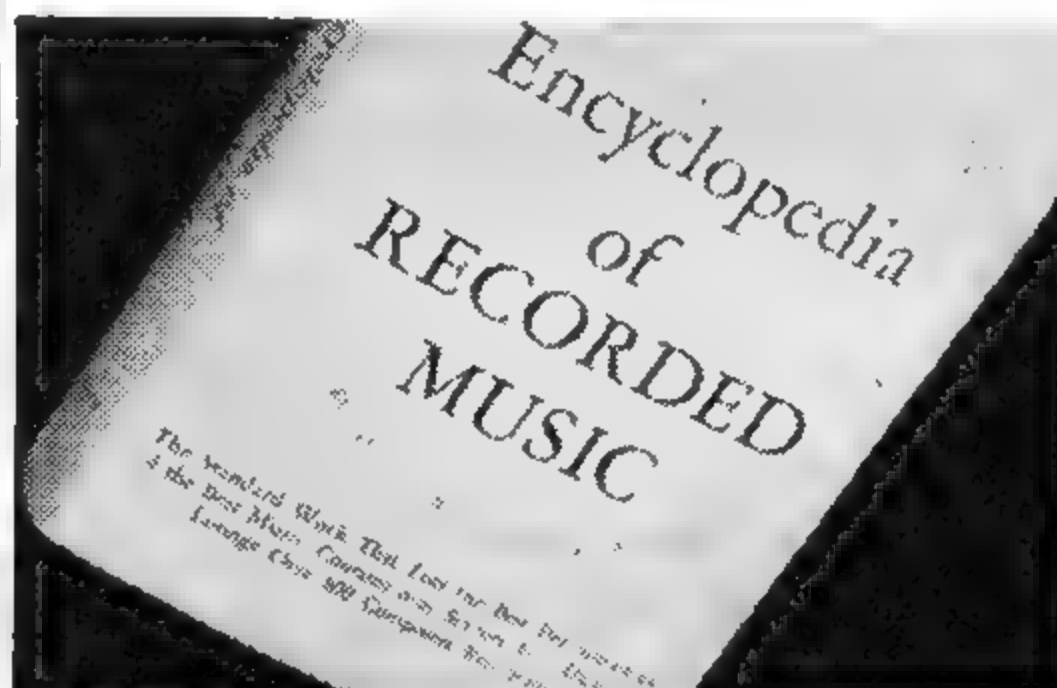
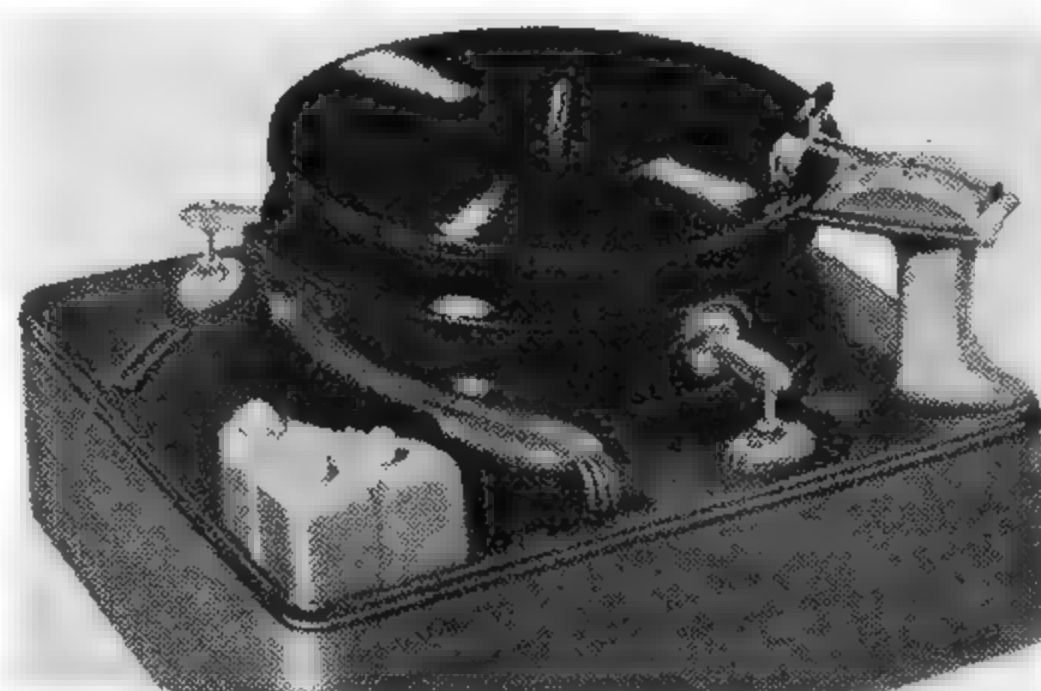
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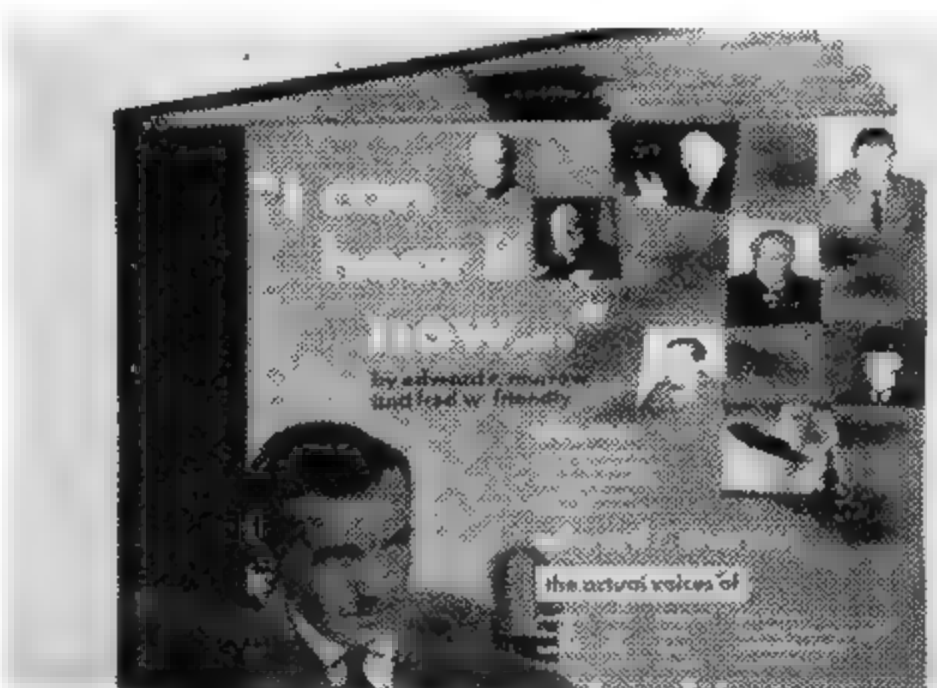


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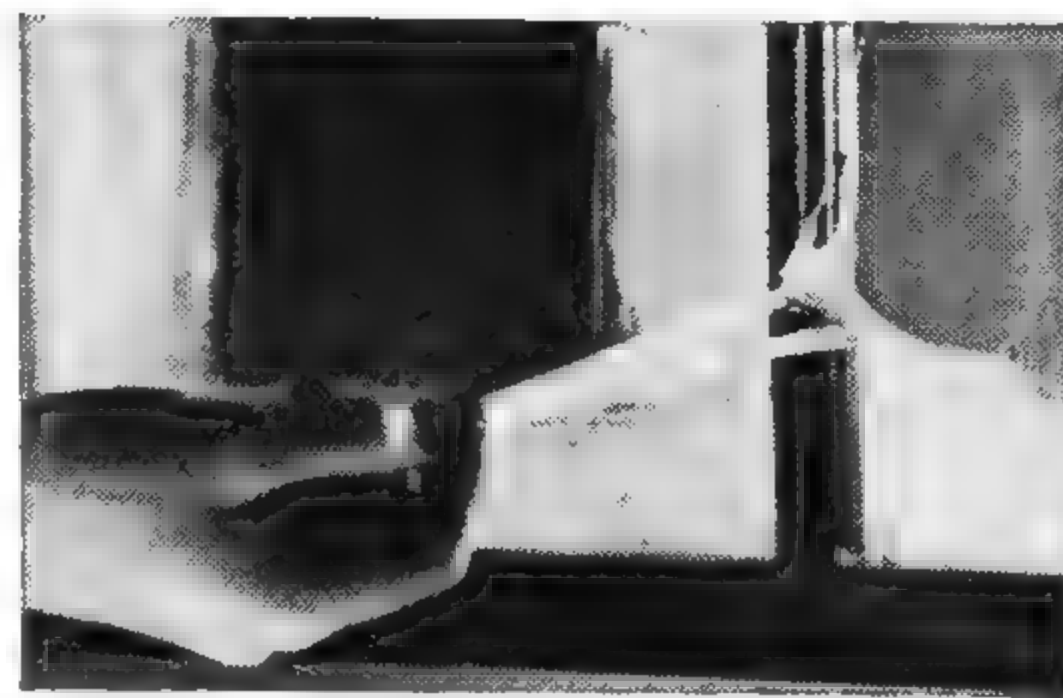
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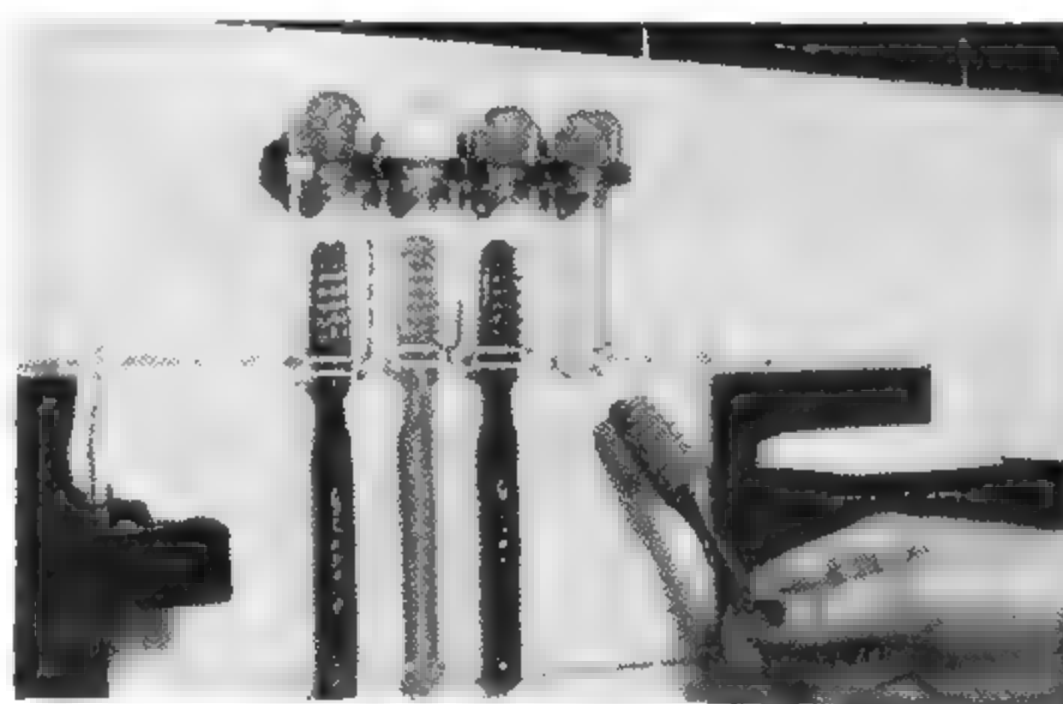
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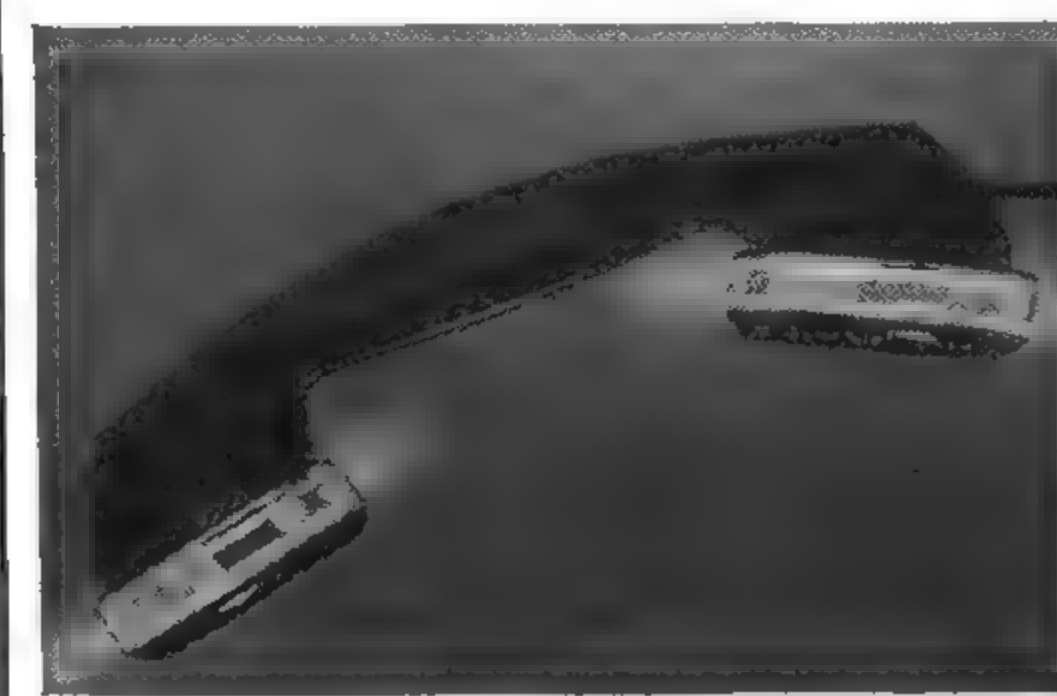
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(Continued on page 164)

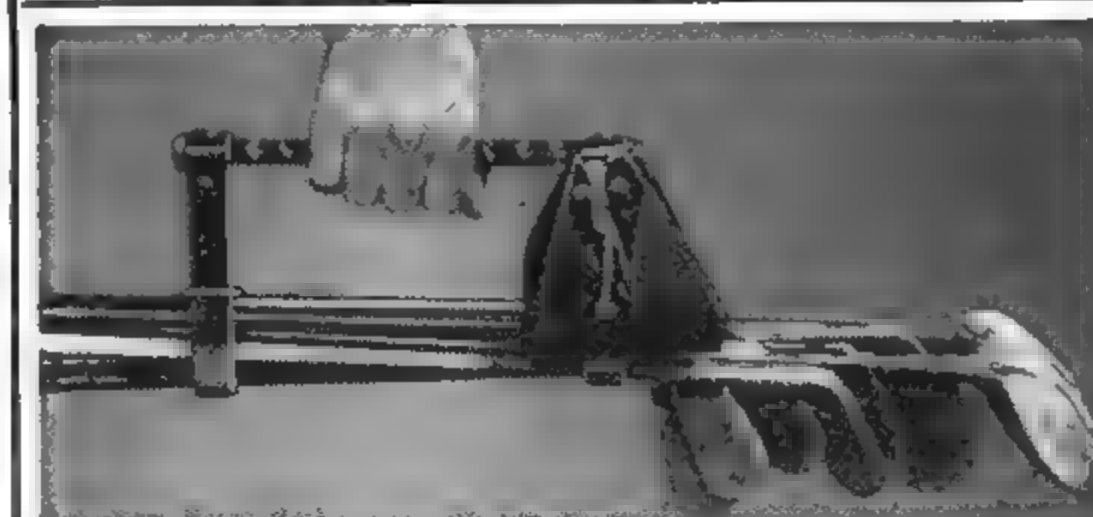
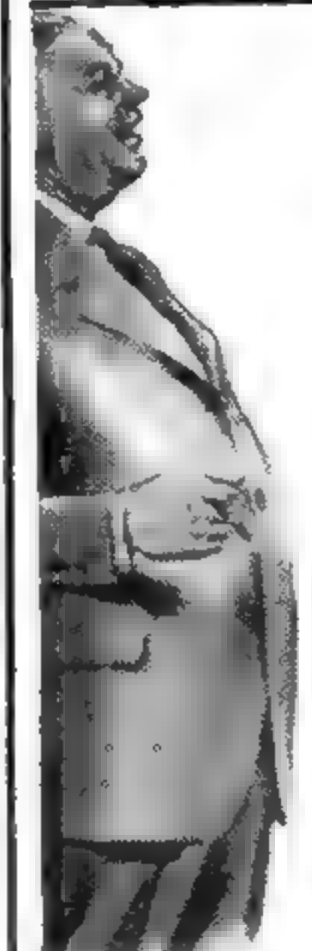
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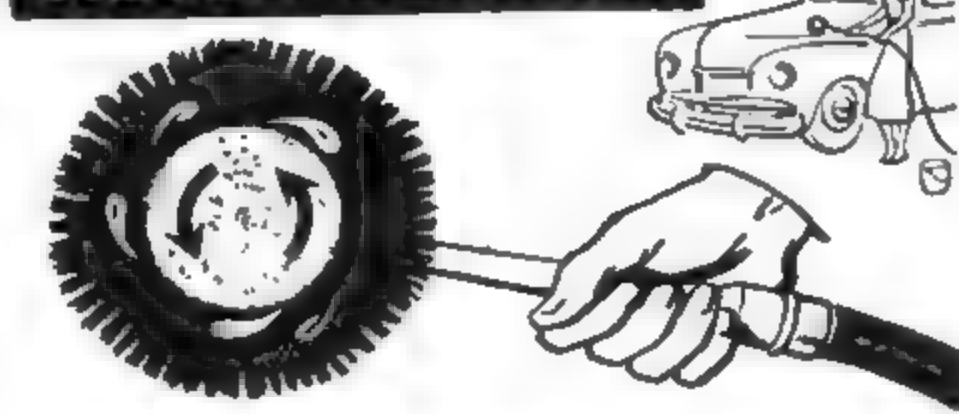
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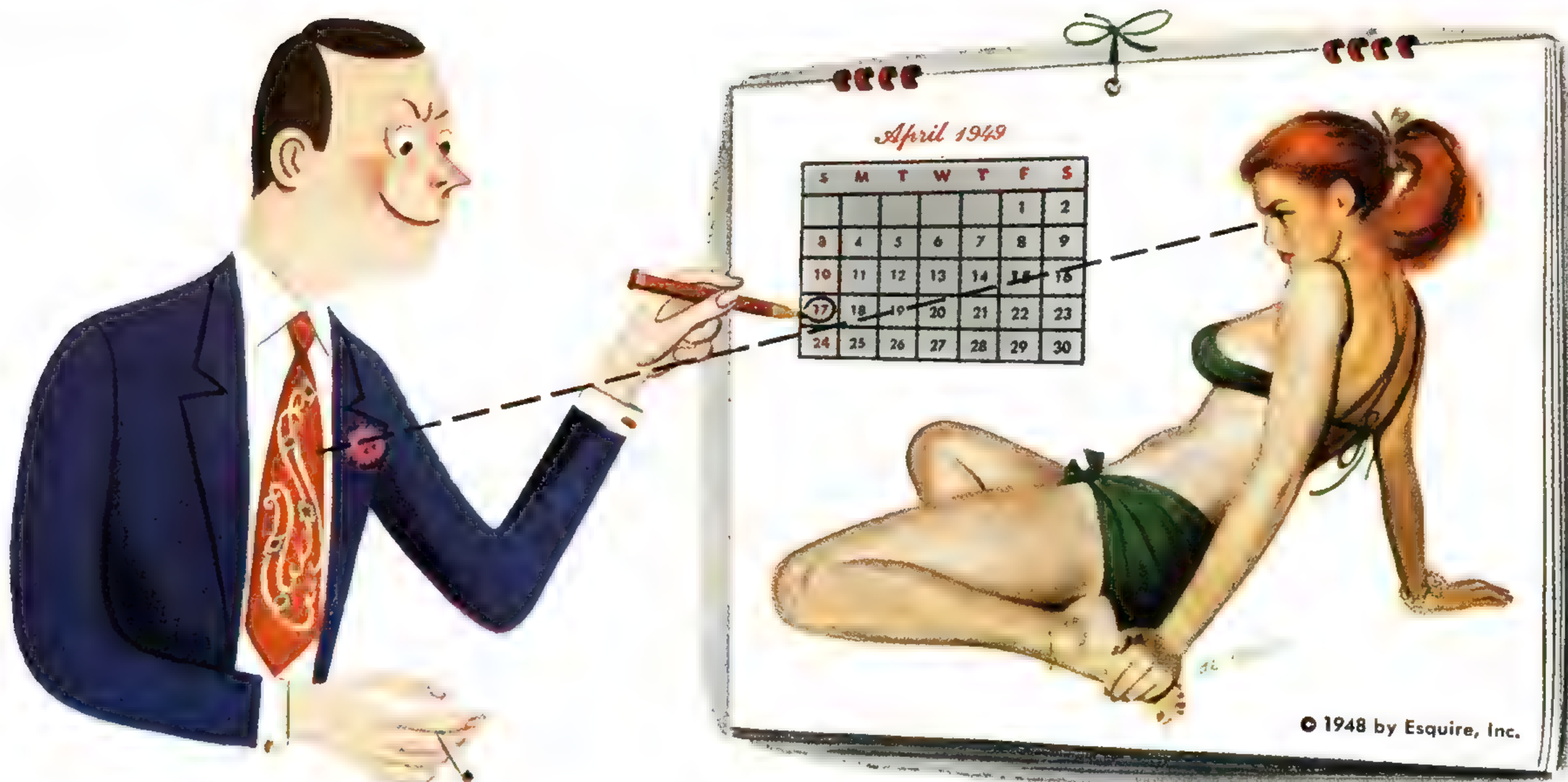
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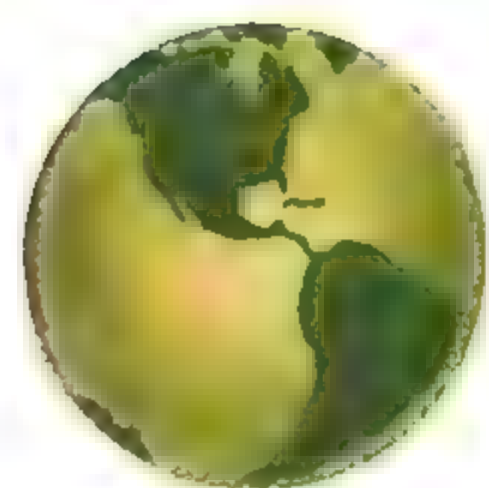
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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

She Gets Away with Murder

It's hard for a jury to believe the cute blonde with pretty legs and a smoking revolver in her soft hand had anything on her mind but love, sweetness and light

**An Article by
J. B. RICE, M. D.**

IT is a kind of legal tradition in America that lady criminals be treated with somewhat more consideration and delicacy than their male counterparts; and so I won't be surprised if I read someday about a lady who rises from her chair at a picnic table, snuffs out her cigarette with an air of finality, shoots her husband for having forgotten to bring along the picnic basket—and, after exposing her shapely legs to the eyes of an All-American jury, gets off scot-free.

"Well," you say, hungrily, "if *that* isn't justifiable homicide, than what the hell is?"

Lest any hungry male, however, cast a speculative glance over the top of this page at his sometimes forgetful wife, I hasten to add that in these United States justifiable homicide seems to be almost a female prerogative; any man caught trying to exercise an equal prerogative will probably get the works from a duty-conscious jury.

Although our criminal laws are intended to apply without partiality to both sexes, their enforcement is very likely to depend on whether the offender is male or female. Because of the laxity and sentimentality with which courts and juries often treat the woman criminal, what is sauce (frequently very bitter sauce) for the gander is only applesauce for the goose.

The record shows that it is much more difficult to convict a woman for murder than a man. In 1945, the last year for which complete figures are available, for every seven women accused of criminal homicide, one was found guilty of murder, whereas one man in four was proclaimed a murderer. It would seem, from a comparison of F.B.I. statistics with the census of prisoners for that year, either that a great many suspect ladies are declared entirely innocent or else that their indictments are frequently reduced to the milder charge of manslaughter—while the majority of men face the full charge of murder when they are brought to trial. Then, too, although a hard-working prosecuting attorney may succeed in getting a conviction against a woman from a reluctant jury, the sentence that the court hands down often tends to be mild. In 1945, 1281 men and 90 women were sent to prison as murder convicts; in that same year, 116 men were executed to only *one* woman. In other words, the ratio of executions to commit-

ments was *one* out of *eleven* men to *one* out of *ninety* women. That would seem to indicate that a woman's chances of escaping the gallows or the electric chair are sometimes as much as eight times those of a man.

From time immemorial, women have been peaceable creatures, much less likely than men to run afoul of the law. Two generations ago, female offenses could usually be disposed of satisfactorily by husband or father. A lady's misdeeds seldom came to the attention of the law; and when they did, they usually consisted of such human frailties as petty theft, shoplifting, and prostitution. In the rare instances when she indulged in murder, her methods were at least charmingly ladylike. (The classical technique was to place a dainty pinch of arsenic in the cookies or perhaps just a dash of strychnine in the tea—and then invite the gentleman marked for extinction in to listen to her play *Who is Sylvia?* on the spinet.)

With her emancipation from male control, the modern woman has radically changed all this. In the past three years, more than 200,000 women have been arrested; and of these women, more than 2000 have been accused of criminal homicide.

While a few reactionaries still employ poison as a means of dealing with the men in their lives, quicker methods more in keeping with the times—but harder on the living-room rug—are becoming popular. An ever-increasing number of women are choosing pistols, knives, and brass candlesticks as a means of showing their displeasure.

Women run headlong into the law nowadays because so many of them, it seems, are thoughtless, petulant, unmoral, immature and incompletely adjusted to their newfound freedom. Their emancipation from centuries of the restraining influence exercised by dominant husbands and fathers has come about too suddenly. In general, they simply aren't up to the task of coming to grips with the problems of a masculine world.

The sight of a mother forcibly hoisting her hapless child up onto a curb or over a mud puddle by a limp arm reminds one of the way little girls carry rag dolls. The joy that some women derive from adorning their homes with gewgaws, fragile impractical furnishings, and frilly decorations betrays their childhood conditioning. Photograph the interior of the average American home, and you get a perfect picture of a dollhouse. The average housewife's eternal preoccupation with rearranging and redecorating her home is sometimes nothing more than a projection of her play instinct—an instinct once gratified by her beloved toys.

A well-known psychologist has summed it all up with somewhat more terseness than the complex facts really permit: "What terrific criminals children would be if they had strong passions, muscular strength, and sufficient intelligence—and women are big children!"

The condition of dependence upon the male in which women were held until recently may have been less pleasant for them, and, probably, it was basically unjust; but it was *natural*. The rapid rise of psychosomatic diseases in both sexes during the last fifty years has been ascribed, in part, to the breakdown of male authority. Women use illness to escape problems that they are poorly equipped to solve. And frustration at not playing his naturally dominant role contributes to those diseases in the male which are influenced by mental attitudes. It has always been both natural and healthful for the hu- (Continued on page 140)



"It's a shame to hide your pretty blue eyes!"



The Hunted

They were in a hunt to the death,
but who was quarry, who hunter?

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID BERGER

A Mystery by **CHARLES MERGENDAHL**

My elbows dug into the soft dirt and my arms ached and my squinting right eye became weak and strained. I opened both eyes wide for a moment, listened to the putting of the outboard motorboat some three hundred yards away, then jammed the butt even tighter into my shoulder and squinted once again through the telescope sight of my high-powered rifle, moving the gun slowly with the chugging boat, keeping the cross hairs fixed directly on the head of Doctor Leland Roberts. Sometimes he turned toward the shore where I lay, and in those moments his magnified face seemed to be leering directly into mine. His small dark eyes and his high cheekbones and his thin slit of a mouth seemed to be staring straight into my squinting eye, as though he were peering down the small end of a long telescope. Then the sweat would come back to my forehead. The cold would creep like some small wiggly thing along my spine and my shirt would stick to my back and the fear would come over me all at once. It would blur my eyes so I could not see, so the gun wavered, and it was not until he had turned his head once more that I had him clearly again between the cross hairs.

I tried to see Roberts as a paper target, as an enemy soldier I did not know. I tried to remember that the rifle was adjusted for two hundred yards. I must aim a little high, aim at his head. At three hundred yards, the bullet would drop exactly nine inches, catch him directly in the heart. It was a service bullet. The gun was a Model 70 Winchester, caliber 30-06. The service bullet would pass all the way through him, come out on the other side, and be lost forever in the water of the bay.

My finger was slippery on the trigger. The doctor's head turned once more, and once again he seemed to be looking at me. It was the last time. I saw his eyes, and I knew then that I could not kill Doctor Leland Roberts—not now or ever. I had thought that I could. I had killed during the war, and I thought now that I could do the same with anyone that disrupted my life. But I'd been wrong, and somehow the knowledge brought relief. I lay for a long time in the brush, resting my head in my arms, listening to the sputtering engine going off in the distance until finally the boat disappeared into the cove along the shore. Then I sat up, wiped the sweat from my face, and found myself trembling with the knowledge of what I had almost done. I

got to my feet and began walking heavily back through the woods.

I did not think anything as I moved along. For there were no thoughts left inside me any longer. It was all fear now. All fear and all jealousy and all hate, and there was no room for anything else. I did not want it to be that way. I wanted it to be as it had been, long ago, during the war when I'd first met Rebecca and loved her and married her—before I realized that I did not know her very well, that somehow I had never really known my own beautiful wife. I wanted it real and gay again, as it had been directly after the war was over, when Mark had suggested that Rebecca and I come here to Maine to live, only a few miles from his own home and his office. It had seemed a good idea at the time. I was an artist and there was a lot to paint here. It was a quiet place, and Mark was my closest friend. Mark was tall and unmarried and confident and easygoing. He had liked Rebecca and Rebecca had liked him. It had seemed a good idea, so I'd bought a house close to the shore, looking out on the bay toward the small round island with the log cabin in its exact center—facing out toward the small island home of Doctor Leland Roberts.

I trudged on through the woods, carrying the rifle in the crook of my arm, and I tried desperately not to think about Doctor Roberts. I could not place my finger on the exact day that I'd first sensed the danger and the evil of his presence. I could not say exactly why I hated him. There had never been any clear reason. Because he seemed to have designs on Rebecca. Because Rebecca liked him and defended him. Because I did not know my own wife very well, and it led to quick suspicion and fierce jealousy. Because I was nervous and quick-tempered with the slow letdown following the war. There were a lot of vague reasons, but the main one, I suppose, was so simple there was hardly any way to explain it. I hated Doctor Roberts because he was a hard, cold, evil sort of man. I feared him because he was not afraid of me.

I had killed men before in battle, and it

had seemed so very simple to kill just one more evil one. But the enemy soldiers had not been individuals, only parts of a great machine. Roberts was an individual. He lived in an island home; he was writing a book on brain surgery; and he had designs on my wife. He was not afraid of me, and he would, I was absolutely sure, as soon kill me if he wanted Rebecca badly enough, as

look at me. Yet I could not kill Doctor Leland Roberts. I did not trust my marksmanship, and, above all, I was afraid.

Darkness was coming on when I reached the house. There were lights in the downstairs windows and a car was parked in the drive. It was Mark's, and I was glad of that. Mark, above all people, understood what I was going through. He'd tried to tell me a thousand times that it was all in my

mind, a case of belated combat fatigue, that Roberts did not care a thing for Rebecca, that he only came out to the house because he was lonely on the island. But I had never believed it. Leland Roberts was an evil, indestructible man. "He ought to be killed," I had told Mark once. And Mark had laughed and cautioned me not to be stupid about it.

Yet, only the night before, Mark had not laughed quite so heartily. Roberts had been at the house, as he'd been three or four times a week for a long time now. I'd had one of my headaches and had gone into my studio to be alone for a while. Roberts had come in and shut the door behind him. He'd stood there looking down at me and said, "I'm writing a book on brain surgery, you know. I'd thought of doing a chapter on the war, of including something on the effects of shock. Its effects on the brain." He'd paused. "You've killed men, haven't you?" Then, suddenly smiling, "It must be quite an easy thing to do if there's reason enough. Yes, I think I could kill a man quite easily." Then he had turned and gone out, shutting the door behind him.

I had told Mark about it later that same evening. He'd said it was nothing to worry about. He'd said a lot of reassuring things; yet he had not laughed this time and he had a worried ex- (Continued on page 142)





“—and all the time I thought you were after my oil!”

Viking Dragon Slayer

Gargantuan Lauritz Melchior, opera star, hunter and lover of the good life, has now become the idol of movie-mad bobby-soxers. "The Great Dane" eats it up

An Article by

HERBERT KUBLY

ON a March night in 1948, Lauritz Melchior, a gargantuan specimen of Viking manhood, strode onto the stage of St. Louis' great Kiel Auditorium, where he was to sing with the St. Louis Symphony, and nodded to the conductor to begin. Before he could send forth a single Wagnerian blast, the entire audience rose to its feet and sang a rip-roaring *Happy Birthday to You*.

Such an ovation could hardly have come spontaneously from the austere subscribers of the St. Louis Symphony; it was led, in fact, by a young generation of bobby-soxers, many of whom had braved their first symphonic concert to hear a favorite film star.

The natal day was Lauritz Melchior's fifty-eighth. Two months before, New York's music critics had heard him sing a Tristan that they called his finest since his Metropolitan Opera debut twenty-two years before. America's disc jockeys in *Billboard Magazine's* annual poll had already voted him their most popular classical singer. At an age when a good many opera singers are puffing through their sixth or seventh farewell tour, Lauritz Melchior had the greatest following of any star in the history of opera.

In the Wagnerian sweepstakes, Melchior's most famous predecessor at the Metropolitan was the nineteenth-century tenor Jean de Reszke. Melchior is sometimes called "The Great Dane," but George Bernard Shaw spoke of de Reszke as "A Polish god." Back in 1901, when that noble Tristan sang his farewell performance at the Metropolitan Opera, sixteen decidedly upper-bracket ladies passed out cold and harassed ushers used up six bottles of spirits of ammonia to revive them.

Old-timers insist that the Polish *Heldentenor* was vocally superior to the Dane; but, statistically at least, Melchior is the champion. Since coming to America, Melchior has tripled de Reszke's formidable record of Wagnerian performances. In a neatly ruled black-and-red ledger, Melchior has listed 217 *Tristans*; 128 *Siegfrieds* (at 6984 wordseach); 177 *Walküres*; 144 *Tannhäusers*; 104 performances each of *Lohengrin* and *Götterdämmerung*; 80 *Parsifals*; well over a hundred performances of Italian operas; and some 900 concerts. He also keeps a record of exactly how much he was paid for each performance. "Oh, oh," he says of *Tristan*. "That's a lot of money I made on that opera."

Tristan has been Melchior's most lucrative source of income. From it alone, he has earned about a quarter of a million dollars, plus 3340 English pounds, 3200 reichsmarks,

332,000 francs, and 4000 kroner. That's enough money to make the ghost of Wagner reel.

Melchior's life is as swashbuckling and romantic as that of his operatic heroes. Like Siegfried, he is a big-game hunter; he is a clown as rotund as Falstaff; he is a knight (of the Danish court) like Lohengrin and an officer of the guards like Rhadames in *Aida*. Everything about him—he is six feet, four inches tall—is scaled to Paul Bunyan proportions. His voice easily fills the Hollywood Bowl; he bathes in a specially built tub large enough for a capricious family of seals to play leapfrog in; and his enormous appetite requires three steaks and a gallon of Danish beer at one sitting.

It was in Copenhagen, on March 20, 1890, that this Wagnerian champion of the ages was born. His mother died twenty-three days after his birth, and his father, who ran a boys' boarding academy, hired an energetic

redheaded spinster with a tender heart named Kristine Jensen to take care of Lauritz and his blind sister, Agnes. Later, Kristine Jensen became the Fanny Farmer of Denmark, and her cookbook royalties paid for Lauritz' early music lessons.

Melchior's first job was selling music in a music store. For this he was paid eight kroner—about \$1.50—a week. Evenings, he took Agnes to the opera house to listen free of charge from a cubicle under the stage. In this manner, he heard many operas long before he saw them.

A snapshot taken at this period shows Melchior in a Mack-Sennett-type bathing suit—as tall as he is now, but weighing only 110 pounds! Because of his towering height, he was called in his twenty-first year to serve in the Danish Royal Guard. The sickly bean pole of a youth was ill-equipped for basic training; but, although his body rebelled at the military life, the operatic shenanigans surrounding the guarding of a king stirred Melchior to his patriotic core. Today, he still treasures his membership (No. 686-2-1911) in the Danish Guard. Two hundred American alumni of the Guard have elected him their president. Each year, on the birthday of the Danish king, Melchior rounds up the clan for a rally that compares in operatic turmoil with the coronation scene from *Boris Godunoff*. Last year, he sent out about a thousand invitations asking guests to "please wear decorations."

Like many great tenors, Lauritz Melchior began his musical life as a baritone. His first engagement was with a touring opera company. Melchior, aged twenty-two, appeared in *La Traviata* and sang the baritone role of Germont, father to Alfred—who was sung by a tenor old enough to be Melchior's father. The critics were not unduly impressed by the new talent, but one of the company's contraltos, Inger Nathansen, was, and she and Melchior were soon married. Their first child—a daughter—was born free of charge in a hospital for which Melchior sang at benefits.

One of the least-known and most interesting influences in the life of Melchior was his friendship with the English author, Hugh Walpole. Several of Walpole's novels are dedicated to the tenor. Walpole was only six years older than Melchior, but he was already rich and successful when Melchior sang his first recital in London's Queen's Hall. The critics were brutal, but Melchior received a friendly letter from Walpole inviting him for a visit. Impressed (Continued on page 135)



CARICATURE BY WM. AUERBACH-LEVY

THE ORIGINAL ADAM FOREPAUGH SHOWS.



**THE
OLDEST,
LARGEST
AND
BEST
CIRCUS
AND
MENAGERIE
IN
AMERICA**



MISS AIMEE PARNELLA. GRACEFUL RIDING, AND WONDERFUL JUGGLING AND BALANCING ON THE RUNNING GLOBE.

POSITIVELY THE 31ST ANNUAL TOUR OF THIS GREAT SHOW.

Billposters slapped lithographs on every available space, and covered the turn of the century with a lively art. All a circus needed

to let "children of all ages" know it was on its way was brilliant colors and sparkling claims. The pretty Parnella helped, too

BILL IT LIKE A CIRCUS

It's a mad 3-ring circus when the paste-slinging billposters start decorating the landscape

An Article by LEE ROGOW

ONE summer Sunday morning a few seasons back, the parishioners streaming out of the churches that surround the main public square of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, were attracted by the sight of four young men whaling the bejabbers out of a fifth. Three of the huskies were smiting the victim hip and thigh, while the fourth cried, "That's what you get for assaulting my sister!"

The good burghers of Wilkes-Barre forbore to interfere and passed on to their Sunday dinners with the impression that they had observed a dramatic



Ladies and gentlemen, in our center ring, those favorites of Europe's crowned heads: muscled men, lithe ladies, in terrific tumbles, swift somersaults, displays of balance!

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST

COMBINED WITH
PAWNEE BILL'S GREAT FAR EAST



THE GREAT TRAIN HOLD-UP & BANDIT HUNTERS OF THE UNION PACIFIC

When he ran out of buffalo, Bill Cody, seeking new game to conquer, found it in his Wild West Show. Effete Easterners gasped

while rough Western wranglers slapped leather and tamed the plains' "Iron Horse" with a furious, flaming fusillade of blanks

object lesson on the wages of sin. As a matter of fact, what they had seen was a minor skirmish in a billposting war between the Ringling Brothers Barnum & Bailey Circus and another show playing the same territory. The target of these Sunday punches was one of the circus billers, and he was getting pelted for wanton deeds committed not upon somebody's sister, but upon the posters of an opposition circus.

Such incidents are not unusual in circus billing, the only profession I can think of, with the possible exception of streetwalking, where it is still considered *comme il faut* to claw up the opposition for working the same territory.

This spectacular division of outdoor or poster advertising began more than 3000 B.C., and history traces it through the early civilizations of the Near East, Greece, Egypt and Rome. Two thousand and some years ago a sandal-strap producer named Pompey sent out announcements on his elephants-vs.-lions bouts at the Circus Maximus—which, incidentally, gave its name to the modern circus. Over the centuries, two important inventions—printing and red barns—brought outdoor circus advertising into its own.

When the circus elephant came to America in 1796, some press agent unknown to glory recorded (Continued on page 127)

FROM THE SYDNEY BURTON COLLECTION, N.Y.



Children screamed, women fainted, brave men paled (too much peanuts and popcorn?) when daredevil Diavolo did death-defying deeds in a grand gamble with gravity

Indian Winter: New Season

It's spring, and a Manhattanite lets his fancy roam over sea air and hock shops, pool hustlers and umps, fight managers, Senators, and the sniffing season

An Article by JIMMY CANNON

SPRING is the most treacherous time of the year. I refuse to give it the homage due a season. It has no characteristics of its own. It is merely a subsidiary of the winter and should be exposed for the impostor it is. The libelous dreams of poets influenced the myth that these are the months when romance flourishes and all mankind goes on the make. The burglars who write the lyrics of ignorance, which is what popular music is, contribute to the lie that love flowers in this dreary period of unpredictable weather. It is a falsification because how can romance be helped by sniffing, leaky noses, moist eyes and cold-smothered voices? It is an uncomfortable and barren interlude, annoyed by the cold winds of winter and clammy with the humidity of the summer. The atmosphere changes from one day to the next. Women are ugliest at this time and not even the deceit of the beauty parlors can repair the blowsiness caused by colds in the head. Spring is the foe of good fellowship for those who live in big cities. We who live in apartment houses are irritable and complaining. Spring causes more unrest in the fancy tenements than a raise in rent. The janitor is never more unpopular. This hatred is unfounded. It is impossible even for the scientists to judge the moods of the elements when spring inhabits the world. Sunny days are followed by roaring nights. All over the city you hear people in thick and disagreeable voices explain how they were awakened in the early morning by metropolitan hurricanes which blew through their bedrooms. After shutting the windows against the gale and dragging the comforter out of the closet, they awaken the superintendent and demand that he protect them with steam in the radiator. Usually the reason the old guy let the fires die was because he wanted to shield his tenants from heat prostration.

Many a marriage is broken up because of the attitude of people stricken with sudden chills in the night. It is only natural that even the happiest of couples start to bicker when their sleep is interrupted. So don't try to palm off spring as love's great assistant. I remember too many who have given their darlings the door in piques caused by spring hang-overs. So it is my plea that we eliminate the season of spring by the lawful process of legislation. The use of the name Indian Winter would make the superintendents of apartment houses more alert. People would not forget to put on their rubbers, fold their raincoats over their arms and carry their umbrellas to work on temporarily pleasant mornings. It would reduce the death rate and be a greater threat to pneumonia than penicillin. It should positively improve the tempers of those of us who live in the cities of the East and the Midwest where spring is a despicable half-season. Until this happens I must campaign against it and insist that spring is a share-cropper on the winter, love's most formidable enemy, and the common cold's greatest ally.

Anyone not born there is considered a transient in the city of Washington in the District of Columbia. The majority of the people act as though they had their suitcases checked down at the railroad station and were just stalling between trains. Their instability is not due to the curiosity of the F.B.I. Government workers persist in hanging onto a voting address back where they

came from as long as they can. They go around yearning out loud for their home towns and this is what causes the illusion of impermanence. This nostalgia is not aimless. It is propaganda, planned and deliberate. It is their hope their congressman hears about this desire to return to their birthplaces because people on the government pay roll can always use a favor. But the way most of them carry on at the ball park when the Washington Senators are playing you would think they expected their representatives up on the hill were sitting in the next seat. The Senators are the only club in organized baseball who are never the home team. They are a road club when they play in their own park. They are aliens in every city they visit, including Washington, D. C. But they are rooted against harder in Washington than any other town on the circuit. The baseball customers publicly exhibit their allegiance to their voting addresses by pulling against them with a scorn which would seem violent in Brooklyn when the Giants are the opposition. It is rare that anyone who is not born in Washington is converted to the Senators' cause, although several citizens of Philadelphia gave this proposition some consideration, starting with the day Connie Mack traded Lefty Grove to the Boston Red Sox. The theory of the temporary residents of Washington was made plain to me by Francis Stan, a gifted sports columnist whose pieces run daily in a capital newspaper. Covering the ball clubs training in Florida I ran into Stan every place but where the Senators were playing exhibitions. It is understandable because Mr. Stan is a baseball enthusiast and the Senators are one of the worst ball clubs in the records of the American League. But even so I suggested to Mr. Stan that his readers might enjoy a few reports on their team's mediocrity.

"The people in Washington aren't interested in the Senators," said Mr. Stan. "The visiting team is the home team when it plays in Washington."

Manual for paupers

It is the custom of other sports clairvoyants to give their clients horses which will improve their financial state if they are backed with money. But they neglect the most important phase of horse playing which is the raising of the deuce necessary for the purchase of a mutuel ticket. There comes a day when a man has a hot horse and is empty and this is the afternoon I will try to prepare you for. Many a guy has solved this problem by going to the petty-cash drawer and borrowing from the boss. This is considered bad manners by the police and is not a method which endears you to the average employer. Others embezzle all the funds in the firm and go as far as modern transportation will get them. They play the horses until the law drops in on them, but this is not a holiday I recommend. Guys who fill a valise full of other people's money must be prepared to donate a few years to the State where the incident occurs. The company where (Continued on page 130)



"I've been going out with a Frenchman and I want to learn what he keeps whispering to me"



"Oh dear no! A jacket would take away all the magic!"

Lucky and the Angel

Lucky Luciano, back in Italy by U. S. invitation, is overshadowed by a Sicilian bandit who makes like a Robin Hood. Lucky, alas and alack, feels terribly hurt

An Article by R. MICHAELS

THERE is a certain Signor Salvatore Lucania, a globe-trotter of considerable notoriety, who is especially allergic to newsprint. When it rubs his sensitive epidermis, he breaks out in an irritating rash.

The horrid red splotches that have covered his sallow skin lately are the result of an odious comparison to which Italian newspapers have subjected him—an undeserved comparison, the good signor says bitterly. The sensitive globe-trotter—his international journeyings have been at the pointed invitation of the ungrateful land of his adoption—was, during his American residence, connected with a number of interesting and remunerative businesses. During Prohibition days, under the nom de gang of Lucky Luciano, he filled the national need for Scotch with Mulberry Street juice, a bathtub product manufactured in New York's Little Italy. Suffering hop-heads were grateful for his well-organized service. Men out on a tear and in need of agreeable feminine companionship knew that Lucky would provide. He even had a reputation as a stabilizer in industry. While the duration of a strike in which he took a personal interest was bound to be short, it has been pointed out that the number of new arrivals in hospitals and morgues for the same period was unnaturally high.

His only reward for these services was a sentence to a thirty-to-fifty-year term of imprisonment in New York's Dannemora Prison, which was followed, nine-and-one-half years later, by an order deporting him to his native Italy.

Lucky's bitterness has turned to sad resignation. "It was a bum rap," he said recently. "And after all I did for those people in the States."

There will be no attempt here to enter into a discussion of the merits of Lucky's

complaint, for the present treatise deals with the uncomplimentary comparison he has been subjected to ever since arriving on the sunny shores of the land he quit at the age of nine.

It was no more than natural that Lucky Luciano, America's most publicized gang leader, should find that the Italian press would draw comparisons between him and Giuliano the Great, who is the bandit king of Sicily. Lucky became uncomfortably aware of his Italian counterpart almost as soon as he stepped off the ship that brought him from America. As he strode down the dock, he saw a large police flyer, signed by the Minister of Interior, offering one million lire reward for the capture, dead or alive, of Il Bandito Giuliano. Alongside it was another flyer—it looked as official as the first—posted by Giuliano, offering two million lire reward for the capture of the Minister of Interior.

Giuliano's conduct differs from that of his American cousin in several ways. Giuliano, for instance, robs only the rich. Furthermore, he gives freely to the poor. He is, in fact, a modern-day Robin Hood. Of course, there have been cynics who say that he limits his victims to the rich not so much from social conscience as from a fine sense of double-entry bookkeeping. So vigorous are his efforts in this direction that he has become a one-man campaign for the redistribution of Sicilian wealth; as such, he is an important economic factor in the life of the island. The police, of course, are reluctant to give him any credit for generosity, since in

the course of his philanthropy some two hundred people have lost their lives. They say, too, that part of the wealth, while in transit from the rich to the poor, sticks to his fingers. But thus far there have been no complaints on this score from the peasants who are his beneficiaries. To them, he is an angel—a kind of Pancho Villa played by Errol Flynn in Technicolor.

In the inevitable comparison between Lucky Luciano and Giuliano the Great, the colder, more professional American product has taken a beating. One of the biggest laughs at the expense of the misunderstood Lucky stems from an article that appeared, some time ago, in an Italian daily. It pointed out that the birthplace of Lucky was Lercari Fridi, a small village just a few miles east of Montelepre, the mountain-fortress headquarters of Giuliano, and that, therefore, it was a not unreasonable assumption that Luciano and Giuliano were one and the same person; Giuliano, it said, could be a fictional disguise used by the American racketeer to mask his operations in Italy. Another correspondent, in knocking this down, noted that while both Giuliano and Luciano were acknowledged masters at amassing illegal wealth, no one had ever accused Lucky of giving anything to the poor.

The outrageous behavior of Il Bandito has made Lucky wince, especially since, by raising Giuliano to the level of a hero, it has accentuated Lucky's own role as a heel. There is no story about Giuliano from which Lucky is immune. He has learned to sit back in bitter resignation while people recount how Robin Hood stuffed fifty thousand lire under the pillow of a peasant woman who was dying because she could not afford an operation, and how Giuliano's mobsters hijacked truckloads of wheat from black marketeers and distributed the grain free of charge in the public *piazze*. Lucky mutters that the goody-guy act is corny; but if it be corn, the peasants can't get enough of it.

An American crime baron has little time for the niceties in his profession, and so Lucky takes as bitter gall the Italian press reports which speak of Giuliano as "the gentleman bandit" (Continued on page 125)



"May I come back sometime if I ever make good?"

In the Manner of Lautrec →

THIS haunting photograph is in the spirit of the vivid portraits of women by Toulouse-Lautrec. The artist-photographer, juggling mechanical factors of angle, lights, costume, and background, has managed to capture the strange pathological view toward women that the crippled French painter put on canvas. Like Lautrec, he has probed beneath the surface but found only a mystery, which a man can record but never understand. The dress is the dress of 1870; the mystery is the mystery of eternal woman—baffling, captivating.

KODACHROME BY PLUCER



Prince of Party Throwers

Everybody—but everybody—wants to play in the court of Jules Glaenzer, but it takes more than a title or sizable bank account to get past the gate

AMONG the fabulous institutions of high-life in New York are the elegant entertainments sponsored by a gentleman named Jules Glaenzer. Glaenzer, by common consent, gives the most exciting parties in Manhattan today. He throws two, three, four, and sometimes five parties a week. He spends from ten to twenty thousand dollars a year on parties. His parties are elaborately planned and invariably attract the most beautiful women, the most talented men, the richest millionaires, and the most awesome figures in royalty and society. To be invited to a party at Glaenzer's is a sign that you have arrived socially in New York. Not to be invited to an important Glaenzer party—particularly the elaborate shivarees he throws after the première of an important new musical comedy—is tantamount to being an outcast and a pariah. There are people who have struggled without success for years to receive an invitation. Merely being rich is not enough. It is harder for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a millionaire who is boring to get into a Glaenzer party.

Glaenzer is a dapper gentleman, who has an extraordinarily youthful and muscular figure, and a bright, lively face, distinguished by keen hazel eyes. Twice married and twice divorced, he now leads a bachelor existence in a five-room duplex apartment on East 65th Street in Manhattan. (There is so much Hollywood and Broadway talent on display at the Glaenzer clambakes that comedian Peter Donald once labeled the apartment Loew's 65th Street.) When he is not giving parties, Glaenzer is invariably to be seen at other parties, at the theatre, or in the Stork Club or El Morocco; and always on his arm there hangs a luscious blonde—quite probably a Conover or Powers model. Glaenzer's amatory triumphs have aroused the envy of younger and handsomer men. An engaging conversationalist, a witty raconteur, and a completely bland man-of-the-world, the perfect example of an almost extinct type, Glaenzer has a way with women. One of his friends has said that knowing him has been the great education of her life. He taught her the art of dressing subtly to bring out her best points. He taught her decorum and *politesse*. He initiated her into the mysteries of wine *cuvées* and exotic French foods.

Glaenzer is not French. He was born in Lexington, Massachusetts, and raised in New York City. His father was a well-known interior decorator. Since 1905, Glaenzer has been

An Article by MAURICE ZOLOTOW

successfully associated with the celebrated jewelry firm of Cartier's, but the great passion of his life is parties—all kinds of parties: breakfast parties, football parties, beach parties, dinner parties, welcome-home parties, going-away parties, get-acquainted parties, supper parties, and—most of all—first-night parties. Glaenzer throws about a hundred and seventy parties a year, including around seventy-five cocktail parties, sixty dinner parties, twenty-five brunches, and at least ten full-scale supper parties. His eight tuxedos and four tailcoats are in constant rotation.

He insists that his motivations for giving parties are the purest. "I like to have people around me and I like to see people having a good time," he says. "That's why I won't have bores at my parties. I won't invite anybody who isn't an asset. Lots of bores have tried to wangle invitations out of me by coming into Cartier's and buying expen-

sive jewelry, but it won't work." You can't get invited to a Glaenzer party by being a Glaenzer customer. Glaenzer himself estimates that seventy-five per cent of his guests have never even bought a corkscrew at Cartier's.

The large parties he gives are a strange amalgam of society, royalty, the theatre, music, politics, and big business. He is one of the cooks who've helped brew what has become known in recent years as café society (because so many of its members spend much of their lives in cafés like the Stork Club). Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who did much lavish entertaining in Newport and Manhattan around 1910, was one of the first members of the so-called Four Hundred to break tradition by inviting nonsociety, especially theatrical people, to her parties.

In the 1920's and early '30's, Condé Nast and Elsa Maxwell carried on in the tradition of Mrs. Fish. While wealth and social position helped you to be invited to a Nast or a Maxwell shindig, talent, artistic fame, and beauty were also passports. Nast's parties—he died in 1942—were overpowering and rather formal affairs; Miss Maxwell began by specializing in thematic parties—masked balls, treasure hunts, murder parties, scavenger hunts—but she has been sobered by the course of world history, and her parties are now chiefly attended by delegates to the United Nations and various uplifters and intellectual viewers-with-alarm.

Glaenzer, therefore, remains one of the few persons in New York's higher realms of social life who gives parties purely for the sake of hearty good fun. He does not favor stunt parties, and he does not like large, complicated ones. At an after-theatre first-night party, he rarely has more than seventy guests. His dinner parties are usually for eight persons. His cocktail parties are confined to thirty-odd. He likes to have people meet, talk to one another, entertain one another, and help one another. He is always delighted when two of his guests who have first met at a Glaenzer party are able to benefit each other. Two years ago, Henry Ford II needed a star to entertain a Ford-dealer conference in Washington. At the time, Edgar Bergen was trying, without success, to get a Ford town-and-country convertible station wagon. They recounted their respective woes at Glaenzer's house. Glaenzer said, "Why don't you guys make an exchange?" Bergen went to Washington and put on a show for the dealers. And Mr. Ford supplied him with a hard-to-get (Continued on page 137)



CARICATURE BY WM. AUERBACH-LEVY

A Cabin on the "Queen"

Double cross, double cross, and when it's all over no one wins but the pretty girl with the shiny eyes and the way of all women when she lays her hands on money

A Story by

WILLIAM FRANCIS

JOHNNY MURPHY paused in the middle of writing and glanced up. Without thought he knew it had come. For weeks he'd known and expected, but there was still shock in the final realization. Mr. Murchison looked down at him, their eyes locked for what seemed to Johnny a long time.

"Will you step into my office, John?" Mr. Murchison said.

Johnny felt a desire to run, but he followed Mr. Murchison into the small corner office. The ledgers on the desk removed the last lingering hope. Murchison knew.

"The auditors come tomorrow, John," Mr. Murchison said. "I've just concluded a final check. There is a shortage, John. A sizable shortage. You are the only person in the organization who could be responsible. It occurs in your department, and it is your responsibility; no one else had access to these books." He indicated the ledgers on the desk.

"I know nothing about it," Johnny said.

Mr. Murchison sighed. "Not the proper attitude at all, John. Is there any of the money left? It would go better for you if you could make partial restitution. No? The entire one hundred thousand is gone?"

"A hundred thousand?" Disbelief and amazement were in Johnny's tone and expression.

"Slightly over that figure, John."

"There was never anything like that much," Johnny protested. "Never."

"Let's face the facts, John," Murchison said, and there was a happier smile on his face than would seem appropriate under the circumstances. "The shortage in your account so far is..." Mr. Murchison consulted a slip of paper on top of the ledgers on his desk... "one hundred and three thousand, five hundred and sixty-two dollars."

The smile that was happier than it should have been gave Johnny his first hint.

"Do you think you'll get away with it, you dirty crook?"

"Get away with it?"

"Who's listening?" Johnny asked.

"No one, of course."

"Then I'll tell you this. I stole money, I admit it. But I didn't take even twenty thousand."

"The book, John."

"I don't give a damn about the book. I know what you're doing, but it won't work. I won't take the rap for it."

"What will you do, John?" Murchison asked.

"I'll tell them exactly what I took and how I took it and when I took it. You won't get away with it. Call the police."

"Not now, John. I'll give you until tomorrow morning to make some restitution."

Johnny spent the rest of the afternoon planning his speech to the police for the next day. He

couldn't run away. He didn't have the money he'd stolen; none was left. Besides, if he ran he'd be taking all the blame. Murchison would get away with it.

When he got to his apartment he tried to call Dawn, but the phone rang and rang without any answer. He went over to her place finally, but she was out. He tried phoning several times that night without success. That was the crushing blow. She, at least, should have been a comfort to him since she had benefited most from his theft. She had the jewels, she had the fur coat. She'd egged him on; never suggesting he steal, of course, but always holding out until he came across. He'd stolen for her and now, when he needed her, she was gone. He hated her, he hated Murchison, he hated the world.

In this mood he faced the auditor and the police the next day. He was sullen as he told his story to the hard-eyed men. When he'd finished he looked accusingly at Murchison. Murchison's expression was bland.

"All right," one of the men said. "What did you do with the money?"

"It's gone," Johnny said. "I spent every cent on that damned blonde; you can check."

"We have," the man said, "and we recovered the jewelry and the mink. She gave up everything you gave her. But that isn't all of it. Where's the rest of the dough?"

"But that was all of it, all except for some clothes I bought and what I spent when I took her out."

"She told us about that and it still doesn't add up. Where's the rest of the money?"

"But," Johnny protested, "that's all I took. Murchison got the rest of the money."

"Look, kid," the policeman said, "that line isn't any good. Tell us where you've hidden the rest. It'll go easier for you."

"But I didn't take any more. Murchison got it, Murchison..."

"You see," Murchison turned to the men with a gesture of resignation. "The same story. I saw his reasoning. I thought if I let him go he might dig up the money and make a break for it. If I did wrong..."

"No, no, Mr. Murchison," the policeman said. "Smart move. Too bad it didn't work."

But Johnny shouted, "I tell you he took..."

"All we want you to tell us is where you've hidden that eighty-five thousand. And I warn you it'll go hard for you if you don't tell."

When they led him away he was still shouting denial.

The lawyer advised him to tell where the money was hidden.

"Plead guilty, give up the money and ask for mercy," he said. "It's your only chance."

The trial was no better. Mr. Murchison made a very good appearance on the stand for the prosecution. So did Dawn. She hadn't known, she said. She thought Johnny made the money honestly. And there were the books.

The judge was particularly severe and the sentence reflected his feelings. Mr. Murchison shook his head sadly as the younger man was led away, and he left the courtroom with Dawn.

"I'm going uptown," Mr. Murchison said. "May I give you a lift?"

"How nice," she said. "Of course."

Mr. Murchison drove slowly and carefully.

"Well, darling, it worked," he said.

Dawn leaned toward him and brushed her lips against his ear. "Perfect," she whispered.

"We can leave after the first of the year. Things will be quiet enough by then."

"And in the meantime we can be seen together, can't we?"

"Of course. Not too much at first. It must look like we got acquainted at the trial. Then gradually, in a couple of months, it'll look like love and we'll be in the clear. Oh, darling, it's going to be wonderful. Did you write your sister about the money?" He was thinking about the \$85,000 in a New York bank in the sister's name, for they knew the police would check their local accounts and they had to be kept appropriately low and unsuspecting.

"Yes, I wrote her," said Dawn, her face suddenly sober and hard. And how, she wanted to add. The money would be ready—for her—and a reservation for one, first class, on the *Queen Mary* out of New York next Saturday.

Murchison glanced at her sideways. She smiled at him and they both began chuckling softly. ##



ON the rise of a roll of red land that sloped away to the bronze haze in the south, the stage driver reined in hard and braked down. He pointed with a sweat-greasy sleeve. "Yonder, it is."

The man next to him squinted for a second at the cluster of 'dobe and board buildings in the distance. He turned then, and smiled. "Not too bad." He pulled a dust-grey kerchief from the breast pocket of his wrinkled grey suit and patted at his forehead and eyes. "I heard back in the States that all they need out here is good society and more water."

The driver shook rein and hawed to the teams. "For the matter of that, it's all hell needs, too." The whip lashed out and the stage rolled forward through the red ruts and spun down the slope toward Rock Creek Station. "I oughter thank you fer the company!" the driver called across the wind. "Ain't had a passenger in four weeks!"

The man in the grey suit laughed and relaxed his grip on the shotgun for the first time in two days. "Been having troubles?" he said.

The driver swung an arm toward the south. "Apaches. Bustin' out all over the place." He slugged mightily with his tongue,

drew up a fine ball of tobacco juice, and lipped it sideways to the wind. His whip whacked air, and the teams lined out on the level land below the slope and bobbed into a gallop. "What's your name?" he asked. "Now that we're 'bout here an' not liable to shoot ourselves?"

The man started to say something and didn't. He swallowed hastily and shouted, "Fielding—Frank Fielding."

"You ain't in the gun business, be yuh?" The driver glanced right and noted the passenger's set profile—the tight mouth, the wide chin, the jutting nose, and the flint-hard eyes. He looked like a soldier; but, then, so did all civilians who sat straight and handled weapons well.

"No." The teams slowed to a trot, and the wind of their passing died and the heat closed in. "Not now."

"This outfit could use some decent hardware, out here."

They passed a hog ranch, which the driver identified as an off-the-post barroom for the payday sale of rotgut and tiswin, which was corn beer; and, near the stockade, he armed down the teams and clucked thankfully to them.

The passenger reached behind him for his

one piece of baggage, yanked it forward from the racks, and held it on his knees. "I thought this regiment was equipped," he said.

"It is." The driver wheeled the teams left with proud precision and reached for the brake. Two sentries stood in the open gates, watching. "With single-shots." He flung spit again and braked to a halt. "Out there—them Apaches—they got Spencers." He waved to the sentries. "All out fer the Fourth Cavalry!"

The passenger shook hands with the driver, dropped his bag overside, and jumped after it. He stood for a moment while the stage swayed away for the outreaches of the station and a three-day layover. Then he picked up the bag and walked up to the gates. "The adjutant?"

A trim corporal popped from the box and looked the visitor up and down very carefully. "Regimental business?"

"Recruitment."

"Oh?" The corporal seemed surprised. One of the sentries snickered.

"Is that a joke?"

The corporal's mouth quirked. "It wasn't intended to be. The adjutant's office is straight ahead, across the parade. You'll be

Fielding was a lean, hard man with a dirty job to do,

**and he had no intention of letting Apaches or traitors in uniform
stop him before he was finished with it**

A Western Story by GEORGE C. APPELL



COFFIN

expected to clear the post before sundown."

The man turned, one eyebrow lifted. "I said I was here for recruitment."

"And I heard you. But you may not be taken . . . Straight across."

The adjutant was talking to the officer of the day as the man in the grey suit came to the doorway.

"Yes? Quartermaster? Ordnance? Speak it!"

"Enlistment."

The adjutant swung his boots off the desk and stood up. The O. D. smiled and went out, spurs chinking. "You want to join?" The adjutant had a furrowed forehead and a cross net of veins under his eyes—the occupational marks of adjutants everywhere. He stepped closer. "Where you from?"

"The States. Hagerstown, Maryland." He stood stiffly, thumbs to seams.

"Name?" The adjutant's eyes darted up the wrinkled suit and registered on the flat stomach, the thick shoulders, the lean neck.

"Fielding. Frank Fielding."

"Service?"

"The war. Cavalry."

The adjutant thumbed his chin. "That ended seven years ago, buck."

"Soldiering hasn't changed, has it?"

"It has out here." The adjutant sat down, hugged one knee, and rested his tired eyes on the civilian. "We have a saying in this regiment: Before you let a man join up, make him take twelve hours to think it over." He dampened his lips. "Then he can't blame us if he—if he has any regrets."

"I just told you: I came out from the States. Will twelve more hours change my mind?"

Boot heels clacked on the dried planks of the veranda and knuckles rapped once on the open door. A dark-faced man with faded double bars on the shoulders of a washed-out blue shirt stepped in and took off a stained campaign hat.

"Captain Stanish?" the adjutant asked wearily.

But the captain was staring at the civilian as a man stares at a ghost rising in the moonlight. He took two steps backward and remained there in the doorway, transfixed.

The civilian nodded. "I thought you were up in the Dakotas—Captain."

Anson Stanish had a harsh headache, suddenly, and a feverlike dryness parched his mouth and sanded his throat and left him weak.

The adjutant sat forward and coughed

rustily. "Man wants to sign up, Captain."

Stanish spoke. "Give him to me." His eyes brightened with hate as he stepped forward. "Send him to me."

"Twelve hours, Captain. He just pulled in on the stage."

But the civilian shook his head slightly, as if brushing off an annoying insect. Without looking at the adjutant, he murmured, "Sign me up now." He narrowed his eyes at Anson Stanish and showed white teeth in a hard grimace. "The captain and I have met before."

Stanish snapped his fingers at the adjutant and wagged an impatient hand at the mahogany filing case in the corner. "Break out the papers! Be smart, now." He faced Frank Fielding. "I hope you haven't softened up."

"I hope you haven't, Captain."

"What name would you be using? I assume you've failed in civilian life."

The adjutant dipped a pen. "Fielding," he answered. In the Territory of Arizona, men seldom spoke their own names when they appeared at a sun-beaten Army post to seek the sanctity of the service. Some of them were a day's ride ahead of the sheriff, or a week west of (Continued on page 101)

ILLUSTRATION BY JACK COWAN



CANYON



PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM STONE

April

Dear, Dear Secretary

An advertising genius can sell anything and anybody; sometimes he sells himself a bill of goods certified by a genius who's just a little sharper than he is

A Story by

LESTER COOPER

EVERY time he walked into the office, he felt it. He tried to keep his mind on one of his accounts or the last Martini he'd drunk, but somehow that feeling always grabbed hold of him and socked him right in the middle of his stomach and he smiled a sick smile at her and hurried past her desk.

Once he was inside his own office, the heat would relax and he'd be able to think about her objectively. It wasn't that she was the most beautiful girl in the world or that she had the kind of figure they'd want to put in the Rockette line. And she'd never given him any reason to suppose that she was any more aware of him than any secretary is supposed to be aware of her boss. Yet there it was and it was driving him insane. All he could think about was the way her long hair reflected the overhead light in blonde shadows and the way her smart, severe suits surrounded her. He could fire her, he knew, but somehow that didn't seem to be a solution. And so, because he belonged to that group of disciplined people who don't believe in having an affair with anything as close to home as a secretary, he just suffered.

Besides, if he *did* fire her, what could he tell Hanline? How could he explain her dismissal when it was obvious that she did her job better than merely well? It was true Hanline had no more authority in the agency than he did, but firing her would have required an explanation he wasn't willing to give—particularly not to Hanline.

His buzzer sounded and he picked up the phone. Her voice came through, as always, soft and warm: "Mr. Hanline for you, Mr. Weber."

"Thanks," he said, and pushed the button on his phone that connected him with Hanline. "Hi, Dick, what goes?"

"The Murgatroy account," Hanline said. "When do we get the proofs on it?"

"They're in the shop now."

"Great," Hanline's voice boomed back. He paused a minute. "That girl of yours..."

"What about her?"

"I wish you'd talk to her about how to act in a respectable advertising agency."

Weber felt suddenly perverse and defensive. "She's respectable."

"So's Grable, but she isn't your secretary."

"Let's drop it. I'll see what I can do."

He hung up and sat staring at the closed door; it might as well have been wide open, for she was in bold relief against the glass paneling. It occurred to him that he could now fire her without embarrassment. Then his sense of justice came rushing up at him and he couldn't face the thought of tossing her out just because Hanline didn't like the cut of her skirts. No, he'd keep her around until he found some solution.

There was a knock on the door and she walked in. "Here are the proofs on the Murgatroy account, Mr. Weber." Her voice floated across at him. He wanted to reach out past the papers in her hand and pull her to him. He took the papers. "Thanks."

She stood motionless in the middle of the

room while he looked at the proofs. "Is there anything else?"

He looked up. Hesitated. Then, "Yes," he said, finally.

She looked at him quizzically. Her eyes opened a little wider and she cocked her head to one side, waiting.

"You seem to be creating a bit of a disturbance around this august agency," he said, trying to keep his voice amused.

"Oh?"

"Some people seem to feel that you're—well, not prim enough. They like their office help to be prim, if pretty. Sweet but wholesome. They want to be able to think about their wives—and, sometimes, their accounts."

"I'll get out my thickest glasses immediately, Mr. Weber."

He was impatient with himself. "Forget it," he said. "I'm sorry I brought it up."

"I'll try, Mr. Weber. I won't smile at a soul." She turned and walked out.

Weber tried to work on the collection of papers on his desk, but he couldn't keep his mind on them. Then the solution came to him. He picked up the phone. "Get me Mr. Hanline," he said. And then: "Look, old boy. That secretary business you mentioned earlier... I think maybe you're the boy to handle it."

"Like how, for example?"

"Let's switch. You're a tougher nut than I am. Maybe you can do something about her. I'm too soft."

Hanline laughed uproariously. "The old wolf calling for help." He stopped laugh-

ing finally. "Maybe it's an idea. You can have my prim and delightful Irma. I'll remove the lip rouge from your much too attractive Helen. Everyone'll be happy."

Weber felt better. "It's a deal. I'll tell her right now. See you later."

He replaced the receiver and rang for her. "Miss Graves," he said, as she came in with her pad and pencil. "Mr. Hanline and I have decided to rearrange things a bit. If you don't mind, you'll work for him from tomorrow morning on." He waited for the effect. There was none.

"Very good, sir," was all she said.

"Fine. Then you and Miss Blanchard will make your own arrangements about the switch."

"Yes, sir." She turned and walked out of the room. Her expression hadn't changed.

Weber sat back in his chair. He felt fine. Everything was perfect. It was an ideal solution. He looked at his watch, picked up his hat, and whistled out of his door and past her. He didn't feel a thing. She didn't even look up.

A few minutes later, Hanline came out of his office, a huge grin spread over his face. He walked over to her and brushed his hand familiarly past the blonde hair. "We made it, I guess, didn't we?" he said.

She smiled back. "Uh huh."

He shook his head, laughing quietly. "He's such a nice guy, too. Still, it's better this way. Would have been a helluva thing if he knew I'd hired you in the first place." He took her hand and squeezed it. "See you at the flat later?"

She returned the pressure on his hand and smiled up at him. "Same time, same place," she said, and released his hand. He walked back across the room to his office while she put the finishing touches on her face—that lovely, lovely face... #



"Of course \$300,000 is a lot of money, but do you know what they're paying pearl divers these days?"

Slip into your colorful swim trunks, drape a ginger lei around your neck, and you, too, can paddle an outrigger through the waters off Waikiki. There's plenty of room for your friends

Breezy is the word for Las Vegas; but you can take your choice of the lush, the plush, the lavish or the modern for hotels, like the fabulous Flamingo of the king-sized, palm-lined pool

Besides pineapples and poi, hulas and leis, Hawaii greets you with its beautiful women. This lovely wears hibiscus in her dark hair and a Tahitian skirt. Could the purest purist object?

STEVE HANNAGAN ASSOCIATES



PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

THIRD IN A SERIES OF VACATIONS

"PLANNED FOR THE MAN" BY ESQUIRE

Meeting Spring HALFWAY

Our own spring tonic to carbonate your capillaries: try dreamy Hawaii or rarin', rootin', tootin' Las Vegas

A Travel Article by RICHARD JOSEPH

THERE'S a breeze coming across the beach at Waikiki now, and it carries with it the smell of hibiscus or the faint scent of the ginger lei that some lovely young thing is wearing around her neck.

That might seem like a pretty thin excuse for traveling a couple of thousand miles, but these are the days of wind and rain at home, when everything indoors and out has a damp, musty odor, and the weather can't make up its mind. The best reason for a Hawaiian vacation right now is that it gives you a chance to meet spring halfway.

It's always May in Hawaii; the year-round average temperature is 74, with a mean maximum and minimum of 79 and 69. The water off Waikiki is usually about 75 degrees. And that, we promise you, is the last statistic you'll read here. Quoting figures about Hawaii is like applying calipers to a Conover model—but not nearly as

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

interesting. Hawaii isn't a place as much as it is a mood. It's a mood that hits you as you open the door of your plane to come down the gangway and the perfume of flowers floods over you, a mood that intensifies as you hear Hawaiian music for the first time in its native habitat, and grows deeper as you look around you and see that most of the people are beautiful.

It's a shame, really, that Hawaiian things are ever exported—because they are truly indigenous only to the islands. Take the hula, for example. What has been degraded into a low-class cootch dance in carnival midways on the mainland is actually a thing of poetic loveliness when danced by barefoot island girls. And Hawaiian music is likely to sound saccharine, almost soppy, played by night-club dance bands seeking a change of pace from fox trots and rumbas.

But when you hear it in Hawaii it suddenly begins to make sense. You hear the trade winds carrying the "liquid sunshine" down from the mountains, and the breeze rolling

up the surf, sighing across the beach and rustling the palm trees outside your window. After a while, if you're not careful, you find yourself trying to imitate the sound of an electric guitar. And friends on the mainland will widen their eyes when you go along the street singing something like, "Oh, I'm going to a hukilau—huki, huki, huki, huki, hukilau!" which everybody was singing while we were last on the islands.

And the people. Hawaii is one place in the world where racial equality isn't a burning political issue, or a shining ideal for the distant future—it's as commonplace and everyday on the islands as Diamond Head, or the clouds covering the tops of near-by mountains. Look at the people and you'll understand why. Here are practically all the races of the East: Japanese, Chinese, Korean, Filipino, and Polynesian, mixed with the handsome brown Hawaiian natives and every national strain of the white race. The mixing was done in one of

the most healthful climates in all the world, and the mixtures have developed under the American standard of living, complete with American diet, education, clothes, and gadgets. The result is as handsome and friendly a people as you'll find anywhere on earth.

One thing that will get a Hawaiian—whatever his racial origin—into a fit of anger more quickly than anything else is to refer to him as anything but American. Oh, they don't mind being called Hawaiians—any more than New Yorkers resent being called New Yorkers, or Texans object to being called Texans. But they want it strictly understood that their islands are just as much a part of the U. S. A. as Nantucket, say, off the Atlantic coast. "Hawaii, U. S. A." is the address they give. Their home is "the islands," and the rest of the U. S. is "the mainland," and they snicker rather pointedly at any *malihini* who goes to the post office and asks—like a jerk—"How much to send (Continued on page 152)

The land where tomorrow just can't be any better: Kalapana Beach on the island of Hawaii, where the sand is blacker, the sky bluer, the surf more sil-

very and the foliage greener than the best of Technicolor's efforts. And if you listen very closely, you can hear the electric guitars strumming softly

PAN AMERICAN





The Meath Hunt field waits patiently to take turns at a "fence"



Irish Stag Hunt

IT might have been expected that the race that gave the world the mighty Fin McCool and the bone-crunching sport of hurling would lead the field in the noblest sport of all: the stag hunt. Though other countries have their devotees of the King's sport, only in Eire does the hunt fascinate so much of the population. At an age when American kids are falling off hobbyhorses, Irish youngsters are jumping bogs in mad pursuit of the fox and the stag. Other nations are still trying to figure out how to develop a horse like the Irish hunter, a mount bred with steel springs in his shanks.

With her resources of fine mounts and

Riders are up early for a Ward Union fixture



The field at a stag hunt is a smartly dressed one



The Ward Union field in full pursuit of the stag



eager riders, Ireland keeps alive the tradition feudal lords started in the British Isles of the Middle Ages and passed down through the aristocracy. In the days of Robin Hood and Richard the Lion Hearted, deer were as plentiful as autumn leaves, and all a sportsman needed was a steady hunter and a true arrow. Later, a gent called a har-bourer was given the job of tracking down a "warrantable" or huntable stag (one that is five years old or older). These days, however, each Hunt usually brings its own stag—which it gets from, and eventually returns to, a game preserve—plus an alternate, in case the principal doesn't feel up to gambling around the countryside.

Though the procedure of a stag hunt—called a "fixture"—is different from that of a fox hunt, the cast of characters is the same. There are the Master of the Stag Hunt, who leads the field; the huntsman, who keeps the pack of hounds on the right line; and the whips, who, as assistants to the huntsman, make sure that no hounds split off from the main pack. The Hunt meets at a prearranged spot, the pack and the mounts usually being driven up in motor vans, and the stag in a horse-drawn wagon (gasoline fumes might destroy the scent). When everyone is ready, the stag is "enlarged"—let out of the wagon—and given fifteen minutes to be on his way. Then there's a signal from the MSH, the hounds are cast and the Master, huntsman, whips, and field break and thunder after the stag.

With the headlong rush, the rugged part of the hunt starts. The cry of the pack leads a rider through water, over "fences"—a general name for any jumpable obstacle—across and down roads, up hills, into woods, over ditches, and, frequently, to an uncomfortable position on the flat of his back. Irish hunting history is full of stories of riders whose mounts have failed to clear obstacles; when that happens, other riders who can't hold up in their eagerness to be "in on the kill" are likely to pile on top of the unlucky guy. Riders have a single purpose when hunting the stag; each wants to be the one to whom the Master gives credit for the "kill." That can lead to some very rough riding. The riders' purpose probably isn't so bloody as it may appear, but stag hunting is a fierce competition, and, after the hunt breakfast, the field forgets about politeness.

Obviously, a stag hunt is no place for the timid or finicky. But there's a rare thrill for a real sportsman when the stag flies out of sight, the Master sounds his horn, the baying hounds leap out in pursuit, and the cry goes up: "Tallyho! Tallyho! Gone away! Gone away!" ‡

Photos by Ronny Jacques. Hat, crop and horn from Abercrombie & Fitch



Huntsman and whip lead the hounds to a fixture



A "check" and a quick jump at the Meath Hunt



One mare couldn't make it and she was destroyed



The stag hunt is no place for a timid woman



A good Irish hunter will get you over anything



The excitement of the hunt gets children, too

The hounds are ready after a ride to the fixture



The MSH obviously has had a very rough ride



A good hunt breakfast makes the ride easier





the **BOLD LOOK**

POWER UNDER WRAPS

From hat to heels, from your linen to your lapels, there's no arguing with the Bold Look business. It speaks a man's language in a man's world—without raising its voice. It's as right as flight in an age that has no time for tin-horning; in an era that calls upon men of effort, not effeteness . . . Shown here is an echelon of Bold Look apparel that's going places—fast!

The Bold Look: *Shirt and Ties*

Catch in it the shirt, to the right. The collar is the new Command style, with the angle of the points echoed in the chevron stripes of the new Titan tie which has narrow stripes separating the broad bars. New Bold Look cuff links and tie clip with raised diagonal patterns make up the rest of the flight. Also right in line are: first, a panel printed foulard with blue background showing a swirl and center check design. Second, grey tie with center checked design that toys with the third dimension. Both have solid color knots: Windsor shape.



PHOTOGRAPH BY U. S. AIR FORCE PHOTOS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

DRAWING BY E. L. BALDWIN



American Panorama

**Latest Bulletins on the Great New
Powerhouse of Fashion that has Swept the
Country with the Speed of Flight – that
has Taken Command from Coast to Coast**



The Colony Hat: It's what's in your head that matters in these forceful and fast-moving times—but what's *on* your head does the talking until you take over. Here's a hat that speaks quietly and well for its contents in the world of business (brim up all around as here) or out (snapped down as shown on the right). The grey binding is of equal width over and under the brim.

DRAWING BY HARRY GREEN



GANNET GREY:
New color for
suits, as quiet
and crisp as a
flight com-
mander's report.

Wear it and you'll be looked up to, not at. Buttons on the double-chested jacket are set low, lapels broad. Again, the command collar on the ecorn broadcloth shirt. And check in on that shoe color: it's Midnight Moroc.

DRAWING BY MARTIN BURNISTON



THE BOLD LOOK: *Metropolitan Viewpoint*

And it's all in the point of view: If you feel like a leader, you'll look the part. In the Grand Canyons of American business—from the blue-chip bigwig to the junior exec., who's worth watching—you can tell them at a glance. So can those crisply discerning guardians of the busy man's time: the receptionist and his secretary . . . For instance: Come in out of the rain in that double-chested VALIANT raincoat, and it's obvious that you're in business. For men with the Metropolitan Viewpoint gave this coat its place in the line-up of Bold Look gear—Broad-shouldered men who blend an impression of easy and casual power with a functional smartness that's right for their world. Likewise casual, functional and smart is this coat: big and roomy, no belt, and with plenty of yardage: 46 inches on a size 38. Even the stitching is tough and bold, like the hand-work on a well made saddle. The patch pockets are deep, the flaps are big, and the change pocket has plenty of cc's. Swing into those set-in sleeves and you'll head into the blustriest weather with the seaworthy look of a man who knows where he's going.

PHOTOGRAPH BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y.



DRAWING BY MARTIN BURNISTON



Blue-on-Brown You needn't fear the blues with your brown suits—if you do it this way. The new grabrown has a set of blending tones—looks brown, but leaves the door open for blue overtones or accessories. This hat, for example, takes the blue band in stride: tapered crown, hand felted-edge brim. Correctly worn—up all around or snapped.



DRAWING BY HARRY GREEN



Watch Gra-Brown

And watch this man. He's right on time, both clock and color-wise.

For he's wearing the new Bold Look material in the basic brown that has a grey touch to it. In 3-button single-chested tailoring, its blue is backed up by the blue shirt; the brown by the brown in the ecorn-checked tie. He fills a pretty important pair of shoes, too—again Midnight Moroc.

DRAWING BY MARTIN BURNISTON

THE BOLD LOOK: *American Geometrics*

It's a man's world, and most of its modern wonders speak a man's language: the mathematical exactness of the engineer—the massive geometrics of a great bridge patterned against the sky. Taking its theme from the world of man's most masculine works, modern designers of Bold Look fabrics present here an assortment of AMERICAN GEOMETRICS that have been engineered into your everyday accessories. The socks at the right, for instance, are patterned with strength and exactness, and color-coordinated—the first two pairs to work with blue, grey, or bluish-grey suits—the third with brown or tan. According to Bold Look theory, strong accents in your accessories should rest upon a solid structure—plain colors or quiet patterns in your main apparel. A deep, rich background color will set off the dynamics of these accessories, giving a general effect of strength that is quiet and well-constructed.

PHOTOGRAPH BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y.



In a bridge or in braces—the support's the thing. Check and double check these checks.



DRAWINGS BY MERRILL HARVEY



(Above) Even the massive geometrics of this tie fabric are handled easily by the bold lines of the command collar on the ecorn color shirt. And (left) the most conservative of men will feel the subtle sense of strength in these quiet but powerful patterns.



THE BOLD LOOK:

Here It's Palomino, Pal!

Right off the range at an easy canter comes this new shade—Palomino—with its light golden tones inspired by that famous breed of horse flesh. And as a saddle goes with a horse, so do these all-leather braces, the belt, and the wide-stitched wallet go with the modern well-dressed man.



And on the Hoof

Rugged enough to wear in the woods, yet stylish enough for spectator sportswear and informal week-ending. It's Palomino in a walk!



KODACHROMES BY ESQUIRE STUDIOS



THE BOLD LOOK

Heads for the Hills!

This chesty key-stone pullover shows your stripe. "Men," it says, and it's even built to further build up your build, with a bar as broad as a rail fence to accentuate the broad-chested effect. That sweater will speak well for you to your favorite wind-blown blonde—especially adaptable if you want to wear a particular shirt and/or tie with it for a total effect of roughing it right.



DRAWING BY DICK HAYES

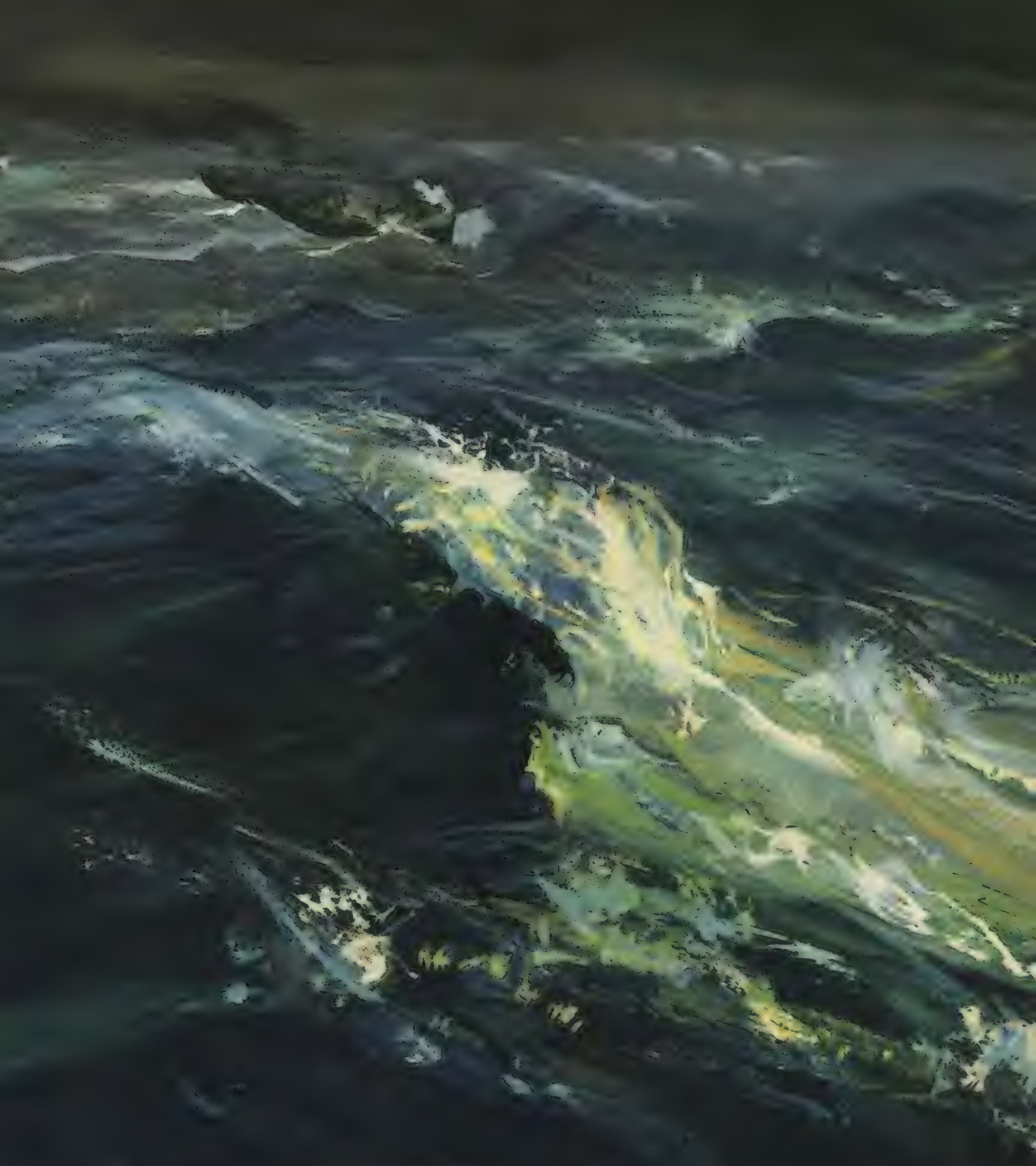
PHOTOGRAPH BY FREE LANCE PHOTOGRAPHERS GUILD



The Cardigan:

Highlights new low front and overplaid (but not overplayed) chest pattern. Slacks: Note the lap seams at the sides, and keystone belt loops. Shoes: Extra heavy.

(For answers to all your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.)



"ABANDONING SHIP. STARBOARD LIFEBOAT CARRIED AWAY WHILE LOWERING."

Frank G. Allen

REDHEADED Alex Pinner, master of the six-thousand-ton steamship *Angela Mockridge*, sat in his office under the wheelhouse with his crossed legs on his desk. He tossed his new cap, complete with insignia, over his upended toes and changed its position from sober, squared respectability to a rakish slant by wriggling his feet.

"The second mate's berth is open, sir," Chris Dalthy said. "I want to sail with you."

"D'you need a kick in the puss for a hint, Chris?" Alex asked. "I tell you, you don't want this job."

"I want it, sir," Chris Dalthy said.

"Because a man put in an occasional word for a green cadet in a tough ship doesn't mean he rates admiration five years later," Alex Pinner said. "Men change. I've changed. Hell, kid, I've lost a ship and a wife since then." He stared at his tilted cap. "Maybe I got command too fast when we were launching five ships a day during the war. But that collision wasn't my fault, Chris."

"I heard that the bunch from the other ship lied hard and fast," Chris Dalthy said.

"Too bad the board didn't hear it, too," Alex said. "They suspended my license for sixty days." He laughed. "It might as well have been sixty years—till this one came along."

"Fellow I met on Market Street who'd been in this one told me her shell plating is going wrong and her new owner don't care how he makes a fast buck, sir," Chris said.

Alex flipped his cap off his toes and put his feet on the floor with a thump. His face was grim. "Great Peter! Does everybody in the Bay area know?"

"No, sir," Chris said. "This was highly confidential."

"All right; it's true," Alex Pinner said harshly. "She's doomed, Chris, and I'm going to preside at her obsequies. For a price. Now scram!"

He walked toward the door. As his hand

closed on the knob, he looked at the tall young man. "Nobody gets hurt," he said through his teeth. "You can lay to that."

"There's the point, sir," Chris said. "That mate of yours looks a bit past his work. An active second could be handy getting the boats away."

Alex Pinner blinked.

"You didn't lose a man in that other—"

Alex grabbed Chris' arm. "I'm collecting for this sinking, and then I'm leaving the sea," he said. "Get out!"

Chris Dalthy was back in an hour with a note in his hand and a grin on his face. "Meet your second officer, sir," he said. "That blackhearted owner of yours leaped at the chance to get my tongue out of town."

Alex Pinner grunted. "If you've got some cockeyed notion of reforming me—"

"A young officer who's come through an emergency creditably might get a lift," Chris said. "When do we sail, sir?"

Alex Pinner's grey eyes ranged over Chris Dalthy's loose-jointed figure, capable-looking hands, and calm face. "Saturday," he said. "I take her to where one more drifting Jap mine sounds highly probable. The chief engineer does the dirty work; I fumble the chances of keeping her afloat."

He grinned. "The owner picked me for the job because, after that collision, any underwriter would believe I'd ball up the seamanship in a crisis."

When the *Angela* hauled aboard her mooring lines, Alex Pinner left his gloom astern in the murk under the Golden Gate Bridge, and his red head faced the low swells of the Pacific with brisk assurance. "The fact is, Chris," he said to the second mate, "I deserve a lot of credit from sailormen for sending this ship under, where she belongs."

"Yes, sir," said Chris Dalthy, politely stepping around to leeward as Captain Pinner brought up by the bridge rail.

The captain's eyes swept across the plates of the foredeck (Continued on page 146)

Nobody Gets Hurt

**The sea had taken Alex Pinner's ship
and his reputation. Now it gave him a
chance to win back his self-respect
—if he was willing to fight**

by RICHARD HOWELLS WATKINS

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK GOLDEN

SEA MOUNTAINOUS. ABANDONING SHIP."





*"By sowing seeds of good will in the spring, Mr. Maxwell,
you'll reap in the fall"*

Piscatorial Pied Piper

Fish flock around when Jack Carnes makes a call in their neighborhood. The secret's his calling card, an invention that "compleats" a modern Izaak Walton

An Article by

ROBERT D. POTTER

FARMERS of the Midwest think so highly of their ability to call pigs that they honor the art with an annual hog-calling contest. And guides in Canada grin gleefully when moose or ducks answer their calls from across a lake in the great North Woods.

Everywhere, since prehistoric times, men have been proud of their ability to devise calls that will attract animals or birds. But the proudest caller of all is probably the former racing commissioner of the State of Arkansas. Does he call horses? He can, but he doesn't. Instead, he calls fish!

The Piscatorial Pied Piper is Jack Carnes of Camden, Arkansas. In the business world, Carnes owns Camark Pottery, and drills wildcat wells for oil. But his real mission in life is to help fishermen catch fish.

Carnes has achieved his goal with a little three-inch-long cylinder of transparent plastic. Inside the waterproof case are a small buzzer and a tiny flashlight battery. In operation, this "caller" emits a high-pitched hum like that of a buzzing bee. When fish hear the hum, they come to it, cluster round and nuzzle it. All the fisherman has to do is to cast over the spot and... But that's getting ahead of the story.

The story really begins back in 1946, down on the Ouachita River in South Arkansas, where twelve of the best sportsmen in those parts had set up camp and gone fishing. Despite their skill, they had bad luck for three days. Their food supply was running low and so Jack Carnes walked down the stream a half mile and turned in toward a farmhouse to buy some chickens. As he left the river, he overtook a barefoot farm boy, who was walking along with a string of about thirty fish over his shoulder.

Carnes offered the boy a dollar for the fish, and five dollars if he would tell how he had caught them. The youngster said that he would sell the fish, but that his Granddaddy had made him promise never to disclose his secret method of catching them.

Finally, however, Carnes' persuasion won. From his pocket the boy pulled a small fruit jar with dead bees in it. From the other pocket he took a kitchen matchbox with holes punched in it. Inside the box were live bees, buzzing. "See," the boy said. "I take a live bee, put it in the jar, screw on the cap tight, and sink the jar in the river. The fish hear the humming and come up to my line. That's how I catch 'em."

The idea of a fishcaller might have died right there except that Jack remembered back to World War I when he was training to become a dirigible pilot, at Pensacola, Florida. On a fishing trip into the Florida swamp country in 1917, Carnes had paddled up a backwater creek and come upon a dead alligator hanging from a tree over the stream. On a knoll near by sat an old Negro. Around the 'gator swarmed gnats, bees, and other insects, humming incessantly.

The old man had explained that this was his way of catching fish. He spread his net in the stream below the decaying 'gator. Then, when the hum of the insects had attracted the fish, he hauled in the net.

Thus, out of the marriage of two memories—the alligator of 1917 and the bottled bees of 1946—came Carnes' fishcaller.

First he tried making a casting plug, with a hook in one end and a buzzer unit inside. But the small size necessitated a kind of mechanical and electrical complexity that wasn't worth the effort. Carnes decided to concentrate on a fishcaller that would attract, but not catch, fish.

In his experiments Carnes confirmed what every fisherman knows—that sometimes you can put the bait right down next to a school of fish and they won't bite. But that isn't the fishcaller's problem. Its job is to see that the fish arrive around the bait. From then on the fisherman is on his own.

Not long ago, Jack Carnes demonstrated his new device at one of the largest fish hatcheries in the United States—the State Fish Hatchery at Lonoke, Arkansas, near Little Rock. He chose this hatchery for two reasons: it has thousands of fish—from little fingerlings to big five-pound bass—and the water is only about a foot deep near the shoreline, and so you can see the fish.

It does little good to test the fishcaller in any stream. If it helps catch fish, the skeptics can argue that you were just lucky. If you don't catch fish, *you* can argue that there aren't any fish in the stream anyway. It takes both the certainty that there are fish and good visibility to see them to make a fair test of the fishcaller.

In his demonstration, Carnes set his caller buzzing, swung it out over the pond, and let it drop into the weeds that cover the

bottom. In a minute, a school of eight-inch fish swam up from the right, lead fish out ahead. Two feet from the caller the leader stopped. The school fanned out behind him. Cautiously, the leader explored the area around the caller. He couldn't see the device, he could only hear it.

Suddenly the school darted away. Out of the shadows of the weeds came the cause of their alarm—a big four-pound bass, over two feet long, which swam up and began to poke its nose into the weeds above the caller. The little fellows weren't hanging around there any longer, caller or no caller.

Hatchery experts explained the big fellow wasn't supposed to be in that pond. He had hidden out when his "class" had been promoted months before to a neighboring pond.

The point is this: Suppose you were trying to catch one single, solitary large fish in a twelve-acre lake. You might fish half a day without finding him. Yet, in a few minutes with his fishcaller, Carnes was able to lure the fish to a given spot!

Soon to go into production, the fishcaller may prove of value to thousands of fishermen catching millions of fish. Eventually too, of course, it may run up against state conservation laws on fishing. To lure fish with a light at night is now forbidden in some states. If the sonic fishcaller, with its high-pitched underwater hum, proves equally attractive to fish, then some state legislatures may take action.

At the moment, this possibility worries Carnes not at all. Already he has a number of "name-your-own-price" offers from sportsmen who want callers. And the nation's biggest distributor of fishing equipment is negotiating for sole distribution rights.

Playing the Pied Piper for fish looks as though it will pay off. #



**"We've tried to simplify things as much as possible.
You eat, sleep, work and play right here"**

Old Gold on *Wheels*

Buying and restoring of antique automobiles is a wonderful hobby—provided you can afford it



In 1910 this Buick, the newest of the cars pictured on these pages, was as sporty as anything on the road. Henry A. Clark, Jr., of Flushing and Southampton, L. I., one of the most ardent of the old-car collectors, is at the wheel.



John Paul Stack, manager of New York's Henry Hudson Hotel, with his exquisite 1903 curved-dash Oldsmobile. It took seventeen coats of high-quality paint to restore the original luster of this lovely.

COLLECTING old cars, like collecting beautiful women, is an art and an obsession. Similarly, it does not pay. Hundreds of otherwise sane and orderly men have disposed of fortunes finding, buying, and restoring antique automobiles.

As a hobby it is capturing the fancy of increasing thousands of men. All they do is find an ancient relic (twenty-five or more years old), tow it home and rebuild it. The result is an old car in perfect running condition. Whereupon the owner and his fellow fanciers abandon themselves to the emotions better described by the lover whose goal in life is making sounds of acquiescence.

These men will risk the wrath of their friends, business associates, and wives chasing down a wispy bit of hearsay on the whereabouts of a 1906 Locomobile. But, they tell you, the pleasures of this pastime far outweigh the hardships. Have you ever, for example, beheld the gleaming brass and mahogany dashboard of an old Mercedes,

like the Kaiser drove in World War I, or the stylish lines of a 1911 Maxwell roadster?

A dozen years ago you could count the old-car fanatics on your fingers and toes. Between then and now so many men have succumbed to ardors of this pastime that clubs have been organized—The Antique Automobile Club of America (Headquarters in Philadelphia), The Veteran Motor Car Club of America (Boston), and The Horseless Carriage Club (Los Angeles).

As many as a hundred wheezing vehicles are likely to turn up at an outing at Devon or Fairfield, Connecticut, or on the estate of one of the members. There the autos compete for various awards for appearance, age, authenticity, and performance. Then the gentlemen in charge of this aged machinery go in for pleasantly demented little games such as spark-plug changing, backing through an obstacle course, starting against time, and hill climbs. With all the unmuffled roaring, sputtering, and exploding, the dense

clouds of exhaust smoke, the shouts of advice and instruction, the stranger would be excused for believing he was at Gettysburg at the full tide of battle.

Besides providing the collectors with a fine feeling of fraternity, the clubs have worked out an unwritten code of ethics for the hobby. No member, for instance, is allowed to sell a car at a profit. Also, if he wants to get rid of one of his ancients, he is obliged to offer it first to his fellow club members. And you've got to hand it to the clubs for sorting out and classifying the confusing welter of old cars so that each machine can be appraised with some measure of reason as to its value as a collector's item. In America alone there have been over 2500 different auto manufacturers. *Somebody*, sooner or later, had to find out that while 1-cylinder Cadillacs are scarce, 1-cylinder Packards are even scarcer. As you might suspect, the clubmen, particularly the officials, are *aficionados*. At 100 paces, and through years



of dust and decay, they can recognize such curiosities as a Hebb, an Intrepid, a Mason Steamer, or a Serpentina. By the way, have you seen an old Zip lying around anyplace?

Finding an old machine to start or add to a collection these days is a problem. You've got to be both alert and ingenious. George Waterman began his 180-car herd by writing nosy letters to the postmasters of small New England towns. James Melton's job was easier. Now and then he dropped a hint on one of his broadcasts and his fans responded with the hideout of a venerable White, or a Stanley Steamer, Gentlemen's Speedy Roadster Model. Most collectors, however, simply keep an open ear, stop and inquire at out-of-the-way gas stations, or just smell them out, like a bird dog on point.

No telling where a car (or *the* car) will turn up. One of the finest old Mercedes extant was snatched from the stall of a big barn just as it was about to be walled up and lost forever. Now and then a junk yard will yield an old job in restorable condition.

Time was when you could buy an old ruin for \$10. Folks are cannier now. You've made a bargain if you get it for \$100.

Once you've got the thing in your garage, your troubles (or delights) have just begun. Working from pictures and descriptions in old catalogues, you begin to bring the old girl back to life. Missing parts, if you can't obtain them from your colleagues in the club, have to be specially machined. It takes an expert to cut and install a patent-leather fender, to put back the steam in a steam engine, or to rebuild the coach-type body of a 1906 Knox Waterless.

The tire problem has been solved by rubber magnate Harvey Firestone. He has saved, or reconstructed, the molds of the awkward tire sizes of bygone days.

So, finally, like a few hundred other guys, you have your antique in shape—bolts tightened, fresh paint job, new tires, and a motor that sounds (to you) like Caruso. If you are a big collector like Melton, Waterman, Barney Pollard of Detroit, Cameron Peck of Chicago, Henry Clark of Southampton, to mention a few, you will employ a full-time mechanic. And if you want to spend still more money, it's a good idea to have a porter around to keep the brass polished and the surfaces shining.

Already there are a handful of old-car museums. All are enjoying a brisk attendance. Melton's, for one, is averaging 4500 weekly, which is quite a crowd for a museum of *anything* in Norwalk, Connecticut. Hanging around these museums, you'll see that many of the customers are children and teenagers. One look at their popping eyes, hearing their breathless, "Gee, see the Bleriot lights on this one!" and you realize that there are tomorrow's old-car hobbyists.

All of which is proof, if any is needed, that the auto industry has more than just a future compounded of new models and a waiting list. It now has the charm and allure of a lovely woman. In fact you might say the auto industry is a lady with a past. ##

James Melton, the famous singer, calls this handsome 1907 Rolls Royce "the finest antique car in existence." Of more than one hundred old cars at home and in his museum, this one is his pet.

George Waterman, cotton broker of Providence, R. I., found a 1909 Simplex falling apart in a junk yard near Boston. Eighteen months and \$2500 later, this was the result. She'll do 75 easy.

This monster, a 1909 Mercedes touring car, recently completed a round trip between New York and Milwaukee without a mishap. Alec Ulmann, Riverside, Conn., is the obviously pleased owner.

CHEESE IN THE KITCHEN

*Delightful dishes for
the ardent amateur*



*Cheese Soufflé

2 tablespoons flour
4 tablespoons butter
4 egg yolks beaten very light
4 egg whites beaten very stiff
1 cup scalded milk
1 cup grated cheese
½ teaspoon salt

Melt the butter and add flour. Slowly add the scalded milk, stirring until smooth and thick. Then add the cheese and salt. Remove from fire and stir in yolks. Allow to cool for 30 minutes. Then fold in the egg whites and pour the mixture into a buttered baking dish. Bake 45 minutes at 350 degrees. Serve at once. Serves four.



*Welsh Rabbit

For each person:
1 cup cheddar cheese, grated or diced
¼ cup beer
½ teaspoon of, English mustard
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 slice toast
salt
cayenne pepper

Mix the mustard, Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper, until all ingredients are thoroughly blended. Pour this over the cheese and add the beer. Melt on a very slow fire until well blended. Heat individual serving dishes. Pour a little of the mixture into the dish. Place toast on top and cover the toast with the rest of the mixture. Serve it sizzling.



*Cheese Spread Mixture

½ pound cream cheese
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
2 teaspoons grated horseradish
4 tablespoons grated Swiss cheese
salt and pepper
cream

Mix the cheese with a fork, blending in the horseradish, parsley, and grated cheese. Add the Worcestershire sauce, salt, and pepper to your own taste. Then thin the mixture with a little cream until it achieves a good spreading consistency. This can be so appetizing as to ruin an appetite. Therefore, if you are serving it before dinner keep the helpings dainty or you'll have a lot of entree left over.



Cheese Soup

2 onions
1 pound bacon
¼ pound breadcrumbs
1½ pint soup stock
cayenne pepper
2 ounces grated cheese
1 egg yolk

Fry sliced onions and chopped bacon in a bit of butter until onions are brown. Add breadcrumbs, stock, and a pinch of cayenne pepper. Simmer for 30 minutes. Stir in the cheese. When melted, put the soup through a fine sieve, then let it boil up again. Remove from fire and thicken with egg yolk beaten with a little stock. Serve with fried croutons.



Cheese Tray

Cheddar
Edam
Swiss
Gorgonzola
Camembert
Liederkranz
Gruyère
Münster
Limburger

For cocktail time or after the card game, a tray of a variety of cheeses and crackers should hit the spot. Give your guests plenty to choose from. Provide a range from bland to strong, from firm slices to moist soft blobs. Serve with plenty of crackers and supply a separate knife for each of the soft cheeses.

* From FEEDING THE LIONS by Frank Case, published by The Grey-stone Press.

Know Your

Cheese

**A few new angles on those fine
old delicacies, both imported and domestic**

ANDREW JACKSON, a lusty old cheese fancier, was once given a 1400-pound cheddar cheese by his admirers. He kept it in the vestibule of the White House for several days. It was finally cut at a reception on the afternoon of February 22, 1837. For hours a crowd of men, women and children hacked away at the mammoth cheese without making much headway. Gradually, though, they began to get the better of it and by evening you could smell cheese over on Capitol Hill. The White House carpets were slippery with cheese. By the time the Chief Executive joined the party, there was cheese, cheese everywhere, but not a bite to eat. Practically. The host got only a mouselike portion.

Your own approach to cheese is probably more temperate than that of Jackson and company. You doubtless have munched a few Cheddars, nibbled on Swiss from time to time, or even felt the robust sting of a good Limburger. The chances are 1 to 10,000 that you haven't tasted cheese, but the chances are 10,000 to 1 that you know much about them.

There are more than 300 varieties of cheese. Have you ever tasted, for example, Roumanian Kascaval? Or Polish Warshavski? Both are nutty-flavored joys to the gourmet palate. Or how about a nice ripe Gorgonzola. Pop a blob of that in your mouth and hang on—it is strong as an ox, although it is made from cow's milk.

Cheese experts will tell you that there is no such thing as a man who doesn't like cheese. There is a cheese for every taste. All you have to do is get them together. There is an Austrian-type Bierkäse (beer cheese) that just about runs the gamut of cheese strength. It is a large, circular cheese that, after several beer baths, is aged in caves. When ripe and ready to eat, it is cut in big pie-like wedges. The sissies take their share from the center part which is light in color and bland on the tongue. The heartier eaters work outward until they near the mouldy green crust where they give way to the real hairy-chested cheeser who dusts the mold off the rind and goes to work with gusto.

While healthful and nutritious, cheese is not as fattening as some have been led to believe. It is less caloric than practically any other dessert. Here are some more cheese facts: Last year Americans consumed over a billion pounds of cheese, a per capita consumption of 7.2 pounds. The U.S. makes 38% of all the world's cheese, more than the next five countries combined. Also Americans are eating twice as much cheese today as they were 15 years ago. Cheese is made in 35 of the 48 states. All of which is proof, if any is needed, that it's time to know your cheese, if you really want good eating.

Fellow in New York, a Mr. Phil Alpert, is about the most passionate cheese enthusiast you could find. He runs a shop on First Avenue which contains virtually every known cheese. He is not at all surprised when people compliment him on the size and quality of his stock. "Why," he says, "my cheeses are like old friends. I love my Cheddars and Muensters and Gruyères and all the rest. They've been my hobby, my life, since way back when I was a kid of 12. I've experimented and worked and lived with these cheeses. All the rest was nothing. In cheese I recognized a career."

Smoked cheese is Alpert's favorite. Any cheese that has a basic cheddar or full milk content can be smoked. The oldest type is Provolone (See opposite page) which is hung on ropes in a charcoal smoking room. Like charcoal and hickory, sturgeon and whitefish make flavorful smoke for cheese.

Port is the most popular wine for blending with cheeses like Cheddar, Gorgonzola, Roquefort, and Bleu. Try it sometime to rekindle a jaded appetite.

If you have a yen to be an apprentice connoisseur of cheese, you should also go into the matter of crackers. Some say that saltines don't bring out the best in a tangy-flavored cheese. They prefer a nutty-tasting underpinning, such as wheat crackers. Saltines, it is conceded, are fine for the mild and mellow cheeses.

When you're really up on your cheeses you will be able to rattle off the names and qualities of such delicacies as Italian Pecorino, Argentine Parmesan, Canadian Oka, English Stilton, Danish type Tilsiter, Italian Bel Paese, Turkish type Kajmak, Hungarian type Brinza, Greek type Feta, etc. "Why," exclaims Mr. Alpert, "it's a lesson in geography! An education!"

Also, you might add, it tastes fine, too. #

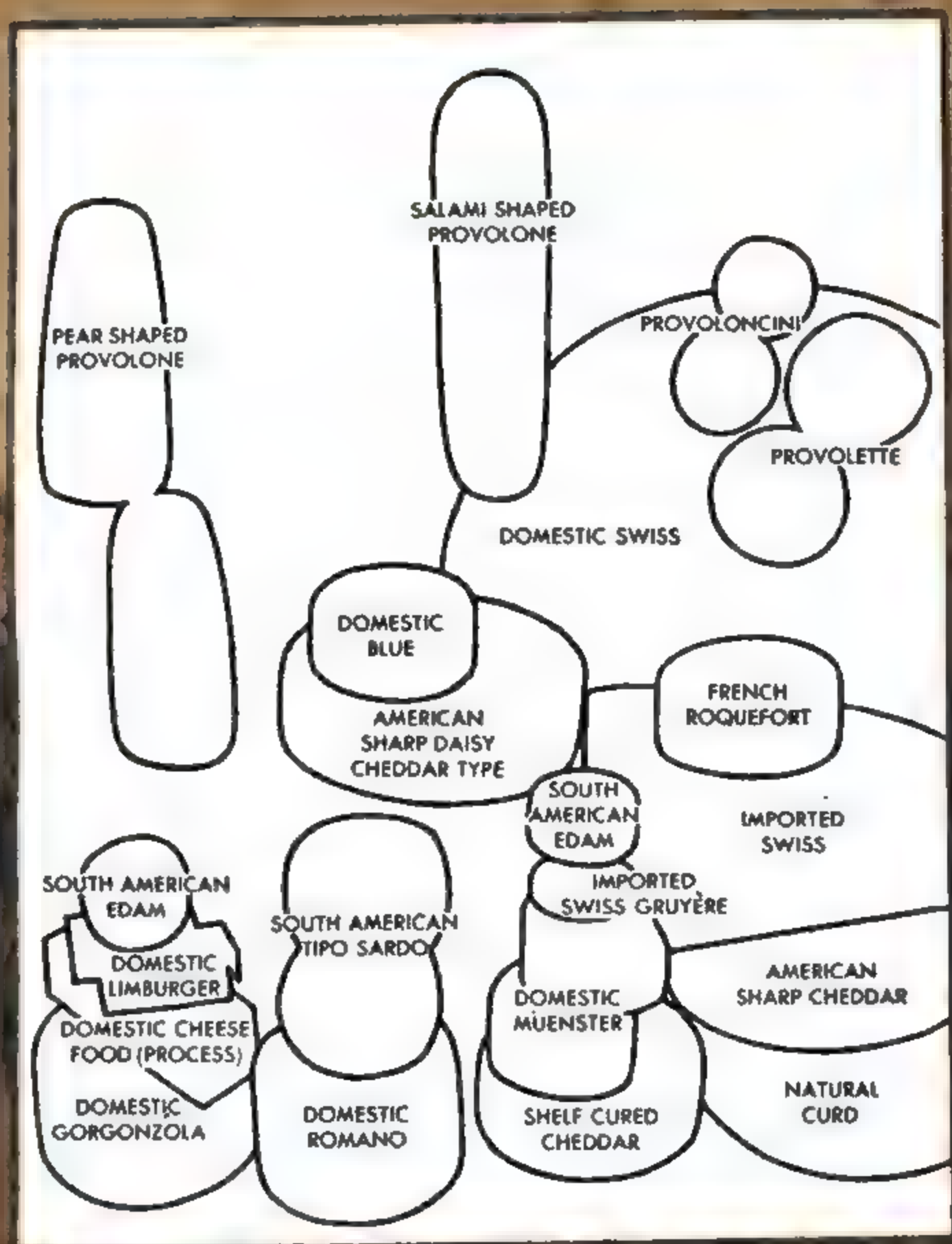
Cheese Chart of DO'S and DON'TS→

DO—

1. Choose your cheeses from the side which has been cut
2. Wrap hard and medium cheeses in wax paper, changing paper every other day
3. Wrap soft cheese lightly with thin wax paper, remove from refrigerator 1 hour before serving
4. Remove drops of moisture from cheese by placing it uncovered in refrigerator until droplets disappear, then rewrap in wax paper

DON'T—

1. Refrigerate hard cheese
2. Discard mouldy cheese; simply scrape off mould before using
3. Cook cheese at high heat
4. Call it Welsh Rarebit; it's Welsh Rabbit



The Last Adventure

The not-at-all sad story of a woman who discovered the charms—and the drawbacks—of unpredictability. Helen Tyler didn't eat her cake, and didn't have it

A Story by

JEROME BRONDFIELD

HELEN TYLER'S bags had been sent downstairs, so now all she had to do was write the note. She knew what kind of note it would be. Direct, decisive. No sentiment, no temporizing. Clint, with his orderly, logical mind, would prefer it that way.

She wrote quickly and simply: She was in love with Bill Kirk and was going away with him. She'd get a divorce when they got to Mexico, but there wasn't any use waiting. This was the way it had to be and she was sorry if he was going to be terribly hurt . . .

This was the way to do things, she thought. Clean. No sloppy edges. She propped the letter up on the table where he would see it the minute he entered. Then she took a last look around her smart apartment and closed the door on it forever.

She liked the sound her heels made as she walked briskly down the hall to the elevator. It was a sure, bold, exciting sound—a perfect obligato to her thoughts of Bill Kirk.

She had never dreamed that any man could stir her as he did, but then she'd never known a man who was as handsome and vital. She was even in love, giddy as it seemed, with his bad points, because in Bill they were not really bad. They were part of the fascinating mold in which he was cast—the almost insolent assurance, the aloofness, the unpredictability. Especially the unpredictability. It was her insurance against ever being bored. Every mood, every whim of his would be a new adventure . . .

Her cab was waiting at the marquee. "La Guardia airport," she told the driver, and settled back to watch the snow swirl gently against the window. It was a light fall and certainly wouldn't interfere with the flight. She had no qualms. This was something she wanted, and—the way she looked at it—she was also doing Clint a favor.

Poor, sweet, foolish Clint. Well, she thought,

he'd probably be better off without her. He was still young enough and good-looking enough; and she had an idea he wouldn't be crushed beyond repair.

Crossing the Queensboro Bridge, she looked back at the rearing spires of Manhattan and wondered idly how long it would be before she saw them again. Bill had said they might be in Mexico almost a year. As long as she was with Bill it didn't matter.

The pleased feeling diffused through her warmly. For years her friends had called her an opportunist. But she knew she wasn't an opportunist. She simply knew what she wanted and went after it . . .

The cab pulled up to the passenger entrance and she looked at her watch. Their flight was scheduled for five, but they'd planned to have a cocktail before then.

At four-thirty-five she concentrated on the entrance, waiting for the thrilling moment when she would see Bill Kirk.

The loud-speaker announced that passengers were now boarding for flight fifty-three and she glanced somewhat anxiously at the clock. Then, with a jolt, she realized she was being paged over the public-address system. She heard her name—Mrs. Helen Tyler was wanted at the ticket desk.

She was handed an envelope with her name on it. She recognized the writing and her fingers trembled slightly as she ripped at the flap. There wasn't much:

Helen Dearest:

Please try to forgive me, but I'm afraid we can't do it. There are a lot of reasons why, if we both want to face them squarely. Anyway, it finally got through

my thick skull that it would be all wrong for both of us. Don't ask for a bill of particulars. I just know it wouldn't work. Forgive me for breaking it this way but it had to be a last-minute thing. I've taken an earlier plane . . .

She stood there and marveled at her lack of feeling. There was no numbing shock, not even hurt nor anger. Instead, she seemed to be immersed in a curiously flat calm that neutralized everything. Almost mechanically she tore the note into bits.

She walked toward the doorway and the cab entrance, smiling somewhat sardonically to herself. There was never going to be any monotony or boredom. Bill Kirk was too unpredictable for that. It was one of the things that had captivated her.

She told the cab driver her address. It was snowing much harder and it was almost dark now. She stared out the window and started to rebuild her fences. Luckily she was not the kind who bruised easily or showed her scars. It had been exciting and dramatic, but now that it was over she felt sure she could brush it all away easily.

Tidy, comfortable Clint, she thought. After all, he *did* make forty thousand a year and he gave her everything she wanted. There was no particular hardship in *that*.

Suddenly, a thought struck her, zinging into her mind like an electric shock. She leaned forward. "Driver," she said sharply. "Can you hurry, please? I mean, could you possibly do it in fifteen minutes or less?"

He didn't even look back. "During rush hour, lady? And with slippery streets?" He shook his head. "Do the best I can, but twenty-five would be more like it."

As they recrossed the bridge, she saw the lights gleaming from the towers on the other side of the river and her earlier thoughts came back to her. She was seeing them a lot sooner than she'd expected. Although it was not cold, she pulled her mink coat more tightly about her, as though to keep out the tiny needles of panic that were trying to get through.

Finally they turned uptown on Lexington and then cut over toward Fifth. As the cab came to a stop, she glanced up to the fourth-floor corner. She saw the lights in the living room. She was too late . . .

"Okay, ma'am," the driver was saying. She sat there immobile, her mind blank. "I thought you were in a hurry," he growled.

She stared at the snow. "No," she said. "No, I guess I've got lots of time now. I—you'd better just keep on driving."

"Anywhere in particular, lady?" She shook her head. "Not for the moment. In a little while, maybe."

Upstairs in 4-D, Joe, the elevator man, was setting down a bulky package that had been delivered by a department store. As he straightened up, he jostled a small table with his shoulder. A letter that had been propped against a vase slid down flatly.

Joe started toward the door, changed his mind, and went back to the table. Quite precisely and neatly he propped up the letter, snapped off the lights and left. #



"And step on it"



"Now don't give me that 'I ran out of paint' line!"

Now They've Seen Everything

Video cameras are training a whole new set of sports experts. Announcers must be extra careful, now that even "Mother" knows a right hook from a left tackle

To whom it may concern: This is an honest and sincere plea that Dutch Rhode be restored to his wrestling capacities and the suspension lifted.

"My husband and I are constant viewers of television bouts and though we admit Dutch has become a little rough in the eyes of the audience, in our opinion he is no more so than the Duceks, Friedman, Bad Man Billings, and one whose name has slipped my memory at present but who is constantly biting ears, shoulders, hands and feet.

"You have our hearty permission to suspend Lenihan and after last night's performance—the Super Swedish Angel—for life!

"We also think it is unfair to ban Hatpin Mary from arenas, for surely an audience has the right to voice its opinion when a referee is as blind as a few you have, either not seeing or not caring when a man is being done dirty. Men are allowed to yell: 'Break his neck, pull his arm off, strangle the guy' and so forth. Why should not a lady be permitted to defend her pet fighter? You men should not forget that a lady is much more excitable than the so-called stronger sex, and it's the mother in her which prompts her to fight for her family, or the underdog. We want Dutch back and we want Hatpin Mary back!

"A medal to an honest referee, Johnnie Garan!

"Respectfully,"

This petition, over a feminine signature, was recently mailed to Dennis James, crack wrestling and boxing television announcer for New York's station WABD. It illustrates a number of points, in addition to the obvious one of just how rabid a television sports fan can get.

First of all, it makes clear that nobody can pull the wool over a telefan's eyes—not when he or she is watching. Note that

An Article by PARKE CUMMINGS

phrase, "in the eyes of the audience." Television audiences, unlike radio listeners, see whether or not a wrestler is "being done dirty" (feigned or otherwise), whether a football tackle is offside, or whether an umpire has used dubious judgment in calling a runner out at third. And, having seen, they mince no words in expressing their opinions. James now averages a thousand letters a week—letters demanding reversal of decisions, removal of allegedly incompetent officials, or suspension or reinstatement of athletes.

Fans are free with plenty of other advice, too. When wrestler George Lenihan "assaulted" James one evening (by picking him up by the lapels of his jacket), the latter subsequently received a missive offering legal advice. "You let that fellow publicly embarrass you," said the writer. "I'm not saying you should have punched him in the nose. If you did, you may rest assured that I would have paid you a visit in the hospital. Sir, if I were in your position I would get me a capable lawyer and sue for damages. I have three cousins who are attorneys."

They offer technical advice to the announcer, too. James, like most informed males, takes a free-and-easy view of the ham-exhibitionism that features most professional wrestling. When a pachyderm takes an apparently bone-twisting hold on a fellow thespian, James often contributes gratuitous sound effects by cracking his knuckles, breaking chicken bones, pounding hammers, or squeezing squeak dolls. Not long ago, a fan wrote: "You have a bone crackler which

sounds very artificial. But this night you experimented with popcorn. I was really surprised. The sound was very effective. Please try it again."

Sometimes, the technical advice isn't so good-natured. Bill Garden, field-television director for National Broadcasting's WNBT, relates an incident at a Giant ball game when the camera behind home plate went on the bum and all shots had to be taken with the first-base camera. Instantly a lady phoned the station and accused WNBT of having arbitrarily moved the plate camera behind first base. The answering official laid his cards on the table and told her exactly what had happened—an almost universal video policy when technical troubles crop up—but she wasn't convinced. "My husband's a radio engineer," she said. "Don't try to kid me."

In vain he kept assuring her that WNBT customarily used more than one camera to televise baseball; then, right in the middle of his most eloquent argument, the plate camera started to function again. "There!" crowed the lady. "It's about time you had sense enough to follow my advice and move it back where it belongs!"

Television sports fans never seem to tire of telling the new industry how it ought to run itself. They will, for example, put up with a reasonable amount of product-plugging, but the video people have learned that it must be less frequent (though it may be more concentrated) than the radio plug; and it must never be permitted to blot out a crucial picture. In its earlier days, television tended to go too heavy on blurbs. One station, which was televising a dog show at Madison Square Garden, received a phoned complaint during the course of the proceedings: "What became of the dog show?"

"What do you mean?" countered the surprised official, sensing technical trouble. "The show's been on all evening."

"That," came the acid reply, "was one long commercial with an occasional interlude of dog show."

And the fans seem to have an almost maternal interest in the sports announcers themselves. Bob Stanton, ace announcer for WNBT, is subject to digestive disorders, and once mentioned the fact during a telecast. It is television's custom to focus the camera now and then on the announcer when action on the field or in the ring lapses. Later on that day, Stanton was indiscreet enough to permit a close-up of himself consuming a large hot dog swimming in mustard, and, the following day, he received a letter from an elderly lady, of which the burden was: "No wonder! Take my advice, young man, and stick to graham crackers and milk."

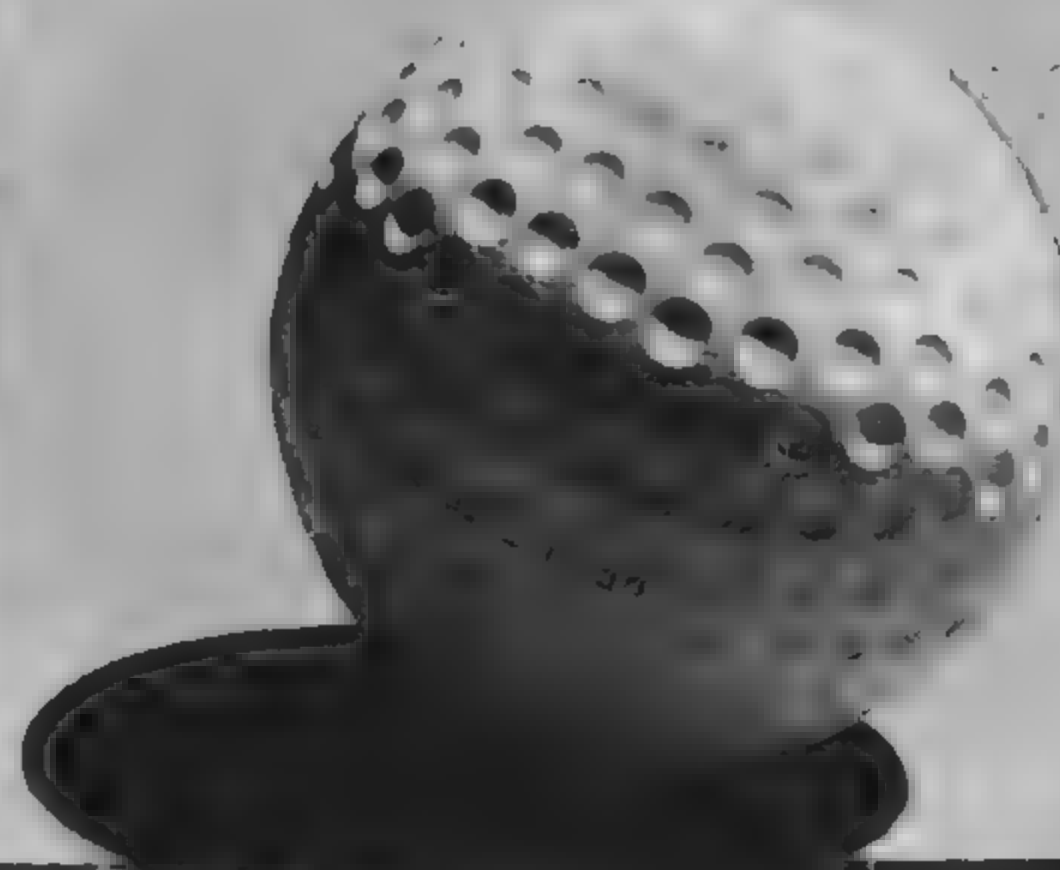
Herb Swope, free-lance television announcer, claims, apropos of this myriad advice, that the art is rapidly developing a nation of self-appointed directors. "There's a reason for it," he points out. "Telefans see what's happening. Movie fans, of course, can see, too, but they can only criticize months after a picture's been (Continued on page 119)



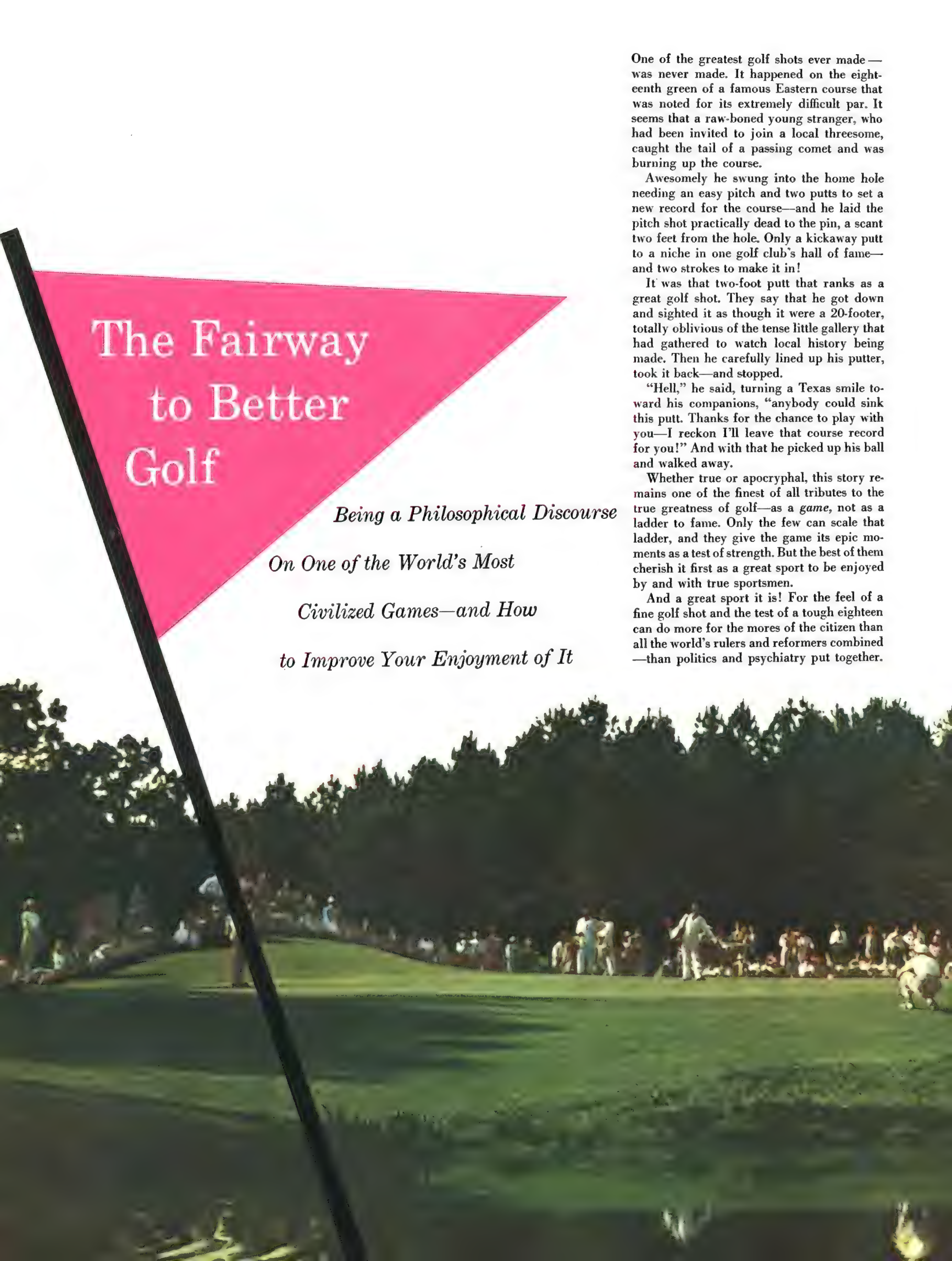
"Oh, we like to think of him as just an average child"

The Esquire Guide to

Good Golfing



The Fairway to Better Golf
Leaves from the Golf Pro's Notebook
The Five Cardinal Sins
The Toughest Course in the World
A Gallery of Greats
Golfer's Gear
What's Your G.R.Q.?
A Golfer's Odyssey



The Fairway to Better Golf

Being a Philosophical Discourse

On One of the World's Most

Civilized Games—and How

to Improve Your Enjoyment of It

One of the greatest golf shots ever made—was never made. It happened on the eighteenth green of a famous Eastern course that was noted for its extremely difficult par. It seems that a raw-boned young stranger, who had been invited to join a local threesome, caught the tail of a passing comet and was burning up the course.

Awesomely he swung into the home hole needing an easy pitch and two putts to set a new record for the course—and he laid the pitch shot practically dead to the pin, a scant two feet from the hole. Only a kickaway putt to a niche in one golf club's hall of fame—and two strokes to make it in!

It was that two-foot putt that ranks as a great golf shot. They say that he got down and sighted it as though it were a 20-footer, totally oblivious of the tense little gallery that had gathered to watch local history being made. Then he carefully lined up his putter, took it back—and stopped.

"Hell," he said, turning a Texas smile toward his companions, "anybody could sink this putt. Thanks for the chance to play with you—I reckon I'll leave that course record for you!" And with that he picked up his ball and walked away.

Whether true or apocryphal, this story remains one of the finest of all tributes to the true greatness of golf—as a *game*, not as a ladder to fame. Only the few can scale that ladder, and they give the game its epic moments as a test of strength. But the best of them cherish it first as a great sport to be enjoyed by and with true sportsmen.

And a great sport it is! For the feel of a fine golf shot and the test of a tough eighteen can do more for the mores of the citizen than all the world's rulers and reformers combined—than politics and psychiatry put together.

No war was ever declared in the middle of a game of golf—neither dictatorship nor doom are apt to be perpetrated while measuring a six-foot putt for a birdie.

Crimes of great and small proportions have been hatched during the pursuit of most of this life's pastimes, but the only injury that a golfer can inflict is to his own enjoyment.

This being the case, let's throw our clubs in the car and head for the fairway to better—and more enjoyable—golf.

The first thing to remember as we take off for the tee is that golf is a game designed for the higher order of humans, not for Hottentots. When a little white ball and some beautiful landscape can reduce a man to a mass of frustrated rage or near nervous breakdown, matter has indeed triumphed over mind; and he ceases to be a credit to his cult.

Let us, therefore, not forget that golf is supposed to be a game, a form of enjoyment, a source of exercise and companionship.

Golf is also merely a number of variations of a single physical act, performed under varying circumstances. That physical act is known as a golf swing. Execute it very nearly perfectly between sixty and seventy-odd times in succession, and the toughest golf course in the world is your oyster.

In the development of a golf swing, however, there are again certain things to remember: A fundamental set of principles is the basis of every fine golf swing. But no two people, and hence no two swings, are alike! Know those principles, but don't worry if your own personal application of them doesn't resemble that of your pro or your golfing idol. More than one major championship has been won by a golfer whose form looked more like yours than like Bobby Jones' poetry of pivoting or Ben Hogan's symphony of swing.

Since the purpose of the swing is to propel a small white sphere in a predetermined direction, it might be well to pause and reflect on one of the most foolish of all reasons why you're likely to top, shank, cut, sky, or scuff the ball ludicrously into some wild arc having little in common with your intentions.

And a foolish reason it is, too. For no person in his right mind would turn out the light to thread a needle—or close his eyes while driving a car—yet many golfers actually hit the ball in total darkness!

Preposterous? Not at all. For in the instant when you shift your point of vision from one spot to another—even six inches away—you are momentarily blind! Hence, a very slight shift in your focal point can actually cause you to miss. Probably the most popular misconception in golf is that lifting the head is what does it, whereas "looking up" is usually the result of a shift in point of vision from the ball toward its (intended) destination.

Probably no single solution to this problem has caused more hilarity than that of Walker Breeze Smith, one of the early unbelievables of the game, as related by Herbert Warren Wind in "The Story of American Golf."

It seems that Mr. Smith was blind in one eye—a handicap which he used to an odd advantage when playing for Tuxedo in a match against St. Andrews. All a man needed to play good golf, he announced on the first tee, was courage and the ability to keep his eye on the ball. The courage he took care of with a flask—whereupon he blandly turned his attention to that second fundamental of golf. Removing his glass eye, he placed it on top of the ball, and proceeded to drive. Drawing from a supply of glass eyes in his pocket, Smith continued to keep his eye literally on the ball for the rest of the round, so unnerving his oppo-

nent that he easily won the match.

Needless to say, there are many other reasons for flubbing, most of which the majority of us are familiar with. But what caused that slice on Number Three; that smothered shot into the lake—those wood shots that wouldn't, the dubbed shots that didn't—those muffs on the easy par fives; and the five easy pars that you muffed?

Allowed to go undiagnosed, golf's multiple physio-cerebral complications can be downright fatal to your enjoyment of the game—and their only cure is the doctor.

Now doubtless you're not planning to try out for the Walker Cup team or qualify for the National Open; and doubtless you shouldn't. Naturally, you haven't time to spend precious afternoons on the practice tee and whole hours with a putter; and naturally you needn't. But a fairly frequent check-up by your doctor, the golf-pro—working out those bad ones with a bag of balls, rather than aggravating them (and you) out where the blues begin—will pay off in pleasure as well as in lower scores.

So remember: The practice Tee is for Trouble. Brush up on your misses here, and see your doctor at least twice a year. Even the experts know that a sharp-eyed pro can spot trouble they themselves can't always see.

And so, finally, you're ready to tee up for that 200-yard screamer right down the middle. You've ironed out the bad ones; your swing is in the groove; you've sworn to remember that it's a game, not a grievance; and your eye is on the ball.

Just one thing more: It is a game, and like all games it has its rules. To know the rules and to play by them is the first rule of golf—and of good sportsmanship.

Fore!

The 15th green of the Augusta National Links during the 1947 Masters Tournament, won by Ben Hogan.



Leaves from the Golf Pro's Notebook

Check these 9 Shots
For a better 18

Hillside Lies



Feet above ball

Stand closer than usual to ball which is in center of stance.

Use stronger club than normal. Allow for tendency to slice. Keep weight back on heels.

Uphill Lie

Play ball in center of stance, weight on right foot. Allow for



tendency to pull by playing to the right. Use lower pitched club to counteract lifting angle of swing.

Feet below

Shorten grip, using next longer distanced club. Play ball off right foot. Allow for slight hook. Keep weight well forward to overcome tendency to fall away from ball.

Downhill Lie

Play ball off right heel, using square stance. Watch tendency to slice. Use club with more loft than for ordinary shot.



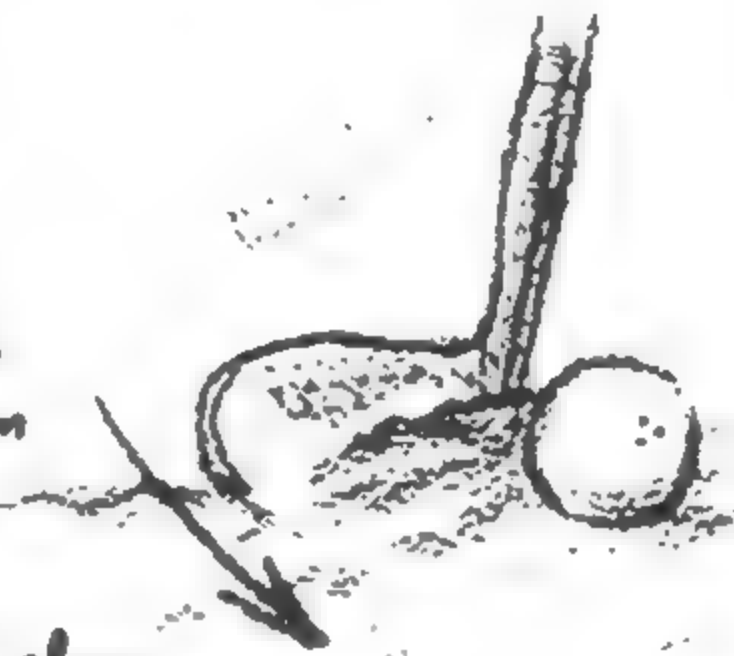
Explosion Shot

Stance: Use open stance, playing ball closer to feet than usual and off left heel. Plant feet firmly in sand. Be sure not to lift your head until after stroke has been played.

Grip: Firm (but not rigid), particularly with left hand.

Swing: Open blade of niblic or sand wedge, take club back outside normal arc and hit a cut shot from outside in. Strike sand before hitting ball. For delicate shot to fast green, stand closer to ball, open blade wide and take plenty of sand.

Note: Chip shot should be attempted only from perfect lie and from comparatively shallow trap.



The Slice

Stance: To avoid slice, stance should be closed—left foot forward of right foot.

Grip: Right hand should be slightly under shaft rather than over. Left hand firm throughout. Note direction of "V's" formed by thumbs and forefingers.

Swing: Right elbow close to body. Swing from inside out. Keep weight behind club head and follow through.



Pitch... and... Chip

Stance: Slightly open, feet close together, hands close, knees flexed. Ball slightly to right of center.

Grip: Down the shaft, left hand in control.

Swing: Start back swing with left hand. Swing outside normal arc. Strike sharply downward, cutting across line of flight for backspin. Follow through. Avoid tendency to overswing.

Stance: Open, feet together with ball centered. Body fairly erect, right elbow in, weight slightly on left foot.

Grip: Short, firm left.

Swing: Let club head do most of the work. Choose club with enough loft to land on putting surface unless perfect fairway conditions prevail. Use very little body action. For back spin, cut slightly with blade opened as in pitch.

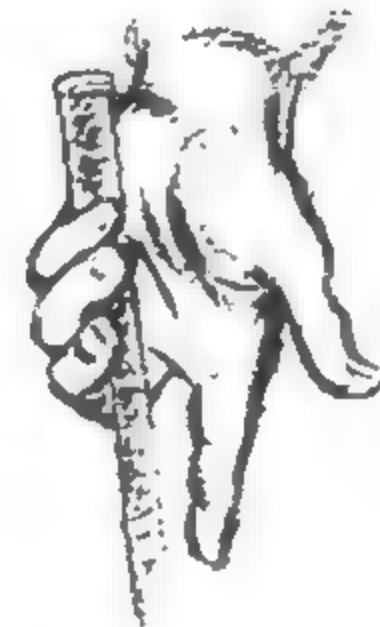
Putting

Stance: Relaxed—weight on left foot. Line up blade at right angles to sighted putting line.

Grip: Use any grip you have confidence in. Firm with both hands.

Swing: Take blade back low to ground and hit crisply through putting line. After thirty, when control is less steady, make this a distinct hit not a leisurely stroke.

A Preferred Putting Grip



Placing left hand



Placing right hand



Back view

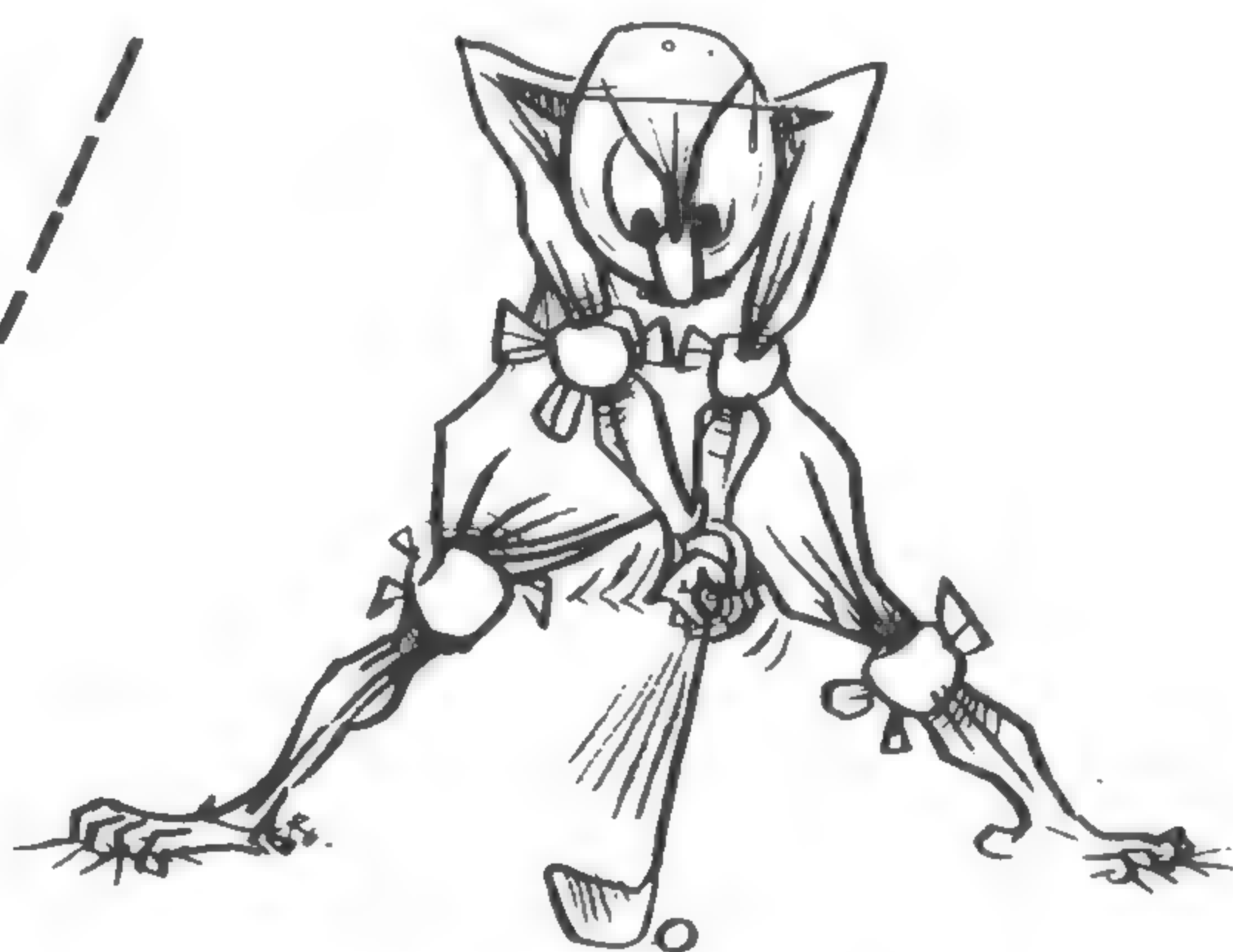
The Five Cardinal Sins

*A Frightful Fivesome
of Foolish Failures*



A BAD CASE OF GRIP

The duffer who scorns what the golf pros advise,
Resembles this oaf—and ain't his grip nize?



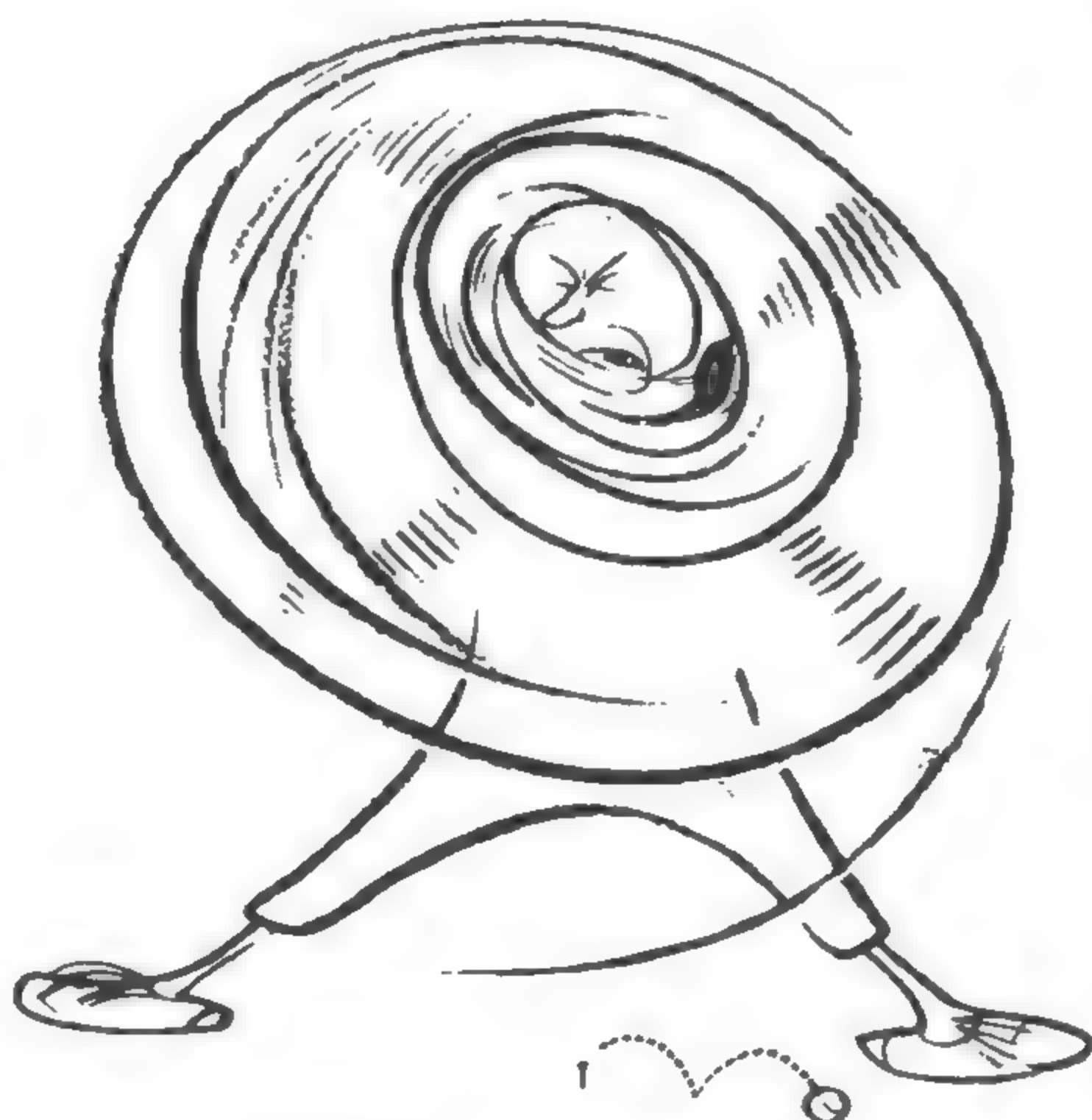
TEE IS FOR TENSION

He's a frightening sight as he misses his shots;
His teeth are on edge and his muscles in knots.



THE GREEN-EYED GOLFER

Lifting the head is a frequent complaint
Which some golfers have and some golfers ain't.



SUPERSONIC SWING

MacMayhem's swing has such terrible force
He misses the ball as a matter of golf course.



UNBALANCED BEHAVIOR

With unbalanced stance in addressing the ball
The address is unknown—if he hits it at all.

Armchair

Round of the
Toughest Course
in the World

Here's a
Golfer's Dream: Par
at Pine Valley, Where
the Mighty Have Fallen;
Where a 67 Has Been Scored
—on a Single Hole!



No. 1—415 Yards—Par 4: I smacked one down the middle and past the bend at the elbow. There's a sharp drop-off on three sides of the green, but a 3-iron was safe for two easy putts.

No. 2—353—Par 4: Uphill all the way, with a ladder of traps to the green. I was straight on my drive, but short. A full 4-iron barely made it. I laid up a long putt for a kickaway.

No. 3—175—Par 3: One solid trap from elevated tee to island green—and my 3-iron kicked to the left! But I was lucky: A half explosion nearly holed—and on a treacherous green!

No. 4—446—Par 4: This one calls for a carry of over 175 yards to be in position for the tough second. I hit a beauty, but my spoon shot nearly overran. Two tough putts.

No. 5—217—Par 3: The tee's 40 feet above the water on this beauty, and calls for a clean carry of 190 yards. I was hole-high with my 2-wood but missed the putt for a birdie.

No. 6—372—Par 4: You can take your choice on this one. I played to the left, avoiding the longer carry, and laid a 5-iron home for my second. Down in the usual two.

No. 7—554—Par 5: No one's been on this green in two. I played it perfectly—two good woods and a 5-iron. My first putt was close. Still even!

No. 8—314—Par 4: This is a blind tee-shot, with no possible run-up to the green. My drive was only fair. I barely held the green with my 8-iron, and nearly three-putted. Wow!

No. 9—416—Par 4: And now my troubles began! My drive was weak, I hooked a brassie shot into the trap, and barely exploded on. Result: I



needed a 30-footer—and got it! Out in par 35!

No. 10—130—Par 3: There's a pit in front of this green known as the Devil's Dipper—and I hit it. Only a miracle could save me now, and it did. I blasted out for a kickaway!

No. 11—387—Par 4: Two recoveries in a row must have given me strength. I was home on this one with a 5-iron second for two easy putts.

No. 12—330—Par 4: Another pushover! A drive, an 8-iron, and a putt that rimmed the cup.

No. 13—439—Par 4: One of the finest holes in the world! The perfect drive is a 200-yard carry to the right of the fairway for a roll and position. Then you need a terrific second over the edge of a yawning chasm from which some golfers have never returned. And that's exactly how I played it, for two crisp putts.

No. 14—167—Par 3: What a dream! The green is a prow jutting into a lake 100 feet below. I was on but needed both my putts.

No. 15—584—Par 5: This one has everything from a 150-yard water carry to a fairway only 30 yards wide at the bottleneck. I split the middle with two beautiful woods, only to pull my 3-iron into the trap. But another recovery and one putt gave me a par the hard way.

No. 16—422—Par 4: Only three to go, and here's a 1½-acre trap! A straight drive must carry 190 yards, and mine did. A downhill 3-iron shot nearly went over, but I was lucky.

No. 17—335—Par 4: Only 8 strokes left, and they say that one man took a 67 on this hole alone! I stayed on that ribbon with a swing and a prayer—nearly holed out a 7-iron over the sea of sand—only to miss the "gimme!"

No. 18—410—Par 4: I must have felt it coming, because I really smacked this one, and caught the down-hill roll. A crisp 5-iron sat down perfectly, and my putt hung on the lip, teetered—and stayed there. I *kissed* it in! A perfect round on the toughest course on earth! What a dream—what a golfer's dream!

Shown at right is the treacherous Second. Here you must carry 150 yards of trap on your drive, and climb a ladder of sand to the green.

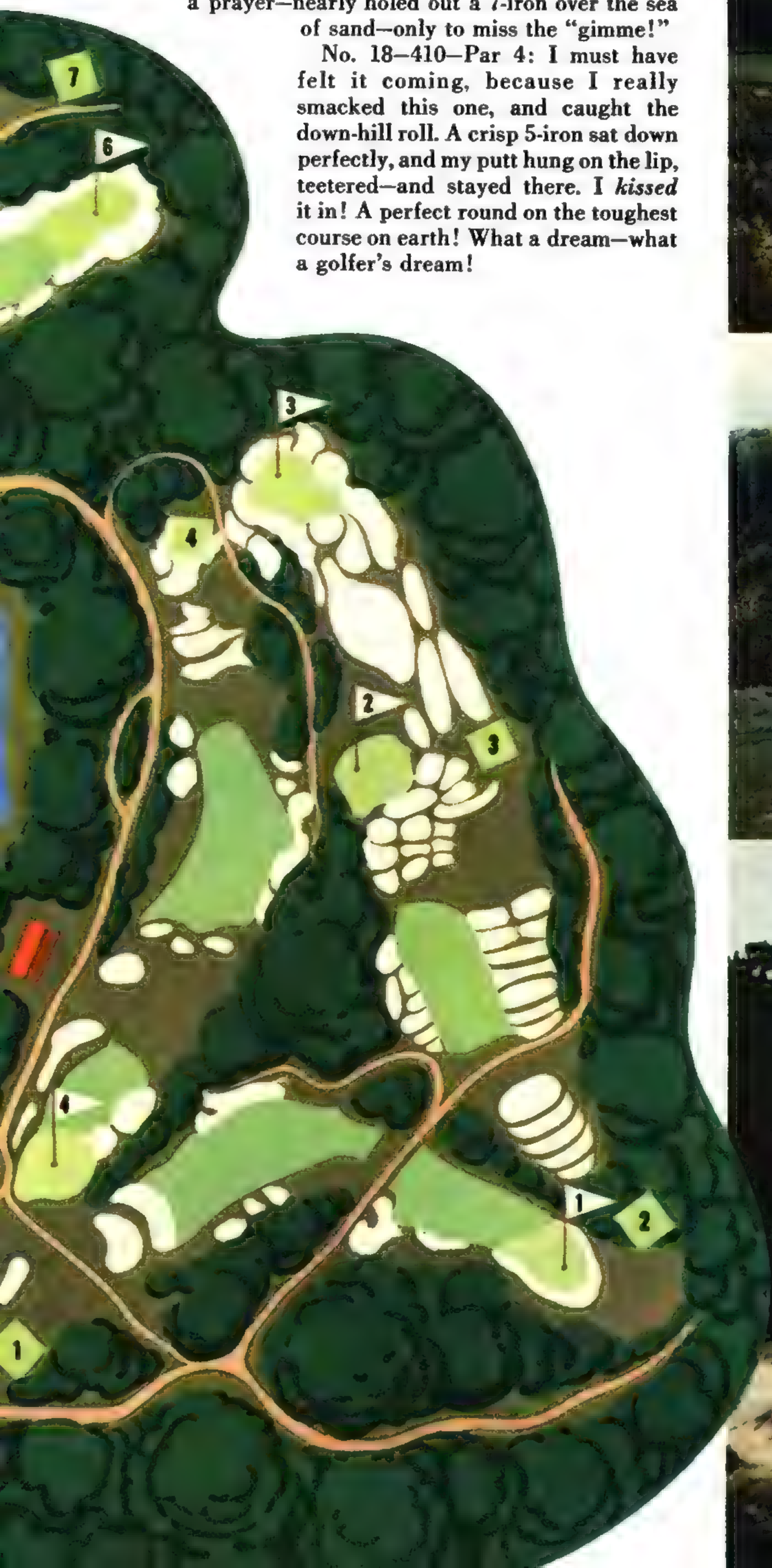
Aerial view of the green on the par 5 Seventh which has yet to be reached in two strokes. Note that sea of sand awaiting your third.

Right of the Seventh is the green of the famous one-shot Tenth, with the tee in the background—an easy par 3, but don't miss.

The jewel-like 14th green is 100 feet below the tee. Once, when the lake was drained, 15,000 missed shots (balls!) were found.

Pine Valley's greens are among the finest in the world—and the hardest to reach. Typical is the 17th, looking back over acres of sand.

And so to the 18th reason (bottom) why Pine Valley is the toughest in the world. Note: It's also private—members (and guests) only.



A Gallery of Golfing Greats

*Fifteen champions who paced the field
through 80 years of modern golf*

In the middle of the last century a violent controversy roared over the new gutta-percha golf ball. Tom Morris, Sr., a canny Scotsman and champion golfer, seeing that the old feathered ball was through, set up shop to sell the new ball which went farther—truer and faster. In boosting it into popular acceptance he opened the way for the new and better modern golf game. By the turn of the century, Harry Vardon, England's greatest pro, had introduced his overlapping grip and golf, already a national game in Scotland and England, was becoming one in America where its finest players were beginning to appear. Some of them, together with a record of the last fifty years, are shown on these pages.



Modern golf began in 1848 when Tom Morris, Sr. introduced the gutta-percha ball; had as early heroes:

John Ball who won the British Amateur 8 times; Harry Vardon, first Britisher to win the U.S. Open; Walter

Travis, first American to win the British Amateur; Johnnie McDermott, first U.S.-born Open champion.

50 Years of Winners

YEAR	UNITED STATES OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP	UNITED STATES AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP	BRITISH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP	BRITISH AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP
1898	FRED HERD	FINDLAY S. DOUGLAS	HARRY VARDON	F. C. TAIT
1899	WILLIE SMITH	H. M. HARRIMAN	HARRY VARDON	JOHN BALL
1900	HARRY VARDON	WALTER J. TRAVIS	J. H. TAYLOR	HAROLD H. HILTON
1901	WILLIE ANDERSON	WALTER J. TRAVIS	JAMES BRAID	HAROLD H. HILTON
1902	LAWRENCE AUCHTERLONIE	LOUIS N. JAMES	ALEX HERD	C. HUTCHINGS
1903	WILLIE ANDERSON	WALTER J. TRAVIS	HARRY VARDON	R. MAXWELL
1904	WILLIE ANDERSON	H. CHANDLER EGAN	JACK WHITE	WALTER J. TRAVIS
1905	WILLIE ANDERSON	H. CHANDLER EGAN	JAMES BRAID	A. C. BARRY
1906	ALEX SMITH	EBEN M. BYERS	JAMES BRAID	JAMES ROBB
1907	ALEX ROSS	JEROME D. TRAVERS	ARNAUD MASSY	JOHN BALL
1908	FRED McLEOD	JEROME D. TRAVERS	JAMES BRAID	E. A. LASSEN
1909	GEORGE SARGENT	ROBERT A. GARDNER	J. H. TAYLOR	R. MAXWELL
1910	ALEX SMITH	WILLIAM C. FOWNES, JR.	JAMES BRAID	JOHN BALL
1911	JOHN J. McDERMOTT	HAROLD H. HILTON	HARRY VARDON	HAROLD H. HILTON
1912	JOHN J. McDERMOTT	JEROME D. TRAVERS	E. RAY	JOHN BALL
1913	FRANCIS OUMET	JEROME D. TRAVERS	J. H. TAYLOR	HAROLD H. HILTON
1914	WALTER HAGEN	FRANCIS OUMET	HARRY VARDON	J. L. JENKINS
1915	JEROME D. TRAVERS	ROBERT A. GARDNER		
1916	CHARLES EVANS, JR.	CHARLES EVANS, JR.		
1919	WALTER HAGEN	S. DAVIDSON HERRON		
1920	EDWARD RAY	CHARLES EVANS, JR.	GEORGE DUNCAN	CYRIL TOLLEY
1921	JAMES M. BARNES	JESSE P. GUILFORD	JOCK HUTCHISON	W. I. HUNTER
1922	GENE SARAZEN	JESS W. SWEETSER	WALTER HAGEN	E. W. HOLDERNESS
1923	ROBERT T. JONES, JR.	MAX R. MARSTON	A. G. HAVERS	ROBERT HARRIS
1924	CYRIL WALKER	ROBERT T. JONES, JR.	WALTER HAGEN	E. W. HOLDERNESS
1925	WILLIE MacFARLANE	ROBERT T. JONES, JR.	JIM BARNES	ROBERT HARRIS
1926	ROBERT T. JONES, JR.	GEORGE VON ELM	ROBERT T. JONES, JR.	JESS W. SWEETSER
1927	T. D. ARMOUR	ROBERT T. JONES, JR.	ROBERT T. JONES, JR.	DR. WILLIAM TWEDDELL
1928	JOHNNY FARRELL	ROBERT T. JONES, JR.	WALTER HAGEN	T. PHILIP PERKINS
1929	ROBERT T. JONES, JR.	HARRISON R. JOHNSTON	WALTER HAGEN	CYRIL TOLLEY
1930	ROBERT T. JONES, JR.	ROBERT T. JONES, JR.	ROBERT T. JONES, JR.	ROBERT T. JONES, JR.
1931	BILLY BURKE	FRANCIS OUMET	T. D. ARMOUR	ERIC MARTIN-SMITH
1932	GENE SARAZEN	C. ROSS SOMERVILLE	GENE SARAZEN	JOHN DE FOREST
1933	JOHN G. GOODMAN	GEORGE T. DUNLAP, JR.	DENNY SHUTE	HON. MICHAEL SCOTT
1934	OLIN DUTRA	W. LAWSON LITTLE, JR.	HENRY COTTON	W. LAWSON LITTLE, JR.
1935	SAM PARKS, JR.	W. LAWSON LITTLE, JR.	ALF PERRY	W. LAWSON LITTLE, JR.
1936	TONY MANERO	JOHN W. FISCHER	ALFRED PADGHAM	HECTOR THOMSON
1937	RALPH GULDAHL	JOHN GOODMAN	HENRY COTTON	ROBERT SWEENEY
1938	RALPH GULDAHL	WILLIE TURNESA	REGINALD A. WHITCOMBE	CHARLES YATES
1939	BYRON NELSON	MARVIN H. WARD	RICHARD BURTON	ALEX KYLE
1940	W. LAWSON LITTLE, JR.	RICHARD D. CHAPMAN		
1941	CRAIG WOOD	MARVIN H. WARD		
1946	LLOYD MANGRUM	STANLEY E. BISHOP	SAM SNEAD	JAMES BRUEN
1947	LEW WORSHAM	ROBERT H. RIEGEL	FRED DALY	WILLIE TURNESA
1948	BEN HOGAN	WILLIE TURNESA	HENRY COTTON	FRANK STRANAHAN

No championship matches were played during the following war years: American—1917, 1918; 1942-1945. British—1915-1919; 1940-1945.



Bobby Jones, the greatest golfer that ever lived, climaxed his career in 1930, winning the four top trophies.



Bobby Jones' famous "Grand Slam"—the four trophies whose last 50 winners are listed on the opposite page.



Francis Ouimet (right) was the first amateur to win the U.S. Open, Jerome D. Travers, the second.



Chick Evans is the only golfer besides Jones who has taken the U.S. Amateur and Open titles in one year.



Walter Hagen, four-time winner of the British Open, receives the cup from the Prince of Wales.



Gene Sarazen shares with Bobby Jones the honor of winning both the U.S. and British Open in a single year.



Lawson Little won both the British and U.S. Amateurs not only in '34 but also in '35, setting a record.



Byron Nelson has won every professional title in the country, setting a record of 19 wins in 1945.



Ben Hogan is today's undisputed champion, winning the 1948 U.S. Open, Western Open and P.G.A. meets.

Any mention of the last fifty years of golf must begin with Bobby Jones. Although some may doubt that he has played finer golf than, say, Byron Nelson or Gene Sarazen, a look at his incredible record should settle any argument. He won the U.S. Open four times, Sarazen and Guldahl twice; the U.S. Amateur five times, topping Jerome Travers who had won it four times and Lawson Little who took the title twice. He took the British Open three times, a record beaten only by Hagen. To round out the record he won, in 1930, the British Amateur title, the first of four victories that year. He went on to take the British Open title, returned home to win the U.S. Open and Amateur championships. In winning these four he accomplished the greatest feat in golfing history—the Grand Slam!



Henry Cotton is, today, Britain's greatest professional golfer and one of the game's finest stylists.



Spring Autumn

For early or late season golfing you'll need a pullover sweater or, for warmer days, a sleeveless one (below) with keystone collar. For an unexpected game, keep the detachable cleats in your bag. Carry a seat cane for watching a championship match. The ball retriever (bottom) collapses in its rubber case. At right is a crocheted practice ball and a ball marker.



Knickers

For the man who prefers knickers (now coming back), here is a pair in a soft grey flannel. Pictured below you will find a ball marker, a ball attached to a pin for practice, a combination identification tag and tee holder, a metal-cased pocket hand warmer, fed by fluid which keeps it at 120 degrees. On the clubs are four mitts which will protect your clubheads.





Rain

If it looks as though there's rainy weather ahead, bring a water-repellent jacket (the one below has swivel sleeves for greater freedom of movement) and a brightly colored golf umbrella. For really wet going, try a pair of cleat-soled rubbers.

For warmth, you'll probably want a sweater too. The tee holder which slips on your belt will keep the elusive objects handy.



Hot Weather

When the temperature gets torrid, you will be most comfortable in a pair of linen shorts and a light-weight shirt. It's a good idea to protect yourself against the sun with a visored cap or broad-brimmed hat. On the open meshed polo shirt is a combination pencil and tie clip for keeping score and, for the latest score on the game, consult Ben Hogan's book.



How's your G.R.Q.?



Question: From whom can a player take advice?

Answer: "A player or a competitor may not give or ask for advice or take any action which may result in his receiving advice except from his caddie, his partner or his partner's caddie. Note—A fellow competitor is not a partner, nor is a forecaddie a caddie." Rule 4.

Q. What does a golfer mean by advice?

A. "In the rules 'advice' is any counsel or suggestion which could influence a player in determining his play, the choice of club or the method of making the stroke." Rule 4.

Q. What happens if there's a mixup and you play your opponent's ball?

A. "If a player play the opponent's ball, his side shall lose the hole, unless: the opponent then inadvertently play the player's ball, in which case the penalty is cancelled, and the hole shall be played out with the balls thus exchanged." Rule 13 (1a).

Q. Supposing you hit your opponent?

A. "If a player's ball strike or be moved by an opponent or his caddie or forecaddie or his clubs, the opponent's side shall lose the hole." Rule 12 (5).

Q. What happens if you hit your partner with your ball?

A. "If a player's ball strike himself or his partner or either of their caddies or forecaddies or their clubs, his side shall lose the hole. In stroke play the penalty is two strokes." Rule 12 (6).



Q. When may a practice swing be taken?

A. "A practice swing may be taken at any place on the course." Check Rules 7 and 17.

Q. What is the proper method for a player to use in dropping the ball?

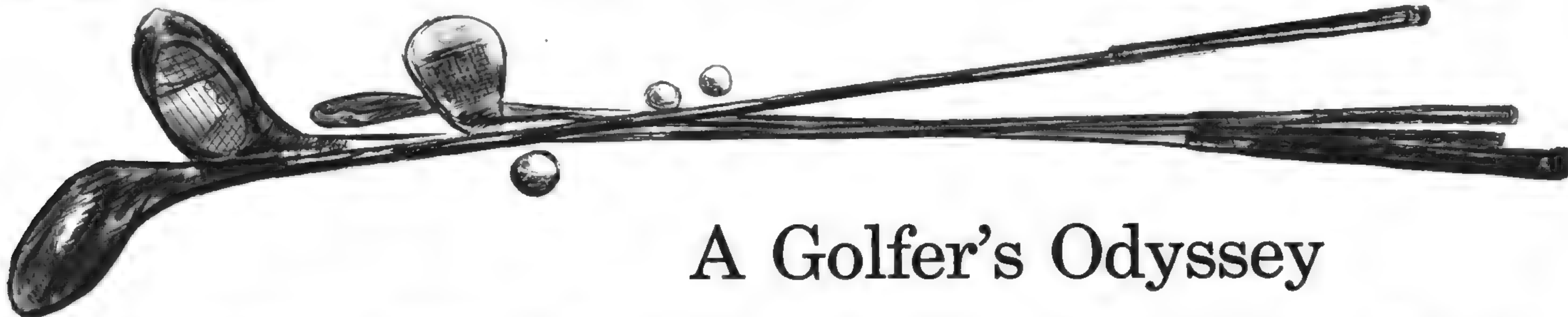
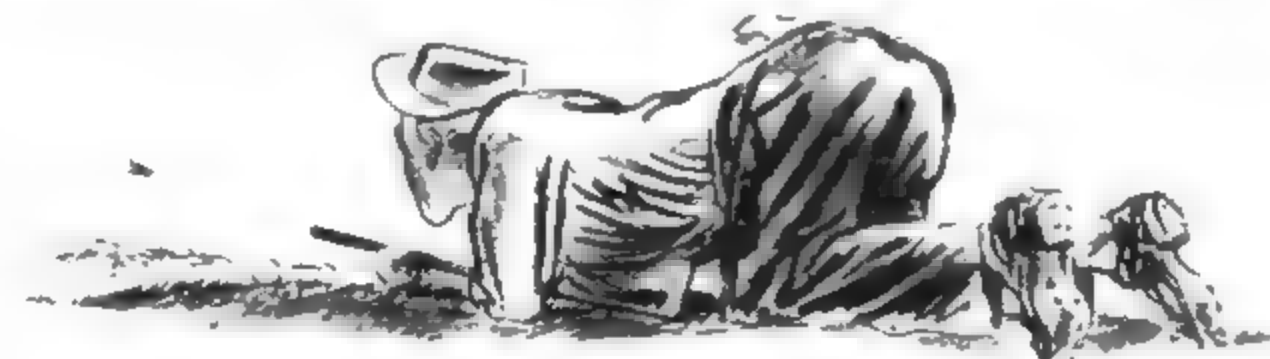
A. "The player himself shall drop it. He shall face the hole, stand erect, and drop the ball behind him over his shoulder. If, in dropping, the ball should touch the player, he shall incur no penalty; or, if it roll into a hazard, he may re-drop without penalty." Rule 10 (5).



Q. When—if at all—may a player declare his ball to be in an unplayable lie?

A. "The player is the sole judge as to when his ball is unplayable. It may be declared unplayable at any place on the course. If a ball be deemed by the player to be unplayable, the player shall play his next stroke as nearly as possible at the spot from which the lost or unplayable ball was played, adding a penalty stroke to the score for the hole. If the stroke was played from the teeing ground, a ball may be teed; if from 'through the green' or a hazard, it shall be dropped; and if on the putting green, it shall be placed." Rule 8.

Note: As the answers given above have quoted the rules only in part, check *The Rules of Golf* as published by the United States Golf Association for their application under special circumstances and in particular situations.



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Eastern Long Island: The National Links and Shinnecock Hills, Southampton; Maidstone, East Hampton.

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Philadelphia area: Merion Golf Club, Merion, Pa.; Pine Valley, Clementon, N. J.; Philadelphia Country Club.



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Pinehurst, N.C.: The Pinehurst Country Club; Mid-Pines and Pine Needles.

Georgia-South Carolina: The Country Club and Augusta National, Augusta, Ga.; Palmetto, Aiken, S. C.

Florida: Seminole Golf Club, Palm Beach; The Boca Raton Club; Indian Creek, Miami Beach.

The Monterey Peninsula: Pebble Beach and Cypress Point, Pebble Beach; Monterey Peninsula Country Club, Del Monte.

Southern California: Los Angeles Country Club, (North Course); Valley Club of Montecito, Santa Barbara; The Riviera, Pacific Palisades.

Texas-Oklahoma: Southern Hills, Tulsa; Brook Hollow, Dallas; The Colonial Club, Fort Worth.

Arizona: Arizona Country Club and Phoenix Country Club, Phoenix; Tucson Country Club.

Pacific Northwest: Waverley Country Club, Portland; Inglewood Country Club, Seattle; Tacoma's Country Club.

San Francisco area: The San Francisco Golf Club and the Olympic Club-at-Lakeside, San

Francisco and Burlingame Country Club.

Near New York: Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck, N. Y.; the Garden City Country Club; Baltusrol Golf Club, Springfield, N. J.

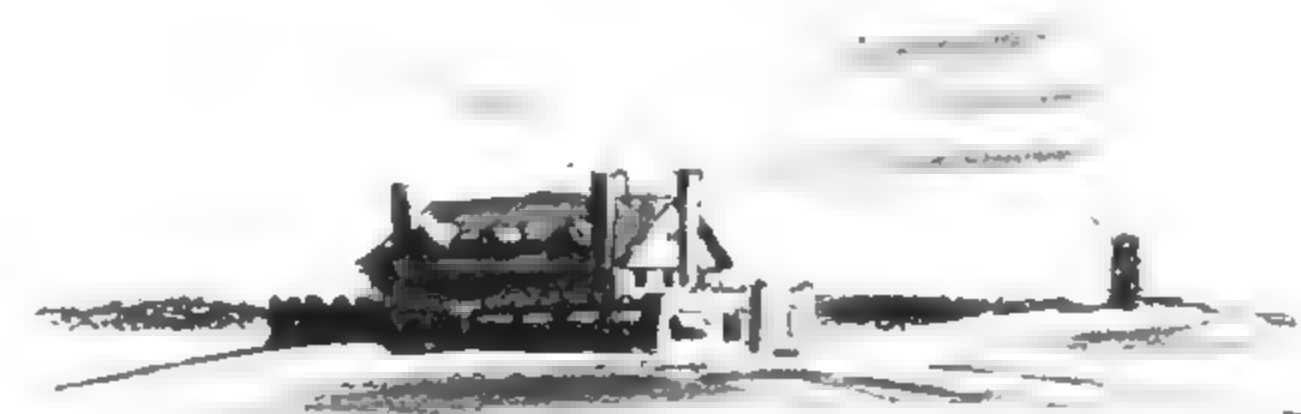
Chicago area: Chicago Golf Club, Wheaton; Flossmoor Country Club; North Shore Country Club, Glenview.

Near Sandwich, England: The Deal Club; The Royal St. George's Club; The Prince's Club.

Near Liverpool, England: The Hoylake Club in Cheshire; St. Anne's on-the-Sea, and Southport.

St. Andrew's, Scotland: The Old Course; Gleneagles at Gleneagles; Muirfield at Gullane.

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Coffin Canyon

Continued from page 59

a shrewish wife-woman or judging creditors or an act of anger performed in the night and finished with the shuddering sigh of a dying man.

Five minutes later, Captain Stanish stabbed a finger at the floor and snapped, "Pick up your bag and wait for me on the parade!" He pulled his mouth left and right to relieve the itch of a waxed mustache. "Your training will recommence immediately!"

Alone with the adjutant, he leaned over the desk and lowered his voice to a whisper. "The man's a killer, you know. He and I were together in Tennessee, years ago."

"A killer?" The adjutant carefully sealed the completed papers.

"A man with a lot on his conscience. He needs to be watched."

The adjutant looked up. "Who doesn't, Captain Stanish?"

Sergeant Teske, seam-faced and iron-handed, stood squatly in the shadow of the troop stables and glowered at the recruit. Between them were spread two blankets folded together; and displayed on the blankets were issue items that totaled sixty-two pounds in weight. The sergeant named them slowly, and Trooper Fielding pointed to each item as the sergeant described it. That finished, Teske moved into the sunlight, and regarded the new man.

"That was for in case you don't understand English properly. So after this, when I say your surcingle needs cleaning, you won't clean your spurs instead. Also, when I say I don't like the look in your eye, you know I'll take it away!"

The bony fist crashed into Fielding's jaw, and skidded him into the dust.

He licked the salt taste from his tongue, took off the stinging pain of the blow, and started to his feet. Teske let him get off one knee, then smashed him back.

Fielding stayed down, elbows braced behind him, eyes gradually focusing again. He forced his feet under him and levered his legs back and came to one knee, arms forward.

A voice said, "Don't be brutal, Sergeant." Stanish stood by the stables with another sergeant, whom Fielding recognized as Tribollet, of the Quartermaster section.

Teske was at attention. "His outfit's dusty, sir. He'll clean it."

Stanish smiled. "We insist on cleanliness here."

Fielding inched forward, his weight in his new boots, his finger tips brushing the dust. Then another voice, an almost-strange voice, commanded, "Soldier—stand up!"

Fielding moved his head; he saw, to one side, slouchy black Wellingtons that covered knees. The knees went up to a buckskin shirt, and the face above the fringed collar was lined and trenched and weather-whipped. Fielding got to his feet and looked into the eyes of the white-haired major whom he'd last seen in a Tennessee ravine when canister shot was slamming the shrubs off rocks and scattering men like rabbits. He'd been a brigadier then, this major.

"Can't stay away?" the major said.

Fielding let out his breath. "No,

sir." Blood leaked from his mouth and his lips began to puff.

The major said, "You haven't changed. You were bleeding *then*. You remember?"

"I do, sir." He licked the blood away.

The major's eyes were seeing many things in that moment. When he spoke again, though it was to Fielding, he was looking at Stanish:

"Report to me in my quarters at Tattoo this evening." He aimed his voice and his eyes at Teske next: "Dust off that issue, rig it right, and have it delivered to this man's barracks within thirty minutes!"

The major's name was John Lawton. He was reading the back-issue file of the *Army & Navy Journal* that evening when he answered a knock on his door and told Trooper Fielding to come in. They swung sharp, short salutes and Fielding relaxed.

"Sit down," the major said. He pushed out a chair with his foot. "Old Home Week in the Fourth today."

"Seems so, sir."

"I won't ask questions. But I'd like to say that I'm sorry."

"About this afternoon?"

The major shook his head. "About something else." He placed the old *Journal* to one side.

"About what happened on account of Stanish. You never got a rehearing, did you?"

"No, sir." Fielding shrugged. "What's the use?"

"It might do you some good, for the record."

"The record's changed now, Major. My name is Fielding. Frank Fielding."

"I understand. Will you have a drink? Not tiswin, but real red whiskey."

"It's pretty dusty here, sir."

They sipped their liquor, eying each other politely. Sentry call went around the stockade—calm voices in a calm night. At last, the major spoke: "Did you know he was here?"

"Stanish? No. But I would have come here anyway. I hear this is a snotty regiment."

"It's a rough regiment. MacKenzie's a martinet—but, by God, he can handle a command."

"I don't know him."

"He wasn't with—with us, before. You'll know him before long, though." The major was having trouble with words; he tried to speak and couldn't, and tried again. Then he worded it directly: "Look out for Stanish. He got rid of you once, and he'll try it again."

"Why did he have me assigned to him?"

"To watch you." The major sat forward, his face a dim mask in the lamplight. "He's got three jobs on this post—troop commander, quartermaster, and ordnance officer. He can make trouble for you in any one of 'em."

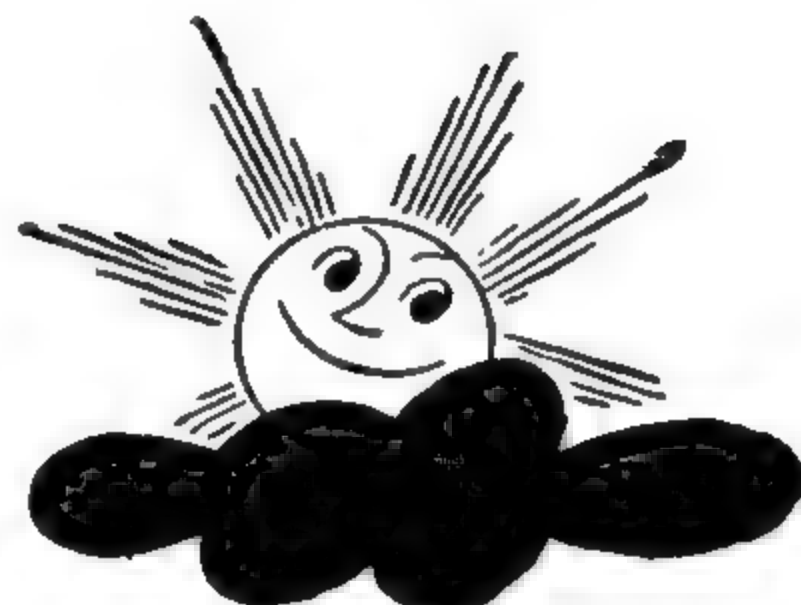
Fielding stood up and reached for his hat. "I'll watch him, too."

"We're mounting a campaign—did you know that? All component parts to ride together and get rid of the Apaches for good and all." He held out a hand. "What *they* may not do—he might."

"Good night—General," said Fielding.

"Good night—" But Trooper Fielding was already through the door, and the soft notes of Taps

Continued on page 102



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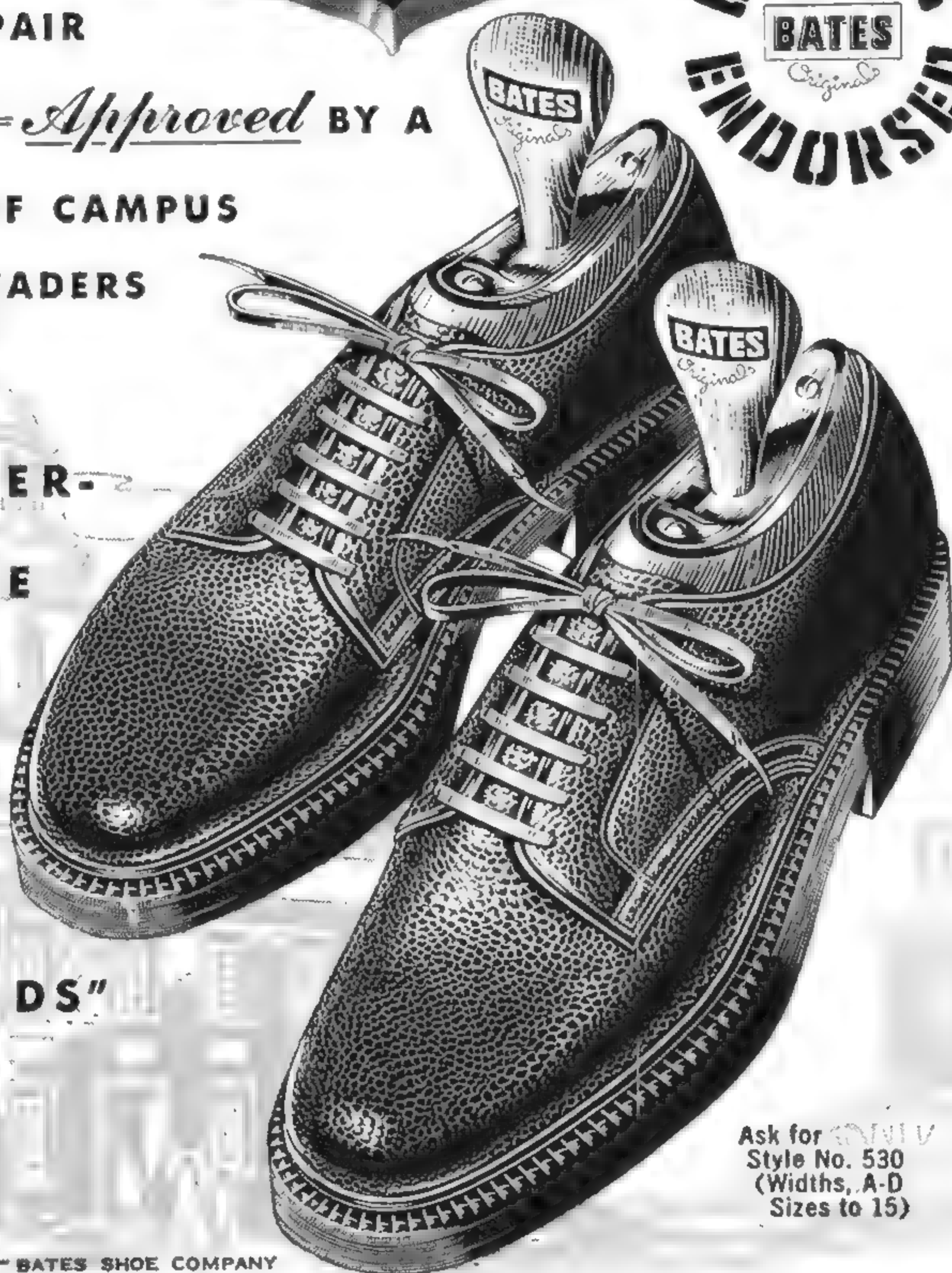
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Coffin Canyon

followed the echo of his boots across the moon-pink dust.

Anson Stanish led his troop away from Rock Creek at a smart trot. He had been advised that this would be the last chance to shakedown before the whole regiment rode on its revengeful campaign, and he was determined, in his way, to weed out undesirables—one in particular. He had posted a point and flankers, for there was Indian country all around them; yet he felt unsafe, like a man being watched.

Behind him rode a double column of silt-powdered troopers, yellow neckerchiefs bright against faded blue tunics, faces brown under low hats. The shuffling thud of hoofs disturbing the dust. Whine of leather, clink of harness. A horse snorting. And, above all the other sounds, the rustle of voices. Men talking. Gripping. Men trying to mouth away the heat and the flies, the sand and the thirst, the danger. Always the danger.

Lance-Corporal Weed was of the opinion they were riding to Fort Hatchard so that the captain—damn his black soul to hell—could get drunk with Mast, who was the commander of E Troop at Hatchard—and damn his black soul, too. "An' come to think of it, Hatchard can go to hell with the rest," Lance-Corporal Weed concluded.

"Rock Creek ain't bad," Trooper Vines commented.

"It is if you can't get out," Lance-Corporal Weed said. He looked over at the new man. "What got you in, Fielding? A woman?"

Trooper Fielding winked at Vines. "Women, Corporal. All of 'em. Anyhow, where else can a man live outdoors and get paid for it?"

"Oh, my God," the lance-corporal groaned. "You sound like the Ring."

Fielding went rigid. "The Ring?" he said.

"The crooks in the States who want to keep the Indian wars goin' so they can sell to the tribes." Weed gazed archly at Fielding. "Everyone knows that."

"Sell?" Fielding repeated.

"Sure. The nice, seven-shot Spencers that we're supposed to get. And liquor. And ammunition." He lowered doleful eyes to the stock of the single-shot Springfield in his gun boot.

"Fielding!" a voice called.

Fielding broke ranks and cantered up to Anson Stanish. The column came to a halt, and the troop commander pointed ahead to a one-mile sweep of broken country—ragged red ravines and tumbling tan slopes with small arroyos spearing the sides.

Stanish rubbed one end of his mustache for a moment. "Fielding, your education as an Indian fighter now progresses. Ride out through those ravines and meet us on the desert beyond." He flicked his eyes nervously. "You'll be safe, of course. The left flankers are out." He lifted an arm high in the heat. "Report any signs you see." He threw his arm down, and the column jostled forward again, heading up right, preparing to pass the broken country on its west side. And presently Trooper Fielding sat his horse alone, dim in the dust-scuffle of the disappearing troop. He spurred into the narrow neck of an approach ravine and picked his way slowly down the gully to the rock-ragged bottom. He drew his Springfield and braced its stock on his right thigh. He was alone below the rim of the desert.

For ten minutes he walked his horse south with reins slack, letting the long-necked animal hoof carefully around boulders and earth splits and the shoulders of sand that rushed sharply out from the slopes. He could hear nothing except the fall of hoofs, the slight whimper of harness, and the hard bumping of his own heart. And then he saw scratches on the sand ahead—dull hoofmarks rounding a slope that was creased by a crooked ravine.

He drew in and sat studying the signs. They were fresh, awesomely fresh; silt trickled into one, not yet re-formed from the pressure of the hoof that had made it.

A wink of white cloth caught his eye from beyond the slope, and his chest constricted and he cocked the Springfield. A shot ripped dust from the hoofmarks. Two more burned the air by his head. Spencers, both. He scurried into the winding crease of the ravine, spurs deep in plunging flanks. Then he threw off and yanked reins over the bridle and spun to a kneeling position, rifle raised. The twink of white reappeared where he had been a moment before and this time he saw its owner for the tick of a second: rolling dark muscles and a red

Continued on page 104



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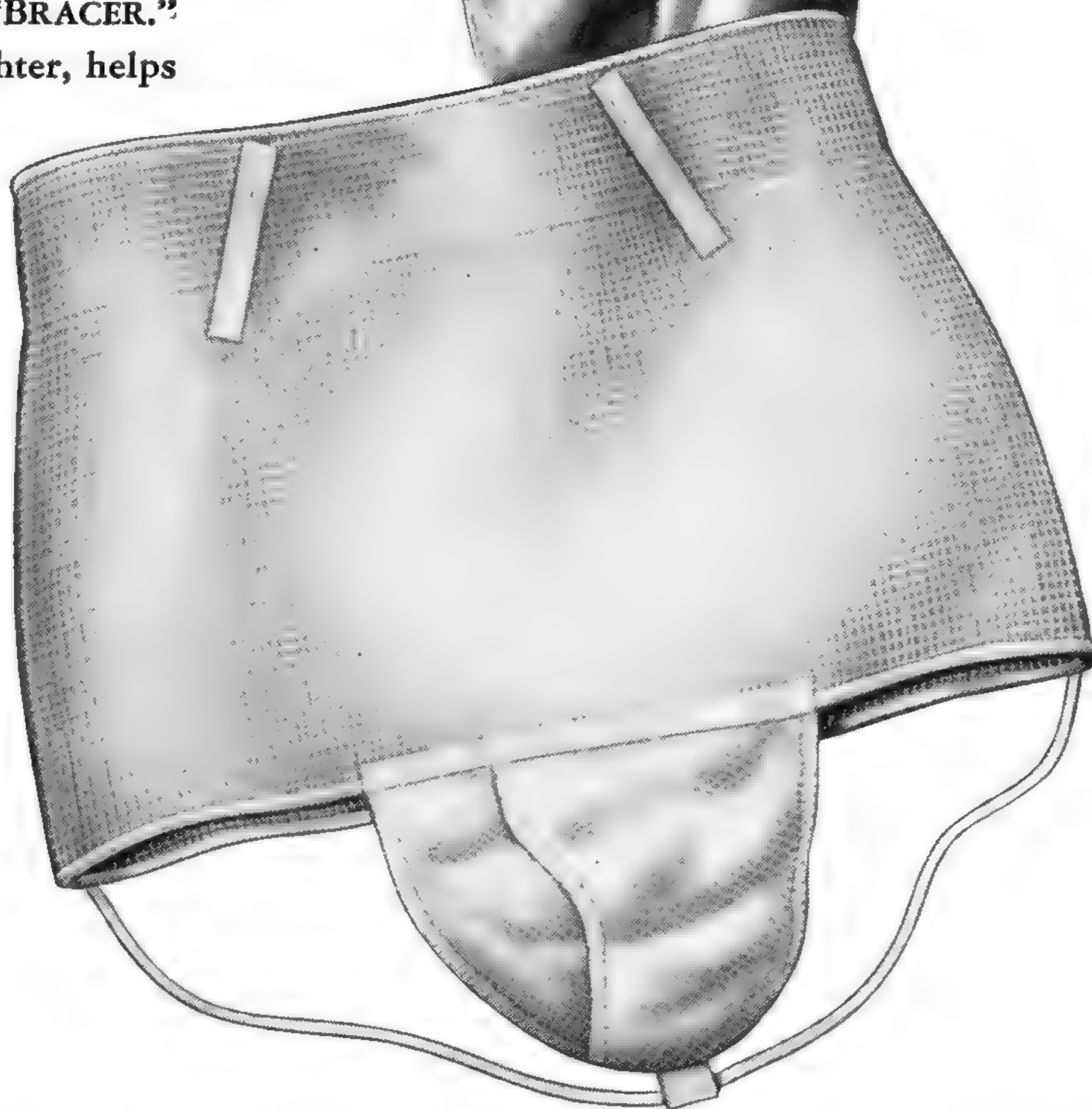


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Coffin Canyon

breechclout. A bullet cracked smartly and echoed away into the recesses of the ravine. A second dark figure sprang into sight and out again; Fielding fired and saw the bullet spout sand in the distance. He reloaded.

Where were the flankers east of the broken lands? It occurred to him, ominously, that perhaps the firing couldn't be heard from up above the floor of the world. He edged backward up the ravine and glanced wildly over his shoulder. He smacked off a second shot and saw a gleaming body twirl stupidly and flop from sight.

An explosion blew his ears open, and he swung the empty rifle by its barrel and heaved it into a hateful face that was lunging at him. The shock of the strike jarred his shoulders, and he saw blood and splintered teeth spin brightly. He backed away again—away from the shuddering body with its crushed features. He found trailing reins with his left hand and crabbed his body backward.

The horse wrenched upward and lifted him a foot off the rough pass before he could snap the reins downward and recover his balance. Another Spencer slammed the silence and snarled off in a ricochet. He heard sand slipping: another warrior bypassing the body of the first.

He wiped the stock of the rifle clean against a rock and quickly reloaded. The horse pulled mightily and half-dragged him around an elbow in the ravine; then it tore the reins free and scrambled up the pass toward the desert.

Alone at the bend of the elbow, Fielding waited. A rotten death for a cavalryman, he knew. Dismounted, alone, and cut off. But a thought hit him suddenly, and he grinned. He backed around the elbow and put down the rifle; and in fifteen seconds he had his sleeves ripped off from the shoulders. He tied one cuff to the barrel of the rifle and the other to the trigger, then joined the loose shoulder-ends and looped the knot over a knuckle of shale behind the wall of the elbow. The Springfield hung barrel forward, exposed to the lower pass. He pushed its butt once to give it motion, then scuttled up the pass after the frightened horse and flung himself, gasping, free of the ravine. As he staggered onto the desert, a smear of red silt in the near-distance drew his eye; the burning sun flashed off accoutrements, and the

smear blew away behind the troop as it came on at a gallop. From below in the ravine a shot cracked, and another.

Anson Stanish reared his horse high, eyes baleful and lips twitching. Fielding felt cold all over; then he relaxed and found his voice: "Down that pass, sir. At least four of them—maybe more." He took his recovered horse from Lance-Corporal Weed and stroked the satin neck and spoke softly into the nervous ears.

"Mr. Hardschall!" Stanish called. "Take one platoon in! Don't pursue more than half a mile!"

Fielding mounted lightly and hardly had rein before Stanish was sidling against him, shoving him away from the passing platoon. The captain's voice was low and nasal. "Squadron commander's pet boy knows an answer, so?"

"I've served with soldiers, Captain."

Stanish sucked in his breath and nodded. "Return to your platoon," he said. Their stares hung like physical things for a moment, and each knew what the other knew: there'd be other times, other opportunities . . .

Teske had the reins of the paymaster's ambulance, converted to quartermaster use by order of the post quartermaster; and Fielding sat on the box next to him, rifle at the half-cock, though the sergeant scorned such precautions. The sergeant, lately, had become almost friendly—so friendly, in fact, that Fielding was on guard. They jounced westward over the thirty, back-cracking miles to Fort Hatchard—two soldiers and, stacked and lashed behind them on the wagon bed, twelve travel-battered coffins. Teske swung the whip listlessly over the mule team. "You can put down your piece, Fielding," he said. "Just because you got gopher-holed on the shake-down ride don't mean you got to stay scared."

"Who's scared, Sergeant? This is enemy country."

"Not for some people." Teske shifted weight. "Some people, the 'Paches leave alone."

The ambulance swung around a low mound of land and rumbled in a circle to the right, wheels grinding the ruts flanking Spanish Man's Mesa, rising sheer to the sky on the right and falling two hundred feet, equally sheer, to the

Continued on page 106





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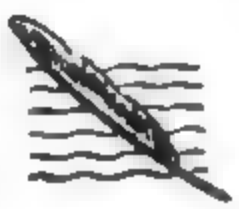
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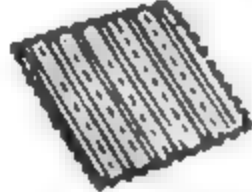


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Coffin Canyon

left. A waxed envelope on the seat between them gathered dust in the afternoon, and Fielding, after a tentative pause, uncocked his rifle and laid it on the seat, pinning down the envelope. It contained special orders to Captain Ethan Mast, commanding E out at Hatchard, and directing him—as everyone knew by now—to shakedown for the campaign to the south. The coffins would be redistributed from Hatchard to trail points where they could easily be picked up.

Fielding leaned back to look at the coffins for the tenth time, and his eyes moved beyond the lashed load to the sudden depth of the landfall on the left. He hoped Teske could keep a strong right rein.

"Sergeant." He turned forward and sat somewhat off the edge of the seat. "It seems clumsy to me, this placing coffins all over Arizona. We don't know—Mackenzie doesn't—where the bodies'll fall."

"It's Captain Stanish's idea. The captain never does anything without a reason."

They were halfway around the bulge of the mesa and the mules were slacking off. Teske popped the whip. Fielding understood that you can't carry anything more than is absolutely necessary on a punitive expedition and that coffins aren't absolutely necessary. And he further understood that the Army—like the Indians—made a fetish of giving decent burial to its honorable dead. Yet—hauling pine crates to pickup points, wearing down teams . . . He shook his head and tried not to look at the dizziness to the left.

The Ring, probably, he decided. The Ring forced the Indian Bureau to sell the War Department the idea of sending coffins to the territories, and the Ring doubtless collected a good profit on the thing. It's Captain Stanish's idea . . . The captain never does anything without a reason . . .

The ambulance lurched dangerously and Fielding grabbed at the handrails. Teske laughed. "Climb back on the load and look to the lashings, Fielding."

Fielding pulled himself onto the shaking boxes and flattened his length along them; he reached out and tested the rear bindings, then pulled back his hands and clutched at the forward thongs. The cotton-clouded blue sky wheeled in stately fashion over his head as he felt himself slip off the top box,

kick air, and slide off the rocking load down into the canyon.

He yelled and flung out his arms; then he winced in sudden pain as his knees caught a shale. He hung there, fighting for breath, cementing his strength to the lip of the trail. The ambulance stopped fifty yards beyond.

Teske trotted heavily back through the ruts, grinning. Then he saw the wild-faced man hanging halfway over the trail and he stopped. Fielding urged himself forward, left knee first, then right. Now left hand onto the road. Teske rose an inch on his toes, indecision darkened his features. He stood down, wide-eyed, as Fielding found footing, crawled away from the precipice, and got to his feet.

A stutter of shots sounded from ahead. Two evenly spaced reports shimmered down on the still air, and then another burst of quick-fire. They were familiar sounds to Fielding's ears—Spencer repeaters. Seven-shooters.

He jumped to the seat a second after Teske and cocked the rifle. As he did so, he crammed the envelope into his torn shirt to keep it from flying away. The mules pumped hard in the traces and Teske whanged the whip with majestic monotony as they thundered down the trail toward a smoke smudge a mile away. Feathers of dust skidded off to the right, streamed low, and vanished in the east. Horsemen—a dozen horsemen, by Fielding's count—had ridden off.

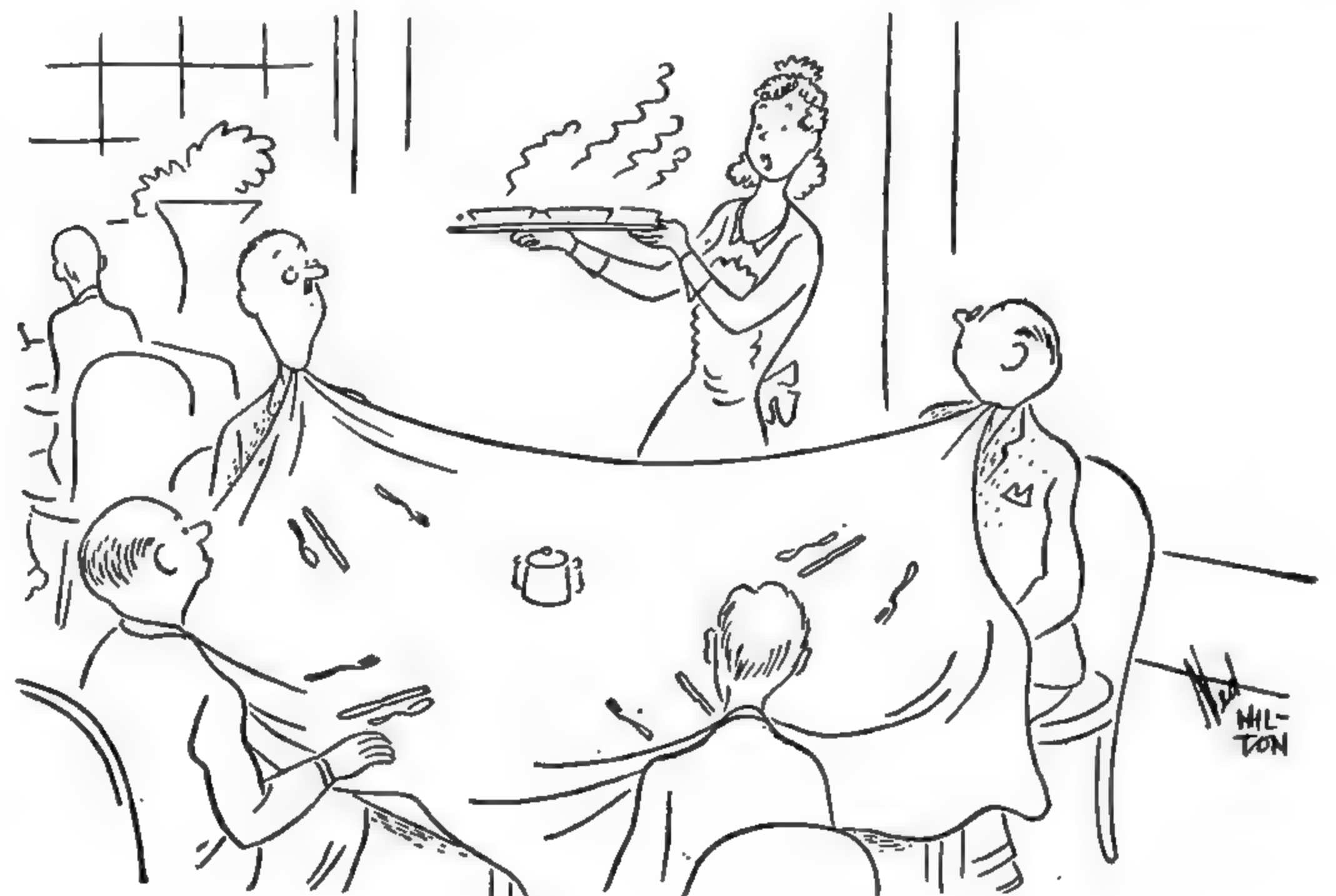
They braked to a screeching stop by a burning wagon and found three men in it. One was crisping already, the blacking skin curling off his roasted muscles in peels; and another—headless—was buried under the crush of a gutted horse. Teske dragged the last man from the fire. He'd been scalped horribly, and the crimson gape of his mouth hung open. Teske put him down. "I'll get a spade," he said tonelessly. There was fear in his eyes now, the fear of an animal flushed by fire.

Fielding faced away from the wreckage. "Thought you said they left people alone." He tried to keep the anger from his throat. His hands were shaking. "See this one—the one who just died? Know what killed him?"

From the ambulance, Teske glared. "He was scalped."

"He was shot!" Fielding got his breath with maddening slow-

Continued on page 108



"Did I forget napkins again?"

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Coffin Canyon

ness. "With a Spencer, Sergeant." He thought of the envelope then; he thought of opportunity, and walked away past the simmering bodies and pried open the flap with a quick thumb. The chucking of a spade in earth soothed him, and he swept his eyes over the routine orders. Then he noticed a penciled note, slipped between two pages of campaign procedure: "Send Teske back. The other one's in the way. If he arrives."

Fielding pushed the envelope into his hip pocket and climbed back on the ambulance. They traveled in silence for twenty minutes. Then Fielding asked, "Who were they?"

"Back there? Panners. Prospectors down from the Sabine." He looked at Fielding and looked away. "Funny thing," he said. "It costs the Army sixty thousand dollars to kill one Indian, and an Indian kills us free."

Fielding took a chance. "Spencers cost money, Sergeant."

They rattled to within a half mile of Hatchard before Teske spoke again. "What do you know about Spencers?"

"We're supposed to have 'em on this campaign. We're not getting 'em."

Teske was tonguing his teeth as they went through the gates and turned off to stop at the quartermaster shed. "Maybe we will," he said. "Now hand over those orders you got in your pocket."

Fielding handed them over. Teske looked at the flap, resealed now from the heat of Fielding's body. He jerked a stained thumb. "You report with me to Captain Mast. Further orders."

Captain Ethan Mast planned to leave the service soon; he and Anson Stanish would travel south—before commencement of the campaign, probably, and not with it. Beyond the border, fortified with canvas belts bearing gems from lodes never seen by white men, they would move leisurely to Vera Cruz and there board a paddle wheeler for Central America. The plan had been a-borning for years, and Ethan Mast had given much of his time and no small share of his nerve to it. Nothing, of course, would stand in the way of it; if anything did, it would be crushed like a cockroach and kicked aside. Time was short.

He tore Major Stanish's note into little pieces, placed them in an ash tray, and burned them. Then he summoned Sergeant Essamont. "This Teske—detail him a horse and one day's rations and send him back to Rock Creek in the morning."

"Alone, sir?"

"He'll be safe." Mast sniffed importantly, brushed his crinkly black hair, and examined the tips of his manicured nails. "The other one—what's his name? Fielding? Detail him to the ambulance and have him deliver the coffins to the juncture of Cibicu Creek and Broad River. From there, he can find his way back to Rock Creek."

Essamont hesitated. "Sir—begging the captain's pardon—but the land is alive with Apaches. Neither man will be safe."

"Teske is required immediately by Captain Stanish. Further, this man Fielding must learn the terrain, and by carrying coffins, he can do it. Unfortunately, we can't spare escort. We're ready to

ride, Essamont. The big campaign."

Essamont, saluting precisely, wondered why either man would be safe in country where messy death rode the shoulders of every lone traveler. But he sent Teske and Fielding on their way . . .

The desert haze on the east bank of the Broad misted the land on every afternoon and again in the mornings, and to the uninitiated it denoted a dryness of climate which, naturally, meant a dryness of ground. But down where the Broad sludged into the Cibicu, the ground in early autumn was dangerously mushy and shifting. Fielding, guiding his teams toward the juncture of the two waterways, sat high on the end of the seat, his legs shoved against the dashboard to support him against the tilt of the vehicle. Twice that day, he had had to climb down and shore the wheels free of the cling of the sucking grime; and twice he had reflected upon the weight of pine coffins. The ambulance alone would not have bogged in.

He fisted the rocking vehicle toward the confluence of the Cibicu, the boxes straining at their lashings, each lid sealed with wire and lead. The coffins had arrived at Rock Creek from a States station, forwarded by the War Department to insure Christian burial for the fallen. And, it seemed to Fielding, as he fought the teams toward the delivery point, that all dead of past wars must be weighing down the wooden shells.

The landmark was a crooked dead trunk standing near a gully, and Fielding labored alone at the load, hauling each box off and working it into the gully. His blues were black with sweat, and his boots pinched his feet, and his hands were red-stained and cracked. Those pine boxes were extraordinarily heavy, he thought, as he worked. He had left the load under tarpaulin and turned to mount the ambulance when an idea suddenly struck him. He re-entered the gully, flipped back a corner of canvas, and started to pry at a coffin joining. One slat came loose, and the acrid, smarting stench of grease tanged his nostrils. Gun grease! He bent close, one eye probing the darkness inside; and, just then, he heard faint thrumming noises to westward. They were closing in, and they were coming fast!

Fear stung through him and sent him leaping to the seat. The mules whuffed, wag-eared and nervous, as Fielding released the brake and turned the teams left toward Rock Creek. Army mounts would not have caused nervousness in these Missouri haulers; but anything else on four feet in open country was potential murder.

They plunged east along the old trappers' trail, chalked over now with misuse, but firm. Twilight was shading the desert as the first yell bladed from behind. Fielding leaned to the ship and rose off the seat of the ambulance, snarling skinnners' curses at the racing teams; he turned only once to look to the rear. Small in the distance, but riding light and coming fast, were white headbands low to stretched-out ponies' necks. A shot thumped dimly, and sparks spit from a rock ahead.

Down into the blue darkness of a short valley and diagonally up

Continued on page 113



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Coffin Canyon

the other side and straight across flat land again, whip stinging the wind. And closer now, always closer, the tattoo of unshod hoofs and the ripping throat-breaks of lusting savages.

Fielding lashed the reins around the brake handle, cocked his Springfield, and squeezed off a shot. He was thumbing a second round into the breech when deafness came with the crash of metal on rock and the rifle flew from his hands. He skidded over the chalk ruts and flipped fast and helpless into the darkness. Then he collided hard with something—and a blue light filled the world.

Captain Stanish relaxed comfortably against a shelf-edging in the ordnance shed and regarded the end of a cheroot. It was a fine Havana cheroot, sent to him by Ethan Mast as a hint of things to come, and its deliverer, Sergeant Teske, had taken pride in handing it over.

Stanish asked, casually, "Then you're sure?"

"I'm sure, sir. Black Wrist knew he'd be at the Cibicu and the Broad near twilight. And any 'Pache rider who can't run down an ambulance—well..."

Bootfalls padded outside, stopped, and came nearer. A shadow shot across the sunlight in the shed and flowed inside ahead of Fielding. He was walking uncertainly, hatless and unshaven. Brown blood plastered one side of his face, and his lips were bulging from a vicious cut. His shirt was in ribbons. He stared at the silent men, his jaw sagging. Then he sucked in his pain-lashed lips and nodded. "Reporting back—Captain." From behind him he drew a piece of crenulated metal shaped, roughly, in a figure 8. "Wheel rim. Left front. Broke on a rock and threw me off."

"Fielding!" Stanish's voice was a high whine. He backed away from the rim as Fielding slung it onto the floor.

"Didn't expect me?" He pointed to the rim. "Lost my Springfield. That was the only weapon I had." He switched his eyes to Teske. "Lots of snakes on the desert, now."

Stanish cleared his throat. "What happened, Fielding?"

"Like I said—sir—they jumped me on the Broad after I'd unloaded per orders. I was running for it, when the wheel hit a rock and knocked me out. They chased

the ambulance into the night." He rubbed his eyes wearily. "I don't know where it is."

Teske was frowning. "They jumped you?"

"Uh-huh." Fielding blinked to clear his vision. He reached out to the shelf to hold himself up. "Odd that—that they were—on the spot..." He crashed to the floor and lay still.

Two days later, they turned him out of sick bay and recommended light duty for twenty-four hours. A touch of sun, dehydration of the system. General fatigue. He trudged to Officers' Row, shook the wrinkles from his third uniform in as many weeks, and knocked at Major Lawton's door.

The major was soaping down, it being his theory that when a regiment was alerted, it was well to soap down as often as possible, since each bath might be the last for many days. He told Fielding to sit down; and, having dried himself and pulled on a tunic, he sat down himself and poured four fingers of Valley Rose. "This'll do you more good than hospitals. Hear you've been walking."

"Nights only—the stars are so clear." He drank gratefully, and shuddered.

Major Lawton was staring at him, probing him, piercing him, weighing him. "That was a neat trick you pulled on shakedown, Fielding."

"Thank you, sir."

Lawton nodded. "The murdering bonehead! Sending a—well, a stranger to Indian fighting, into bad lands alone! I wanted to have him relieved pending an inquiry, but Mackenzie..." He swung his head perplexedly. "Mackenzie won't relieve a man till he's dead." He poured more whiskey.

Fielding licked it thoughtfully. How much to tell Lawton? "They're trying to write me off, you know," he ventured.

"I told you they would."

"Teske tipped the ambulance. Then Mast detailed me to this latest thing."

Lawton's grave features settled into grooves. "Unfortunately, you have no proof, and your word against a noncom's or an officer's..." He threw out his palms.

The mournful call of Tattoo floated across the parade, and Fielding said good night. He crossed the porch with Lawton's "For Christ's sake—careful" in his ears, and went diagonally away

Continued on page 114



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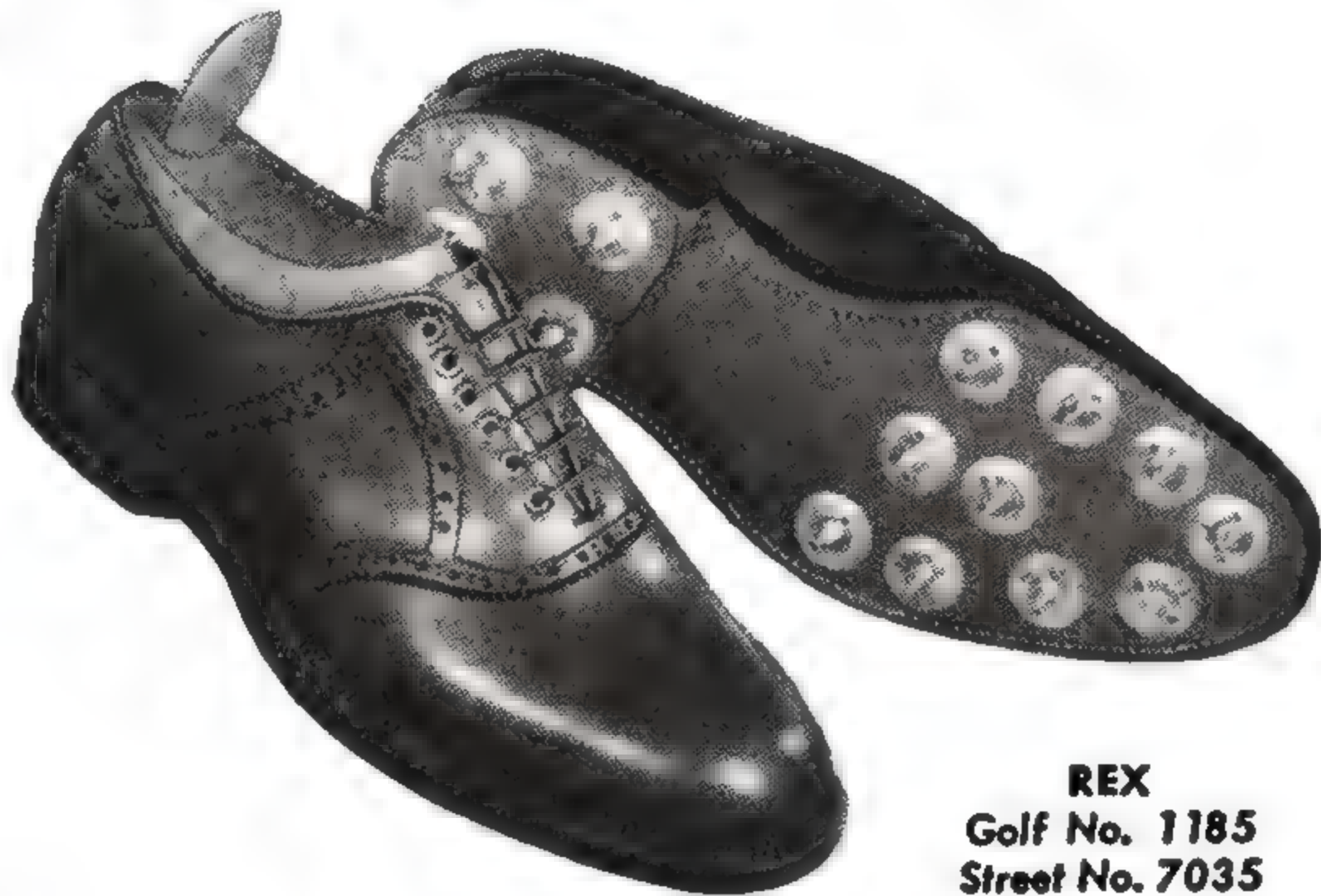
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from the Row toward troop barracks, in a straight line that would take him past headquarters. A yellow square of light was showing in the end building, the one next to the adjutant's office, and that meant that Colonel Ranald Mackenzie was hard at work. For days the regiment had been checking equipment and drawing rations and bandoleering ammunition—until it seemed, to some, that there was enough preparedness to lick the world. The Tonkawa scouts had come in from the hills; all troops were assembled to ride, except E, which would be picked up at Hatchard on the march. And here was the colonel in his office, standing like a steel statue, chill eyes leveled on someone Fielding couldn't see.

Mackenzie was tall and rock-faced and razor-smooth except for immaculate black sideburns; Mackenzie was a martinet; ice water pumped through his veins and, as everyone knew, his heart was a block of sandstone. But Mackenzie was a soldier, Mackenzie had made the Fourth Cavalry into something finer, even, than the dashing Seventh.

Fielding halted in the long shadows flanking the light and watched the colonel. Mackenzie was shaking an accusing finger at the man across the desk: Stanish. The colonel's voice was crisp. "Why haven't they been delivered?"

Anson Stanish was damp with perspiration. The end of his tongue raced along his dried lips. "The only issue has been coffins, sir," he bleated.

"Damn the coffins!" Mackenzie's fist cracked the desk. "You don't shoot coffins! This regiment marches tomorrow to eliminate every Apache north of the border, and doing it with Springfields will be most difficult! The Spencer is what I demanded. Why isn't it here?"

Stanish closed his eyes. Then he opened them, reached inside his tunic, and drew out a folded paper. "Colonel, in the belief that my duties have been too numerous—and because of reasons of health—I hereby tender my resignation from the service."

Fielding heard his heart beat a dozen times before Mackenzie moved. Then the colonel took the folded paper firmly in both hands and, without unfixing his eyes from Stanish, tore it into bits. He let the little white squares flut-

ter floorward. "At the conclusion of this campaign, Captain, we shall discuss resignations. Get out!"

On his way toward barracks, Fielding paused again, as he passed the ordnance shed, to hear the lilting notes of Taps. The bugle beckoned sweetly, and Fielding, for a moment of his life, felt safely alone on the breadth of the world. A man-shadow moved away from the moon-cast darkling the parade by barracks, and Anson Stanish stood uncertainly as the post became quiet.

"Teske?" Stanish whispered.

Fielding went forward, feet wide, arms slightly raised. "Stanish?"

The captain pulled his hat low in front, blotting his features in the moon-shade. He approached slowly, boots crunching sand. "That was Taps, Fielding." He blew air through flared nostrils. "And I'm Captain Stanish."

"What'll you do—write me up for being Absent from Barracks?" They were six inches apart now.

Stanish sniffed. "Been drinking, haven't you?"

"Valley Rose."

The captain got the point. "And what else did the squadron commander give you?"

"Nothing I didn't have."

Stanish folded his arms. "By the way, Fielding." He caressed the length of his mustache with quick fingers. "We had to turn your equipment out when you were in sick bay. Routine check-up for the field."

"I trust Teske was satisfied."

"I was." He unfolded his arms and let them hang loose, his knuckles almost touching Fielding's. "A question, trooper: Are you yourself being someone else? Or someone else being yourself?"

"Sir?" The word rose thinly between them.

"That razor, for instance. Did you—steal it from a man whose initials were R.G.?"

Fielding sucked his breath. "I didn't think you'd care to mention personal items, Captain."

"She was my wife." The words grated like gravel.

Fielding released his breath. "Which one? The one in Richmond or the one from Baltimore? Or the Nashville lady?"

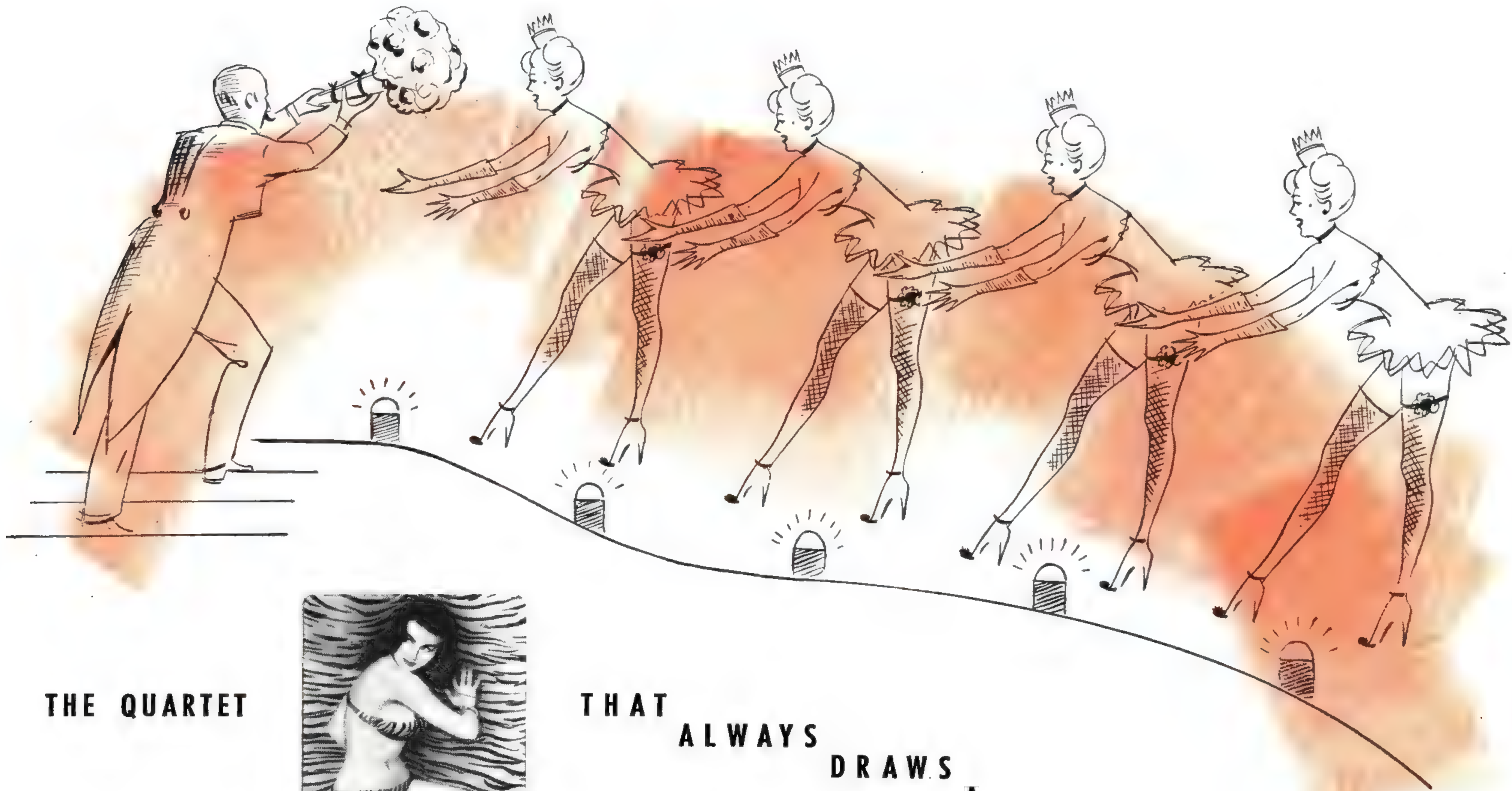
"Seven years—"

"—is a long time!" Fielding choked. Then he swung hard and drove his knuckles into the waxed mustache. Stanish rocked back-

Continued on page 116



"Let's have no more tricks, Grogan!"



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ward, tripped, and windmilled his arms for balance.

He crouched in the moonlight, lips working, tongue-washing the blood, lapping it away to spit it out. He drove in low and locked long arms around Fielding's knees, and they struck sand together and flopped over and over, arms whipping for a hold. Stanish smashed his elbow under Fielding's jaw to break his neck, and Fielding pistoned a knee deep into Stanish's stomach and stretched him flat.

Fielding got to his knees and grabbed Stanish's neckerchief to pull him up and flatten his face. Then a shadow streaked over the sand, and iron arms circled Fielding, lifted him like a doll, and dropped him on his shoulders. And Teske was astride him with cocked pistol boring against his chest.

Stanish dabbed at his mouth with a soiled neckerchief. "Company confinement for him, Sergeant."

Teske looked his surprise. "The regimental guardhouse might be better, Captain."

"Mackenzie'll empty it tomorrow." He tested his teeth with delicate fingers. "We'll arrange punishment later. Keep both eyes on him, Teske."

"A pleasure, Captain."

The Fourth Cavalry rode for Fort Hatchard in the grey morning light, Tonkawa scouts far aflank and pointing ahead, squadrons in line with platoons abreast to form fours. Ranald Mackenzie trotted behind the point with his adjutant and one orderly, as was his custom; and half a mile behind him rode Major Lawton and the squadron staff. Squadrons B and C followed far behind at one-mile intervals, scuffling red dust to the rising sun to let the red man know that here was the longest, strongest arm ever to strike against him.

Fielding rode with the lead troop, guiding on Mr. Hardschall's narrow back, not caring to interrupt a silence maintained by Lance-Corporal Weed, next to him, and Trooper Vines, riding beyond Weed. Stanish was somewhere up ahead, lost in the dust.

Mackenzie ordered twos at the bulge of Spanish Man's Mesa, and the regiment rounded it at a respectful trot and formed fours again on the wide lands beyond. Past the last of the mesa they rode, and past the smear of charred

wood where only a week before three wagoners had shot it out and lost. And when the Fourth had marched on toward Hatchard, not even the char could be seen for the blanket of hoof-thrown silt.

The column rode past Hatchard without stopping and took E into its middle to complete Squadron B; then it circled southwest toward the Broad, where, at its joining with Cibicu Creek, the coffins would be packed on the mule train and the campaign would thrust forward into the tortuous hills.

They bivouacked at five o'clock on the high east bank of the Broad, and at four the following morning moved out in silence, the talk and the griping stilled at the imminence of engagement, wounds, and possible death. Mackenzie called up Captain Mast when they reached Cibicu. He wanted to know where the damned coffins were.

"They were delivered to that gully, Colonel. Where the dead trunk is."

"By whom?"

Captain Stanish took Fielding forward with him, and Fielding told Mackenzie what had happened the week before.

"I read that report," the colonel snapped. He flinted his eyes at Stanish. "Why did the Indians take the coffins? What would they want with them, Mr. Quartermaster?"

"Perhaps, sir, to build barricades?"

"Nonsense!" Mackenzie snorted twice and then smiled briefly. "Well, that lightens the mule load, at least," he said.

Stanish and Mast avoided each other's eyes, finding things of great and sudden interest in their reins, their pommels, their boot tips.

Mackenzie slapped leather. "A hell of an idea to begin with. They send us pretty coffins—and no repeaters. Posts, gentlemen!"

They followed the Cibicu out for five miles, then left it, in the tracks of the Tonkawa scouts, and pressed straight south toward the far amber mountains of Mexico.

A day later—a day when, as Trooper Vines observed, Hell must have come up for a breather—the Tonks struck the trail of an entire tribe. The column lengthened into twos and took up the trot; two words filtered down from the front: Palo Duro.

Lance-Corporal Weed knew



"Carruthers, I want you to meet Mr. Simmons, the Bank Examiner"

what it was. "It's the biggest canyon this side of a senator's mouth," he told Fielding and Vinès. "I bet every 'Pache an' his ancestors are hidin' there."

Twilight was creeping in from the west when Mackenzie flung up an arm and cantered ahead alone to confer with his scouts. The waiting men made no sound; the only noise was the jingle of a bit, the stamp of a hoof. They could guess the odds against them; the odds were always against the Army. But these might be heavier than usual. The Fourth had seven hundred men; the tribe ahead, from the trail it had made, held close to a thousand.

Mackenzie ordered up the column and fell back on it, slightly, to let the scouts get ahead. He seemed jubilant; he even conversed shortly with his adjutant.

It was dark when they halted again to break out hardtack, cinch up saddles, and water animals at a sluggish creek with no name; and the moon was jaunting across the skies when they went forward at a walk and arrived, suddenly, at the end of the earthen carpet and were gazing into the long, wide depths of Palo Duro Canyon.

The Tonk scouts clustered around Mackenzie and Lawton; they were murmuring in rubbly tones, gesticulating fast. "Like mosquitoes in a mudhole," Fielding heard Lawton say.

"Surprise," Mackenzie decreed. "Only thing. What time is it?" Someone said two o'clock, and he pressed his palms together happily. "In one hour, then, we start down."

Captain Stanish walked up to the group and presented himself. "A suggestion, Colonel?" He cleared his throat and rubbed his mouth, still sensitive about the lump on his lips. "My troop and E Troop can flank the canyon on either side and create a double-diversion timed to the main attack."

"How would you divert? There's only a goat trail, and that's on this end."

"Harassing fire," Stanish was sounding a bit desperate, as a man sounds when he is saying something in his own behalf prior to being sentenced by a court.

Mackenzie turned down the suggestion. "Surprise—and in force."

A sickly grey trace marked dawn in the eastern sky when Mackenzie stepped over to Major Lawton and said, "You may open the engagement."

Squadron A stood to horse. "Reins in left hand . . . rifles in right." They filed into the goat trail on foot, Lawton leading with one Tonk.

It was a slippery trail, an uneven, sand-shouldered trail that tilted toward the bottom, three hundred feet below, and the side-stepping troopers had to hold hard to the tails of the horses in front. A rock clattered downward, clicked off the wall, and thudded to the bottom. The file froze.

There was no alarm from below.

The file tugged itself downward again; and, in the light of the low-wheeling moon, the tepees showed like minute spear tips—a hundred of them, a hundred and a half . . . and more beyond. The pin-glow of a dying fire winked out.

Then they found level footing in

the murk of the depths and began bunching up on the floor of Palo Duro. Above them, straggling down the wall, came Squadron B.

"No noise . . . no talking." It was Lawton's penetrating whisper. "Pass the word: Mount!"

Squadron A swung to saddles and shuffled into formation. Lawton trotted across with his Tonk scout, issuing a last order: "No firing—no yelling—until I fire first."

Lance-Corporal Weed asked Fielding whether he knew what the squared timbers beyond the tepees were for. "To right of 'em. What're they doin'—buildin' a fort or a railroad?"

And Fielding's breath left his lungs as he saw the irregular stacks of wooden rectangles. He turned in his saddle to watch Teske.

Squadron B was off the wall, and C was closing down.

A shot rang from the rear and Fielding's hat flipped off. Major Lawton yelled blue-edged words. Then recalling himself, he arced the silver lash of his saber high overhead, unable to hold surprise. His commands echoed across the canyon, and Squadron A swirled in a ragged line for the ranks of tepees, with Squadron B in the hoof cuts of A and five hundred throats shrilling the dawn.

Fielding stood straight and high in his stirrups and reined over, out of ranks: he galloped hard across the racing troop and belted orders that turned the ranks and brought them around to the right of the line. He wheeled his horse and his voice whipped platoons away from the charge. It was a voice accustomed to having command. "The boxes! The coffins!" He took the troop with him, Hardschall and all; Stanish and Teske had disappeared.

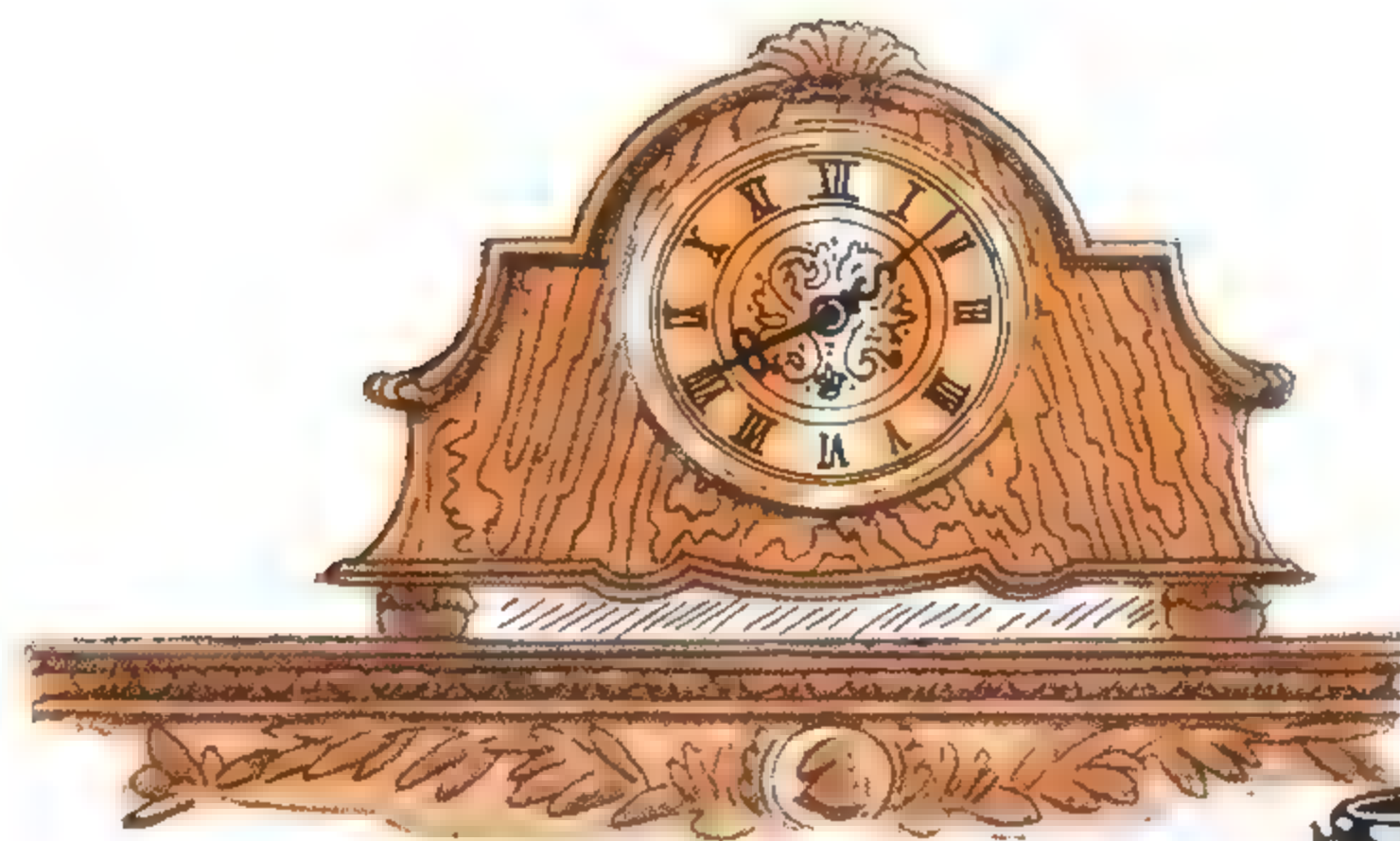
The men threw off behind the piles of coffins and blasted back with alternate fire from the first and second platoons. They shoved coffin on coffin to build a rampart and kept up the fire of the single-shots while the third platoon bent to the sting of Fielding's tongue, split open the coffins, and issued Spencers. The repeaters soon began to stutter like hail, and the sprinters from the tepees spun and staggered and folded and crawled, till at last, in the milky morning light, they studied the canyon like a stageful of scattered puppets.

Fielding detailed one-in-four as horseholders, then took the others forward on foot toward the endless lines of smoking tepees, cinderling under the Army torch. "Mr. Hardschall!" he called. And that pert lieutenant said, "Sir?"

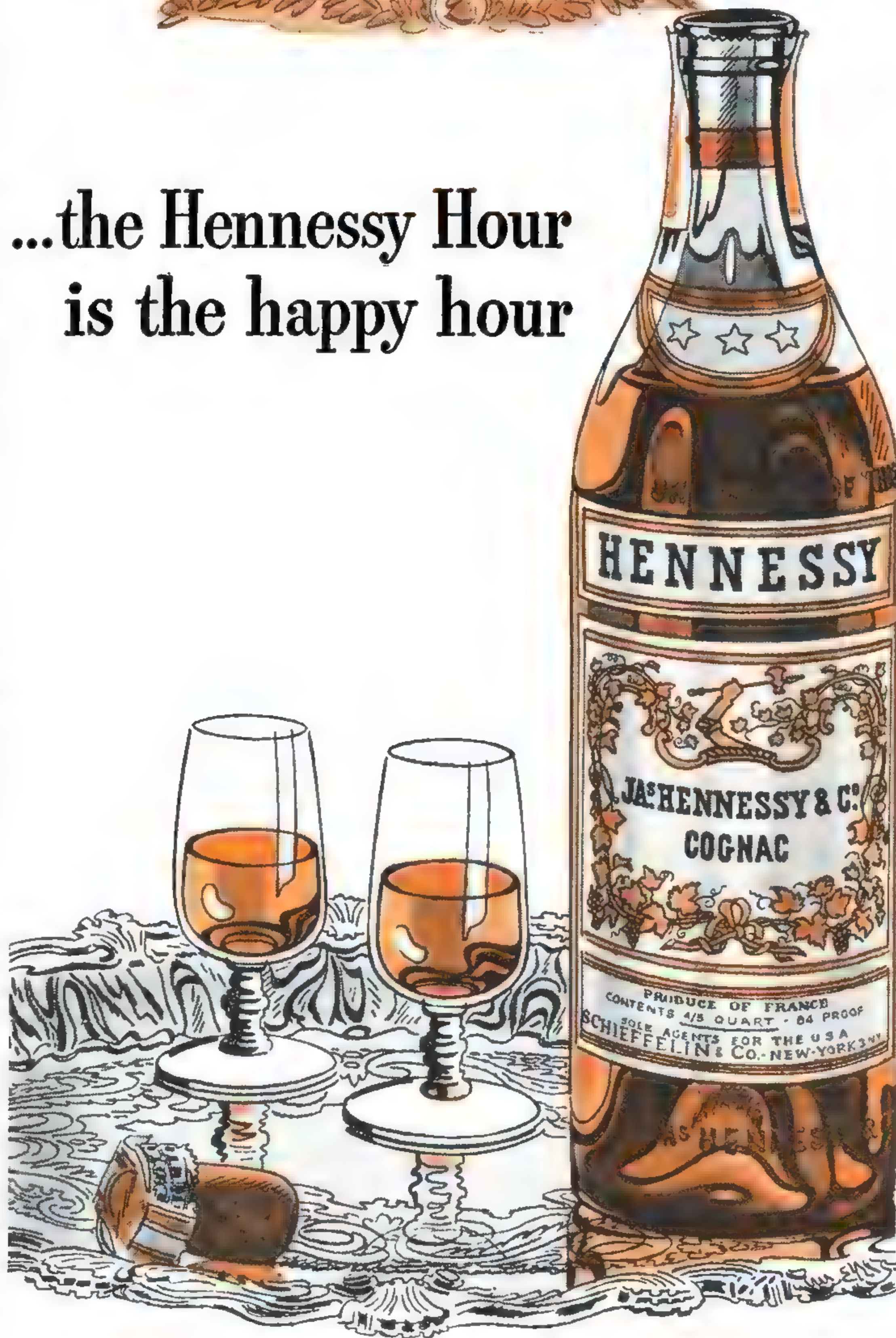
"Take the troop and work south. Burn 'em out—and use those Spencers!" He jumped over the remains of a council fire, yanked open the flap of an outsized tepee, and stepped in and found what he knew he'd find. Stanish rose from the antelope robe, canvas jewel belt dangling from one palm, and Fielding tackled him and sank a pistol butt into his skull. Black Wrist came off the antelope robe, muscles straining, and Fielding shot him in the face.

The rushing crush of the attack was diminishing up the canyon and only erratic firing told of Army-held Spencers being put to rightful use. The flap rustled and Fielding rolled a reload into his

Continued on page 118



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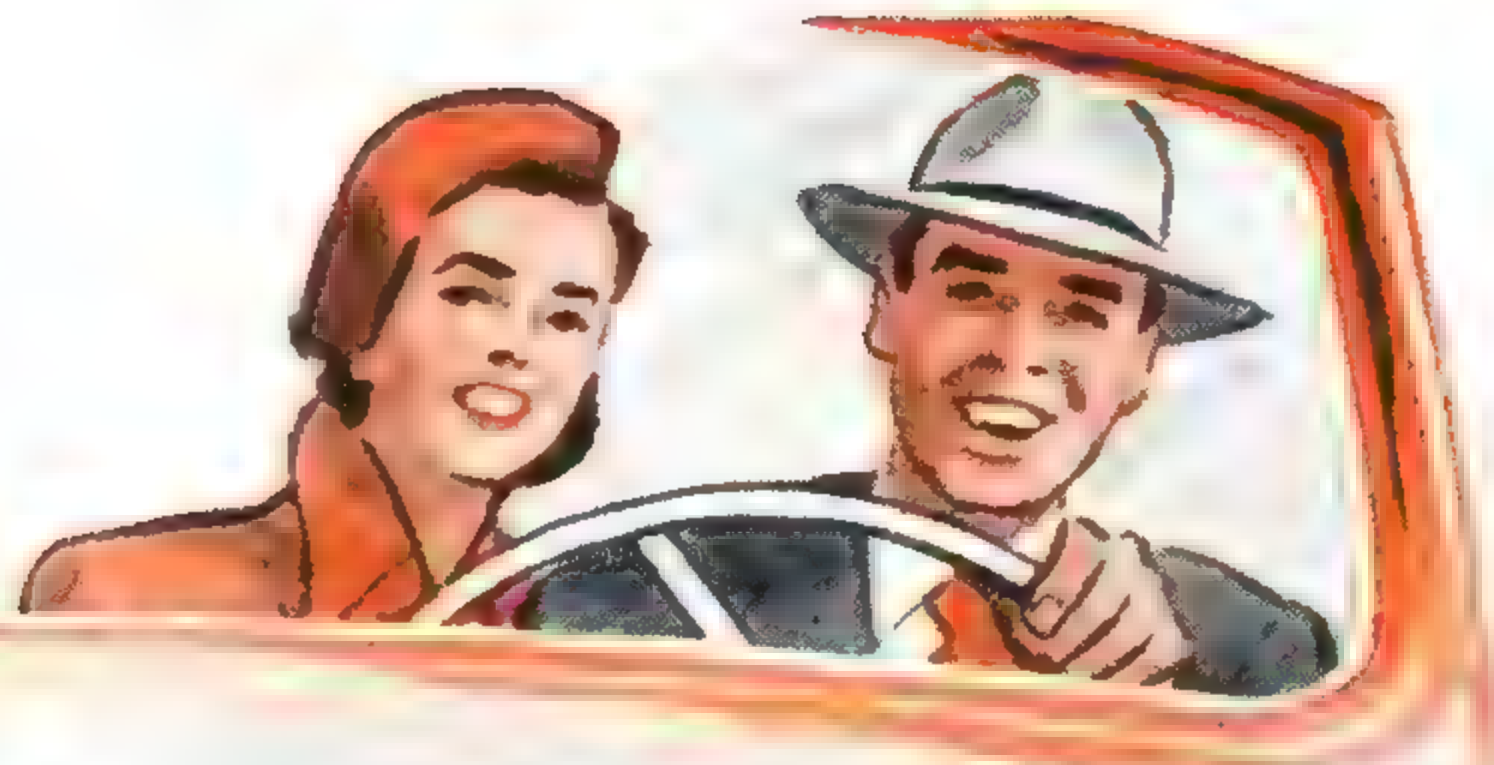
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Coffin Canyon

pistol. Ethan Mast leaned against a lodgepole, standing in the smudge from the torched tepee like a figuration from hell. One cheek had been shot away, exposing shredded teeth; his faded blue shirt was rinsed with blood and his hands hung limp.

Fielding raised the pistol. "Almost—eh, Mast?"

Mast sagged down the pole, slumped onto his shattered face, and stayed there in the dirt. Fielding stepped over him and was outside when Lawton galloped from the smoking south reaches. "Mackenzie's right behind me," he said.

The colonel had many questions to ask, not having been a confidant of Major Lawton's. He wanted to know how Stanish was killed, and why Indian jewelry was in U. S. money belts.

But Fielding had more immediate things on his mind. "Teske! We've got to—"

Lawton threw out his hands. "Dead. Shot in the head." He cocked an understanding eye on Fielding's tangled hair. "That's what almost happened to you, I take it."

Fielding explored his clotted scalp wound. "Our friend the sarge, Major," he said. "He wanted to get me with the bullet that warned the canyon."

Mackenzie placed hands on hips. "I believe I still have a command function in this regiment!" he snorted. He drilled his eyes into Fielding's. "Now—just what in hell have you done, soldier?"

"Bent the front of the Ring, Colonel. The Indian Ring. It's bent so far that the back'll bend too, once I get to Washington."

Painfully, the colonel repeated, "The Indian Ring?"

"Yes, sir." Fielding held out the money belt he had removed from Stanish. "You'll find another on Mast, there. Your Spencers came, Colonel. They were in the coffins. Two of our troop commanders fronting for the Ring sold 'em off to the tribes. I didn't have perfect proof till now."

"I see." Mackenzie was thinking of a proposed double-diversion that would have taken two troop commanders that much closer to Mexico. He snapped his fingers. "And who are you?"

Lawton said, "This is Ross Grover, Colonel. He had a regiment of volunteers under me in Tennessee. But—but . . ." The major became embarrassed.

Mackenzie scratched his chin. "But?"

Outside, the regiment was coming together, was ranking off, was filling the lines of the squadrons. Guidons caught the morning breeze and trembled in the wind, points flickering like snake tongues. A trumpet's urgent brass sounded Retreat.

"Stanish was in that regiment," Ross Grover said quietly. "A lady—a woman—I knew in Richmond proved to be a red lily when Stanish showed up and announced she was his wife."

"Oh, hell!" The colonel planed the air with an impatient hand. "That all?"

"I had to resign. The resignation held—until it developed that he had a likewise lady in damned near every city in . . ." Grover wiped his palms together. "He wasn't married to any of 'em. But nobody knew it at the time, nor for some years afterward."

Lawton planted a fist into a palm. "Goddamn him to hell! Thought he'd pave his way to the top by—"

"Language, Major!" Mackenzie interrupted, once more the martinet. "Man's dead. All right. We'll bury him and—and this other one here in Indian ground. The rest of our dead—" he peered out at the gaps in the squadrons—"we'll bury decently, in coffins provided for the purpose."

Lawton started to say something about restoring Ross Grover's commission; but Ross Grover cut him off by presenting his papers, which attested him to be Grover, Ross, Major, Cavalry, U. S. A.—an attestation which so shocked Major Lawton that he could hardly speak. "Damned staff detective," he gulped.

Whereupon Colonel Mackenzie spiked a baleful eye on Major Grover and warned, "You're still a part of this command, sir! Take charge of your troop!"

"Yes, sir." "And when we return to Rock Creek and you're waiting for the stage to the States, I shall be glad to have you at mess."

Lawton beamed. "I'll be glad to contribute Valley Rose, sir."

"Valley Rose?" The colonel's eyes were fierce. "I'll have no questionable females on my post, Major!"

And, for the first time in Mackenzie's life, two subordinates laughed in his face and got away with it. ‡

Continued from page 59



Now They've Seen Everything

Continued from page 84

filmed. Television is the first sound-and-sight art where the fans can start kibitzing immediately. And they sure do—the minute we go on the air.”

Swope doesn't resent this, but he takes a rather dim view of the effect of television on fans who are actually attending an event. "In the early days of video," he reports, "you could take a shot of a crowd and get a sea of faces concentrating on the ball game or fight. Not any more. The minute the fans see a camera pointed at them, they mug, ham, and wave their arms like crazy—thereby spoiling the effect we're after." Television has put new feathers on the Hollywood turkey—for the fan who insists on mugging at the camera. He's a "lens louse."

Now let's backtrack to that original feminine petition about suspended wrestlers and Hatpin Mary—a lady wrestling fan in the New York area who attends exhibitions and upholds decency and justice by jumping up from her seat and jabbing hatpins into the epidermis of "dirty" wrestlers. Hatpin Mary had this habit long before television, but video—notably in the person of the shrewd Dennis James—was quick to sense the possibility of exploiting it for its value as showmanship.

James realizes that telefans like not only a sports event itself, but the color and sidelights it affords. If a wrestler lands in his chair and splinters it to bits, James throws the fragments into the ring so that they can be viewed on the screen. He encourages the "Dennis James Protective Association," which was organized by the telefans to fend off "savage" wrestlers who threaten to murder Dennis for his sardonic comments on their art. He wears ridiculous ties to prompt viewers into kidding him.

Corn: Sure it is. But listen to James: "Television sports fans—even many of the serious ones—like to see showmanship. In putting wrestling across, I had several factors to consider. First of all, we couldn't neglect the bar-room fan. But television is growing up. Many owners of private sets are obviously people of means, education, and a certain sophistication, and you could hardly expect them to take pro wrestling's theatrics seriously. I can't insult their intelligence by pretending a wrestler is being torn limb from limb when it's obviously make-believe. So I kid and rib and I use phony sound effects in an attempt to give the private-set owner an amusing show. On the other hand, I can't kid too much, or some of the bar fans might resent it. Of course, most of them too are aware of the fishy stuff, so I can please the majority with a tongue-in-cheek style just as long as I don't actually get sarcastic."

Then, too, there are the ladies. It isn't merely coincidence that the Hatpin Mary petition and several of the other letters quoted

herein were penned by females. Video has created many lady sports fans, and James gets three-quarters of his fan mail from them. They seem, curiously enough, to go for wrestling in particular.

Here again you have to give James credit for taking into account the visual factors of television. The lady viewer sees Dukek take a hold on Lenihan, and therefore it's up to James to explain what the hold is. But the hitch is that many male fans know the holds and they won't tolerate an announcer who, by explaining the obvious, implies that they don't know a hammer lock from a half nelson.

When James talks, he often talks to the lady fans—particularly to a hypothetical personage known as "Mother." "Mother, that's a Japanese armlock. Let's see if Lenihan can get out of it," he will say. This has had the effect of turning women from all walks of life into wrestling fans. And, in addition, this indirect approach helps educate the male fan (who may not know as much as he thinks he does) without irritating him.

Such educational campaigns are paralleled in other sports and by other announcers. Bob Stanton cites, as an example, the lady fight-watcher who, seeing a boxer go down, predicted (correctly): "He won't get up again." She had seen him crumple to the canvas face down, and she knew, from a previous Stanton dissertation, that boxers who collapse in this fashion are more liable to take the count than those who land on their backs. "Of course a face-down victim may get up someday and fool me," Stanton cautions, "but so far I've been right."

Stanton even went so far as to consult a doctor on the effect of blows on various parts of the anatomy so that he could relay this information to his audience—thereby giving them the fun of trying to predict the effects of a blow they see on the screen. He also takes advantage of video's you-can-see-it-happen technique by having the camera focused on a boxer's feet and knees after he's been soundly thumped. "A groggy fighter's feet tend to go wide apart," he points out. "The lens, by focusing on a particular point, thus draws the fan's attention to an important symptom." Many video fans—including this writer—recall that the camera did exactly this when it focused on Walcott's wobbly underpinning toward the end of the second Louis-Walcott fight.

When a football game gets hopelessly one-sided, Stanton has the camera trained on the line to show the shifts and interference in the various formations. In the same way, he keeps the camera moving to show the footwork of tennis players. Many other television men are quick to point out that television is away ahead of radio in its ability to wise up the fan

Continued on page 120

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Now They've Seen Everything

Continued from page 119

on the finer points of a sport.

Do the fans agree? Well, they certainly feel a proprietary interest in video. Listen to one of them talk: "That Di Maggio! He's so graceful that he makes fielding look easy. How do I know? I've seen him." Or: "After the second set, Quist was all through in that Davis Cup match against Schroeder. I saw it on television, and he was out on his feet." Or: "That Motley of the Cleveland Browns—he's harder to stop than a Mack truck! I've seen him." On television. So don't try to tell the fans anything different.

Telefans may be divided into two classes—tavern and home. The tavern video fan is, in the main, well-behaved, although he is likely to want to argue about the officiating and the strategy of a sports event from now to kingdom come. Many drink dispensers will tell you that television keeps incidents down, since the customers are too busy watching the screen to do any brawling.

A touchy question in the bistros is sometimes the difficult decision as to which sports event shall take precedence when more than one is being viewed simultaneously. In most such cases, the majority rules. The home-set owner can, of course, get the event he wants. He may, for instance, be a tennis fan, and choose to view the greensward at Forest Hills instead of that at the Yankee Stadium. In a barroom he'd have no such luck. Ask a bartender the question: "Suppose you tuned out a ball game and put on tennis?" and you'll get a flat answer: "I'd get killed." Or, if he still prefers baseball—this home-set owner—he can get any game he wants. He can, in *theory*.

In practice, alas, the private-set owner is anything but his own boss these days. If the sports event is of major importance, he's bound to have guests dropping in on him—and they are often thirstier and they often have more expensive thirsts than the average tavern fan. A thorough survey would unquestionably reveal that the blanket invitation to "drop in here any time you feel like watching my set" is becoming more infrequent. Set-owners are great crusaders for television, but have learned the need for caution.

Particularly on fall Saturday afternoons, when football is in the offing. More and more college games are being telecast, and, as some pundit has observed (either Socrates or Mike Jacobs), you can't please everybody. Not a few set-owners are college graduates with a deep loyalty to their alma mater's football team. And a good many of them are plagued with friends who unreasonably chose to attend different institutions. A good many strained friendships have resulted from guests who remark: "Aw, tune that out, and let's watch a real team."

In addition to providing food, drink, and entertainment for his

guests, the host also feels called upon to furnish suitable seating accommodations (he often ends up on the floor himself). He must be a technician: "Can't you get that brighter?" And if there is interference on the set, one of the drop-ins may even hint that it would be nice if he turned off his refrigerator. Airplanes also cause trouble on the video screen; and I have heard of a guest who intimidated his host was derelict in his duty for not insisting that commercial airliners be enjoined from using the air above his house.

But, however their environments may contrast, the living-room and the corner-saloon telefans have a lot in common. They're sold on television. So much so that they won't attend the actual events? Well, the television industry is inordinately sensitive to any hints that video may hurt the gate, and they have some good talking points in rebuttal. They point to increased football and baseball attendance, and to the fans who go out to see sports events at firsthand after being sold visually (not merely by radio or the press) on a sport.

The television fan is a remote-control manager and second-guesser, as bartenders point out. He's a would-be director, as the video technicians and announcers make clear. But most of all, as Dennis James will emphasize, he's warm and friendly. He feels a more intimate contact with his favorite sport than the radio fan does. He sees what's going on, and, although he wants to be informed, he won't tolerate being overinformed. Says James: "He's taught me to adopt this rule: If you've got anything to say, say it. Otherwise, shut up." You'll find more than a few telefans who, watching the last Louis-Walcott slumberfest, tuned in on a radio to hear how it sounded over the air. Some of their comments are unprintable. They *saw* what was happening.

And the video bug certainly gets to know a lot about his favorite television announcers. He's seen them, too. Hence the gifts and advice to fellows like Stanton and James. They get invitations to dinner and greetings on the street. "My dome," says Stanton, running his hand over his balding pate, "is a sort of trade-mark over the ether waves. People on the street are always recognizing me and passing the time of day. Having seen me on the screen, they feel that they've met me and know me. That couldn't have happened in the earlier days when I was just a radio voice. Today I'm right in their homes, a few feet away from where they're sitting. And for that reason," he adds, "I never shout at them."

Come to think of it, shouting at the home-set owner might not upset him so much at that—not after some of the abuse he has to take from his guests! ‡‡

Continued from page 84



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Lucky and the Angel

Continued from page 50

because of the exaggerated courtesy he accords his victims. There is the story of his encounter with the Duchess of Pratoameno.

The regal duchess was sipping her tea one day in her ancient castle when a handsome young man breezed in and kissed her hand. It was Giuliano announcing that his men were at the moment looting the castle from cellar to tower. The duchess, realizing resistance was impossible, pointed to a diamond ring she wore and said that it had been given her by her husband, a memento of her youth and great love. "I ask only that you permit me to keep this," she begged.

Giuliano bowed gallantly. "Knowing the story behind the ring will make me treasure it the more," he said, slipping it off her finger.

As a killer, too, Giuliano puts his American rival to shame. There is no skulking in dark corners or hiding clues from the police. He takes pride in his executions.

There's the story of the manner in which he dispatched the Misuraca brothers, members of his own gang, whom he suspected of treachery. Believing the brothers were informers, Giuliano decided to test them before passing sentence. He came out of the ghostly hillsearly one morning and knocked on the door of the Misuraca house.

"Who is it?" a sleepy voice asked.

"It is the Maresciallo of the Carabinieri," Giuliano responded. "We have trapped Giuliano in the hills. Get dressed quickly and help us take him."

The brothers, in common with most members of the band, had never seen their leader. They dressed hastily and joined the bandit. As they hurried toward the piazza, one of the brothers asked, "Where is he?"

"I am here," Giuliano replied.

The men were machine-gunned near the public fountain.

Not long ago, I had occasion to visit Montelepri, where I was entertained at luncheon by Maria, the dark, flashing-eyed, sultry Sicilian beauty who is Robin Hood's sister. Maria asked me if I knew Lucky Luciano. I said that I did—that I had, in fact, covered his trial in the Special Term of Supreme Court in New York. She was genuinely surprised when I told her that Luciano had received a stiff sentence and when I added that his presence in Palermo province was in consequence of a deportation order.

"But isn't it true that Luciano was a lieutenant in the United States Navy and was decorated for bravery during the war?"

"Who told you that?"

"Luciano did," she said. "He said there was a conspiracy in the American press to make light of his war activities."

Lucky always considered himself an expert in the political sphere, since he had used the blackjack at the polls. But he

soon learned that even here he paled into insignificance when compared with his Sicilian cousin.

The Sicilian bandit king is against Communism. In characteristic fashion, he expressed his dislike on May Day, 1947, by machine-gunning a Communist rally and leaving sixty victims. He kidnapped thirty-six of their leaders—only a few of whose bodies have been recovered.

His greatest triumph was a letter he wrote to President Truman for aid under the Truman Doctrine. He stated that he was the only military force opposing the Reds and that, as such, he was as much entitled to assistance as Greece and Turkey. And, lest Truman think he was merely asking for a handout, he wanted it understood that in payment for this aid he was willing to cede Sicily to the U. S. as its forty-ninth state.

Within the confines of his mountain empire, Robin Hood rules like a benevolent despot. Crimes are almost nonexistent—if his own peccadillos be omitted—since he deals severely with any competitors. An Italian newspaper, *Il Messaggero*, tongue-in-cheek, calls him a stabilizing influence in the field of law enforcement. Suppose, for example, that a victim receives a kidnap note from Giuliano. Knowing that it is useless to go to the police for protection, he pays the ransom in advance of any unpleasantness. In the future, he will never again be called upon for further contributions. If then, the victim receives a second kidnap note, he reports the incident to the police, since the second demand obviously comes from a thieving impostor who deserves to be jailed.

Because the comparison between the Italian and American bandits has been so intriguing, a correspondent once attempted to draw Luciano out on the subject. "I don't want to hear any more about that," Lucky cried. "I got enough troubles without having him in my hair. I'm over here minding my own business and I just want to be let alone by people like you. It's your kind that's gotten me into trouble every time with the lies you spread about me. Take that time when I was down in Cuba—it was a phony story that got me sent back here."

The "phony" story stated that Lucky had gone to Cuba to organize the drug traffic—an endeavor in which even Giuliano the Great cannot rival him. Whatever the merits of the newspaper article were, Luciano's presence and activities in Havana were serious enough for Commissioner Anslinger, of the Federal Narcotics Bureau, to clamp an immediate embargo on all U. S. shipments of narcotics to Cuba.

Lucky's claim to keeping his nose clean is, at best, open to debate. As one who has dedicated the major part of his life to the pursuit of the easy buck, he has

Continued on page 126



SUN VALLEY

Soap 'n' Water*

gabardine shirts and sport shirts



From a fine, soft Soap 'n' Water*
gabardine New Era has
fashioned the Sun Valley Shirts
and Sport Shirts.
Unconditionally washable, these
shirts are as genuinely western
as a notch-handled six-shooter.
Tailored with lustrous pearl
snap fasteners for strength
and beauty.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Western Styled

NEW ERA SHIRT CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

the Neckties that bloom in the Spring tie-la!

Raxon's colorful new collection of neckwear designs are something to sing about. From the high artistry that inspired them to their faithful reproduction on fine fabrics, they reflect the ultimate in smartness and individuality.

LOVE BIRDS . . . \$2.00

TELEWAVES . . . \$2.00

CHINESE GARDEN \$2.50



RAXON

FABRICS CORP.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Raxon Fabrics, 114 East 32nd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

☐ I should like to know the name of the nearest store featuring Love Birds, Telewaves, and Chinese Garden ties. ☐ Please send me through a local store ties indicated below:

QUAN.

NAME

COLORS

Love Birds at \$2.00 ea.

Telewaves at \$2.00 ea.

Chinese Garden at \$2.50 ea.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

Lucky and the Angel

Continued from page 125

found it difficult to call a sudden halt to his activities. Soon after his arrival in Italy, he learned that the national need for American cigarettes was so great that Italians gladly paid sixty-five cents—figured at the black market rate—for a pack.

The fact that Italy's government denied its people a cheap pleasure by maintaining unnaturally high import duties made the public-spirited Lucky fairly itch to rectify the unjust situation. Of course he could have imported cigarettes legally at a cost of about sixty cents a package, but this would have left no profit. So he worked out a modus operandi for aiding his Italian compatriots—a system which, while not quite legal, was awfully profitable.

The cigarette syndicate that Lucky bank-rolled made their purchases in the States at a price of about seven cents per package because the cigarettes were for export. They were delivered to a bonded warehouse and then shipped to a warehouse on the island of Malta. From here they were run by plane and fishing schooner into Italy. The price of the article delivered on the mainland was less than one dollar a carton, and it sold to big-time distributors for four dollars a carton. Eventually it was retailed for about sixty-five cents a pack. Hence, an investment of fifty thousand dollars would bring Luciano a profit of two hundred thousand—the type of philanthropy that he best understands.

Another enterprise in which he has investments is the girlie business. It's nothing, to be sure, like the Stateside affair that earned him a thirty-to-fifty-year sentence for compulsory prostitution. In Italy, where houses are licensed by the government and the tariff in the swankiest joint is about ninety cents, pickings from such a project would have been slim.

Lucky bank-rolled three night clubs in Rome and staffed them with good entertainers. These girls, however, are not to be confused with the acrobats, singers, and dancers who work on Broadway. Lucky's lovely girls, their famous Roman bosoms sheathed in sheer silks, do their entertaining at the table—and after hours, if the chump can get up the price. Because their work is on a percentage basis, they really put their hearts in it. In charge of these enterprises is Ralph Liguori, who was convicted in America on the same charge as his boss and deported six months before Luciano.

An Italian newspaperman once asked Lucky what he thought of Italian women, and Lucky responded that they were very fine indeed—well-proportioned, and in every respect the equal of their opposite numbers in America. The reporter duly recorded this information; he closed his article with the reminder that when Lucky

speaks about girls, he speaks as an international expert.

Lucky has become a familiar figure to those who patronize Italy's night spots. He is usually surrounded by beautiful girls, in his own or a competitor's place. It was some time ago, at a high-class dive on the Naples water front, that he met an entertainer—a luscious blonde with beautiful blue eyes. She now provides the closest thing to steady feminine companionship that Lucky has had, and the relationship has given rise to the rumor that he is about to be married. His business associates, however, say there is nothing serious in the affair; it's just that Lucky has ten years of prison to get out of his system.

His attachment for the blonde entertainer is pretty deep, though. He now seems to want to back a movie production, and, not long ago, he offered an Italian movie producer seventy-five thousand dollars to make a picture. Only two strings were attached to the offer: The scenario was to deal with a famous American gang leader who is unjustly convicted of a crime and then deported to Italy, where, through philanthropy and many good deeds, he earns the love of the native population. This so touches the heart of the country that has done him wrong that America apologizes for its unjust treatment of him and he returns in triumph. The second condition: that his girl friend play the feminine lead.

The producer, whose reputation is based on great realistic pictures, politely refused.

When he came to Italy, Lucky's chief whine—for those who could stand listening to it—was that his life had been ruined by an overzealous prosecutor (Thomas E. Dewey) who had sent an innocent man (Lucky) up the river to further his political ambitions. Now he has another complaint. For no reason at all, Giuliano's mere existence has subjected him to the cruel barbs of a most unfortunate comparison. And this has caused him not only mental anguish but real physical pain.

Lucky visited Palermo, largest city in Robin Hood's Sherwood Forest, in the closing days of last May. Sicily's modern prototype of the Sheriff of Nottingham—he is the Inspector General of the Public Security forces in Sicily—immediately clapped Lucky in the clink. The charge was suspicion that he was about to contact Giuliano, and Lucky was salted away incommunicado. The local constitution has clauses on writs of habeas corpus and such stuff; but, in practice, a man stays in the can until the cops let him out.

Anyone who has seen a Sicilian jail knows what a fate awaits its tenants—and poor Lucky, who has sampled it, now knows from horrible experience. His bitter cup, brimful with Dewey, today overflows with Giuliano. #

Continued from page 50

Bill It Like a Circus

Continued from page 47

the arrival. The first posters extending over more than one lithographed sheet were invented by W. C. Coup, press agent extraordinary for the Prince of Humbugs, P. T. Barnum. Coup once amazed the borough of Brooklyn by displaying a 100-sheet poster there. The big posters, he found, paid off at the ticket booth.

Every traveling show now uses these eye-catching lithographs. The object of the more extravagant efforts is to cover up every likely signboard, fence, barn, and backhouse within forty miles of the ticket booth.

The largest of these billing setups—and, indeed, the largest outdoor advertising unit in the world devoted to the publicizing of one name—is that of the Ringling Brothers Barnum & Bailey show. Babe Boudinot is boss biller for Ringling. Each year, the Ringlings expend over 5,000,000 lithographed sheets, cards, and handbills for outdoor advertising, in addition to 3000 barrels of flour



"The parade turned down that block, Mac"

and 14,000 pounds of steel for the paste and tacks that hold the posters up. Merely to secure bristles for brushes, the Ringlings annually cause the barbering of no fewer than 1500 long-haired Russian or Indo-China hogs.

A few years back, before the skyrocketing cost of labor and wood pulp caused the Ringlings to wonder whether some of their posters were worth the paper they were printed on, the Big Show was wont to slap up as many as 10,000 lithographed sheets a day. In recent seasons, the daily figure has been closer to 6500 sheets—which is still enough so that if you lean against a fence during the weeks before the circus comes to town, you stand a fair chance of getting papered right over.

Some of this far-flung billing is intended as long-range promotion and name-building, rather than as an effort to lure customers to the ticket booth. In 1943, for instance, the Ringling Brothers posted as far south as Richmond for a playdate in Washington, and in 1939 and 1941 a fleet of express trucks on Pearl Harbor and other South Pacific Islands carried posters proclaiming, "THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH, COMING SOON TO SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA," a spread of almost 2500 miles between poster and ticket window.

On the Ringling show, the traveling headquarters for this incredible stick-up job is the Number One Advertising Car, which rolls into town three weeks ahead of the show and sits in the railroad

yards for as many days as the show will play that location. In a big pressure kettle in the Number One Car, paste is cooked according to the time-honored recipe of forty-eight pounds of flour to one-quarter pound of blue vitriol (to keep the paste from fermenting). Locust swarms of billers (there are twenty-five to thirty-five in the Car) stream out with paper and stickum to cover near-by "daubs," or poster locations. A fleet of Ringling station wagons rendezvous with the Car and picks up brush-handlers who plaster "feeder" towns. A portion of this Technicolor blizzard is arranged

for through standard advertising contracts, still another through the swapping of passes for locations, and yet another through the practice of the ancient art of "sniping." (English translation: post 'em first, ask questions later.) By the time the calliopes and peanut whistles herald the arrival of the Greatest Show on Earth, the fences and barns of the neighbor-

ing county are thoroughly bedecked, bedaubed, and bedizened.

Each of the other fifteen to twenty-five circuses that tour the country maintains similar billposting squads proportionate to its size. Besides Ringling, only two—Cole Brothers and Dailey—run special advertising cars. Billers on other shows use regular railroad facilities, sending their material ahead by express.

Years back, billing was a vagabond's job. Gypsy billers, or "boomers," as they were called, drifted from show to show, working only when they needed ready money. In those days a biller was hired as much for his whiskey capacity as for his skill with the brush. There was a neat logic to this: billers used to leave show cards in saloons, and at the rate of a drink per card it took a clear-headed man not to miss out on the last half of his route. The jargon of these peregrinating paper hangers has carried over to the present day; many a top sergeant and mule skinner has been awed by the range of vocabulary exhibited by a biller who has just tacked his thumb to a wall while trying to hang a cloth banner in a high wind.

Still another reminder of the era of the "boomer" is the use of the tramp's cipher language, adapted from a code developed by the Mordbrenner, or tramp robber bands, of Central Europe. It's almost a lost code now, but in rural towns, a biller may still chalk a zigzag line on a front gate as a

Continued on page 128



STYLE 6102

Bold look...new look!

What lines! What looks! AIR-O-MAGIC Shoes give you dream-comfort and tireless action-ease. Exclusive construction features keep these shoes—and your feet—in shape . . . no breaking in! Make a date with AIR-O-MAGIC today!

THERE'S MAGIC IN
air-o-magic SHOES
WITH PATENTED HAND-MOULDED INSOLES



BABY LAKE
"Latin Quarter"
Beauty

STYLE 6087

FREE BOOKLET!

Write for FREE

24-page MAGIC BOOKLET.

Amuse your friends with these tricks and puzzles. Yours for the asking. Write!

AIR-O-MAGIC SHOES, DEPT. 4, MARION, INDIANA





Humatic* pouch for the protection of your tobacco

More pipe smokers use the **HUMATIC*** Tobacco Pouch today than ever before... 'cause more and more men are finding out that the **HUMATIC*** keeps tobacco really fresh.

Just pour a full two-ounce package of tobacco into your **HUMATIC***... zip the pouch shut... and the patented** inside lips of the moisture retaining lining seal tightly together... keeping the tobacco really fresh.

For Tobacco Only... \$1.00 up
With Pipe Compartment... \$2.00 up

HUMATIC*

THE TOBACCO POUCH WITH
PATENTED "LIP SEALED" PROTECTION

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
**U. S. Pat. No. 1,801,193



PROGRESSIVE LEATHER GOODS CO. A Division of Seco Leather Products Co.
33 West 34th Street, New York, N. Y.

Bill It Like a Circus

Continued from page 127

warning to other billers that the place has a mean dog.

Though billers today have a union and a guaranteed wage, the itchy-foot tradition is so strong among them that the Ringling show, with the union's permission, holds out ten dollars a month of each man's salary, which is returned to him only if he is still with the company at season's end.

Billing can be hazardous work, even without the continuous feud-in', fightin', and fussin' among the rival shows. Billers have tumbled from perches as lofty as those of the Diavolos advertised on the 24-sheets they were posting. Banner workers, spitting tacks at a magnetized hammer as they try to hang a muslin streamer in a freshening gale, occasionally swallow one of the tacks. Standard operating procedure in such cases, if you're interested, is to scoop out the inside of a loaf of white bread, eat it, and pray that this too shall pass.

By far the greatest of the occupational hazards of billing, however, is the old-fashioned billing war. With a number of circuses—ranging from the Ringling colossus to a two-truck, one-lion outfit—working the forty-eight states, there are bound to be disputes over who plays what when. Consequently, billing wars flare up like Central American revolutions, except that a billposter with a tire iron in his hand can do more damage than a barefoot peon with a surplus Springfield.

A circus' "opposition brigade" protects its own show's paper and occasionally gets in a little dirty work at the crossroads. It's not a long step from doing violence to the other man's posters to doing violence to the other man himself. These days the little outfits don't mess much with the Ringling combine, although as recently as a few years ago five Ringling billers were set upon by an opposition crew in California, and lambasted so enthusiastically that four were hospitalized for a month.

The simplest way for a biller to discover whether somebody else will be posting the same territory is to drop into the baggage room of the local depot and spy around for shipments of lithographed matter. If there happens to be a neophyte baggage agent on duty, the rest is almost too easy. The opposition biller merely claims the package, pretends it has been mis-addressed, and affixes a new label dispatching it to some other town about six hundred miles away. A charming switch on this tactic was worked out by billers in the case of the late Jake Newman, veteran general agent for the Cole Brothers show, who was known throughout the trade as a tough man to play against. In the days before the Cole show had its own advertising car to transport its paper, opposition billers not only falsely claimed Jake's bundles in express depots, but also shipped

them back to him express collect.

Laundry soap and lard are important items in the battling biller's arsenal. A bar of yellow soap dropped into the competitor's paste bucket causes the mixture to boil up and become useless. When two shows have been covering each other's paper until the daubs are six or eight deep in posters, rubbing down the top bill with lard will keep the opposition's next bill from sticking. One show whose owner is a notorious nickel-nurser specializes in "trick-dating," or covering only the dated portion of the opposition's poster with a sticker showing its own playdates and locations. Some billers do not beat up a member of the opposition until they first apply a five-dollar bill to the correct palm to eliminate the nuisance of police interference. These fives show up on the annual income-tax statement as "promotion expenses."

Municipal ordinances against circus parades and national statutes concerning slander and libel have eliminated two of the most interesting elements of circus warfare—"programming the other man's parade" and "libel sheets."

Before multiplying traffic and restrictive ordinances choked the circus procession out of existence, a favorite stunt in billing battles was to pass out handbills for Circus A along Circus B's line of march, thus giving the impression that the wonders on exhibit were to be seen at an entirely different time and place. This was at one time the bitterest insult in circusdom, and the handbill distributors, if caught, were paid off in broken heads. Canny agents took to hiring Boy Scouts in uniform to pass out the misleading heralds, and when the Scouts were chased and spanked by irate paraders, certain satanic geniuses employed high-school girls in white dresses to do the dirty work.

In the past, if the feud were the real McCoy-Hatfield, the fighting showmen would resort to libel sheets or "poison-pen notices." These were signs warning the public against the crooks, swindlers, lechers, porch-climbers, card-sharpers, pickpockets, and pox-carriers on the opposition show. Unfortunately for the vocabulary of the rural population, this practice seems to have almost entirely died out. It has been twenty years since the Ringling show, piqued to anger by the smaller circuses that tried to sneak in ahead on its route, posted big banners reading, "AFTER THE MINNOW COMES THE WHALE." No longer is the arrival of a circus in a small town heralded by opposition posters warning the public to take the laundry in off the clotheslines.

The simplest form of the poison-pen sign was the "WARNING: SMALLPOX" sticker which was affixed to the competition's posters. This practice was known as "smallpox-

ing 'em." A more elaborate form was the especially composed denunciation, minutely examining the ancestry and personal habits of the competing showman.

The most corrosive effusions, however, sound like Mother Goose alongside the famous Great Eastern poison-pen notice, probably the juiciest collection of epithets ever put on a fence—and this doesn't except the inscriptions chalked up by kids on the palings of New York's East Side. This bill was issued by the Great Eastern Menagerie and Circus in the Spring of 1873 during a squabble with Adam Forepaugh's Great Circus over playdates and locations in Michigan. Forepaugh had been taking lusty swipes at Great Eastern in his advertising. Whereupon Great Eastern's advance agent, W. W. Durand, r'ared back and let go with the following printed pronouncement, which was widely displayed throughout Michigan:

"Adam Forepaugh's ruling passions are beastly, his ambition emulates the scandal-loving trollop of the back alleys, his honesty is diseased and emaciated with leprous and nostril-stenching filth and scabbiness. Forepaugh runs a menagerie and is himself the greatest brute in his own collection. He has turned his grey-haired father, unfed, unclothed, and homeless, from his door of plenty. This mangy showman pollutes the public ear. He is a boor in manners, ignorant as an ox, sensible as a stone, and knows nothing of decency or virtue. In Vincennes, Indiana, he planned the ruin of a defenseless girl. In addition, his grammar is atrocious..."

It goes on like that for a thousand words, which are even more remarkable when one considers that W. W. Durand, who wrote it, found himself working very amiably for Adam Forepaugh a couple of seasons later.

Programming the parade and poison-pen sheeting have been directly or indirectly legislated out of existence, but no amount of law-passing has wiped out the most horrendous piece of circus treachery in the book—printing up and passing out bales of counterfeit

tickets for the opposition show. This produced a brilliant confusion in a western town last year, when one showman distributed several hundred thousand fake passes to his rival's thousand-seat show.

Just as billing wars have become less spectacular from the point of view of spectator sports, so also have the posters themselves. The jumping-bean tempo of modern life has unfortunately taken the literary element out of outdoor advertising. The salesman whizzing by in his company coupé doesn't have time to stop and read such legends as were concocted by Barnum and Bailey in 1905: "Now presented for the first time in America. The highest priced act ever known as it is certainly the most dangerously ingenious. Mlle. de Tiers, a young French lady, looping the gap in an automobile. An astounding and audaciously awful abysmal act, with a fascinating, furious, fugacious, flitting flight, doubly discounting all devilish deeds ever done. Really the incarnation of ingenuity, invention and intrepidity. It is impossible to exaggerate the extreme enthusiasm excited by this extraordinary and exceptionally extra hazardous and emotional exploit executed in defiance of natural laws. A dreadful slap, dash, bang, full-tilt drive, ride, head-long topsy turvy jump, with leap, furious headoverheels, somersaulting plunge. A peerless, perilous, preeminent, puzzling, prodigious plunge, perfectly and prettily performed."

Yes, the lush, fruity adjectives are gone—but the pretty pictures remain, illuminating barns, decorating fences, adding a touch of gaiety to a drab warehouse wall, making the Ubangi princess and the Nubian lion as native to the American scene as the motor court and the hot-dog stand. After the circus has pulled stakes and moved on, the posters hang there for weeks and months, fading in the sun, whipped to tatters in the wind and rain, but still flashing a bright reminder of the sawdust, the smells, and the little man in whipcord breeches who walked into a cage and took a beefsteak away from a Bengal tiger. #

Continued from page 47



"Where do you think you're going—
to a forest fire?"

Cure for Spring Fever



All Silk



All Regal
\$3.50

Regal Panel Ties

\$1.50 to \$5.00 at Better Stores
Or write us enclosing check and your order will be
filled by Regal Tie dealer nearest you.

Frank & Meyer Neckwear Co., Mfrs., St. Louis 1-New York Office, 385 Fifth Ave.

SALUTE THE SUN ...or the rain



enjoy topcoat
smartness with
raincoat protection

Rain or fair — you'll welcome the weather in a handsome Rain-Topcoat by Rainfair. Rich, supple fabrics, prideful tailoring and smart styling make the dual-purpose Rain-Topcoat essential to good grooming—for 9-to-5 wear and afterwards. Rainfair's shower-proofing protects against wind and water, actually adds to the long life of the garment.

Illustrated: the Brigadier, Rainfair's all-new "King of the Military Models".

Of 100% virgin wool worsted gabardine, loomed especially for us by Pacific Mills, \$46.50. Similar fresh military styling in the Colonel, of wool-and-rayon gabardine, \$34.50. Also examine the Captain, of mercerized gabardine, \$21.50.



Better men's stores are also showing Rainfair's timely offering of Rain-Topcoats in dress and casual models. Prices from \$15.95, in the season's smartest fabrics and colors. See them now or write for free style booklet and name of nearest dealer.

RAINFAIR RAIN TOPCOATS
RAINFAIR, INC. • RACINE 2, WISCONSIN
Manufacturers of Smartfair Leisure Wear

Indian Winter: New Season

Continued from page 48

you put in your time is not the best and unless a guy has an awful lot of reading to catch up with, the chances are he will be very bored, because they give you a roommate who is frequently a total stranger and always of the same sex. Such isolation, of course, assists a guy who does his own handicapping, but there is a catch to this. It is doubtful if the warden will permit scratch sheets to be sold in the cell blocks. Naturally, this type of joint is filled with bookmakers, but they are seldom permitted to work at their trade. Even if you found one doing business it would be a bad practice for him to accept markers. A guy living away out in the country who is not allowed out at night has little use for spending money, and what he had would wind up with the book getting his action. But the warden saves up what you earn until your time is up and no bookmaker living wants to wait from ten to twenty years for his money and you can't blame him with all this talk of inflation.

There are a few angles the new horse player should get hep to if he is starting out fresh to become a pauper. I would suggest that you buy as many mandolins as your income will stand and keep them around the house. Mandolins are instruments which appeal to pawnbrokers and I have yet to pass a hock-shop window anyplace without seeing at least one of them lying amid the debris of poverty in the showcases. Apparently, mandolin players go broke faster than any other musician, as up to now I have never seen a bull fiddle or a bass drum in a poor man's bank. It is my opinion that bull-fiddle players and drummers get so weary from lugging their gear around that at the end of the day they are too tired to examine the racing journals and figure out overnight parlays, which is what all guys who work the night shift must depend on, unless they confine their gambling activities to the last two races.

The approach to the hock shop should be thoroughly rehearsed, because you just can't walk in there with a mandolin under your arm. Guys who do this are liable to find out that their credit is demolished in the neighborhood and not being able to cuff the corner grocer complicates the anguish of horse playing. If you intend to keep your credit going on the block where you reside, it is advisable to spend some minutes gazing at the hock-shop merchandise as though killing time. Pawnshops in other neighborhoods are not recommended as speed is often necessary if you want to bet on a horse that is about to go to the post. The insolvent player must proceed on the premise that he has to do business with the nearest broker in misery. Pretend you are suddenly fascinated by a specific object in the window and spend some time admiring it. This act

should be put on when you have money in your pocket and do not have to do business with the proprietor. Such a pose breaks the neighbors in and it will not seem strange to spot you close to the joint on the day when you have to go inside for commercial purposes. On the day you make your touch, spend the usual time investigating the window and then snap your fingers as though you reached a sudden decision which incites happiness. Then move briskly into the store with the eagerness of a man about to bail out a trinket which has pleased him. In case any of the neighbors are watching, you might turn to them and say wistfully: "I've always wanted a pair of handcuffs." You are safe in saying this because manacles are always for sale in such bazaars. I have not figured out whether the cuffs are hocked by escaped criminals or by policemen who have retired from the job. Of course, the mandolin must be carried in a case and under no circumstances must the container be hocked. A man who goes into a pawnshop with something under his arm, and comes out with it still there, is odds-on to be estimated as a buyer instead of a hocker. It might be well to have a story ready for the hock-shop man because, if he suspects you are a horse player, he will not offer you more than two dollars, no matter what the object is worth. If he decides you have gone broke against the mutuels and need fresh money to buck them again, you will not have any grounds for haggling because even the most ignorant hock-shop guys know that a horse player will take a deuce even if he has to leave his honor in escrow. So I would drop into the man's store, laughing and embarrassed, and come up with a story about your late uncle leaving the mandolin to your wife in his will. Say you both loved the old man dearly, but the missus is allergic to mandolins as she was once almost drowned when the canoe in which you were serenading her tipped over. Drop a hint that you don't need the cash, but your wife is a frugal woman and insisted that you make a profit from the transaction because your uncle chewed tobacco and ruined one of her summer dresses when she was down wind from him on a family picnic. Build it up from there and say you know the old lady is still sore about the cleaning bill and ad lib the trimmings. This, of course, is the story for the first visit. You may be able to fool the hock-shop curator the first time, but on return visits you are finished. Horse players who have been up against the racket long enough to need two trips to the pawnshop will fool no one. Even if you have your apartment filled with mandolins and have a substantial sum in the bank it might be well to prepare for the emergency that comes to every man

who ever bet on the horses. Put your wife and the kids on a diet of one meal a day. It will come in handy no matter how rich you are if you teach your dependents how to fast. Hunger is the one only thing a horse player can rely on.

Make mine ginger ale

I must reject the literature of the sea as fraudulent. It depends on the theme that there is no solace for the sailor when he is not on a ship. The water does not mesmerize me and I can't understand the hold it has on other people. The pay of the sailor is small, the hours are long and at its best the food of the crew is only a cut above Army chow. The scenery is monotonous and all waves look alike to me. I am a booster for water, but I don't like it salted. I do not like fresh water when it comes in doses bigger than what it takes to fill a bathtub and I will pass it up every time for cherry soda when I am thirsty. Seasickness is not why I dislike the sea. I have never been made ill by the movement of a boat in my life. But this winter I spent some time on a cabin cruiser off the coast of Florida and among my companions was a local gentleman who lives comfortably in a fine house which can be safely described as a mansion. As soon as the storm warnings came down the poles my friend would go out in his boat and suffer with a gallant foolishness. The lines would be cast off and he would go pale while the cruiser was still in the dock. He immediately surrendered whatever food he had eaten to the sea. He spent the trips lying on a bunk, making infrequent appearances on deck to breathe deeply. I asked him why he did not sit in his front yard and get the sun in comfort while saving the expenses of operating a boat.

"I rest better on the water," he said, gasping and sick.

Damon Runyon's amateur pal

One of the fables of Broadway is that your best friend is looking to rob you and if you get in trouble you are strictly on your own. But this slander was rectified by the behavior of fight manager Eddie Walker. Walker was the late Damon Runyon's faithful companion during the time when the great reporter was dying of cancer of the throat and could not talk. Eddie neglected his business to appoint himself the servant-companion of the man he loved with a cranky depth he wouldn't admit. When Damon died Eddie wept and behaved as though he had lost a close relative. Walker is known as a thrifty man who is said to be the richest fight manager in the business. People insisted that this amateur devotion was peculiar to his nature. When he was asked why he spent so much time with Runyon by a guy who did not understand a fellow doing something for nothing, Walker made a classical reply: "Damon needed help."

Walker is currently the guard-

ian of Steve Belloise, the middleweight. If Belloise says hello, Walker gives it right back to him just as though he was not managing him. But Walker doesn't want the fighter to get swell-headed and isn't exactly spoiling him with too much conversation. After Belloise knocked out Georgie Abrams, Walker walked from the corner down to the third row where Paul Small, the theatrical agent, sat.

"Let's get a cup of coffee," Walker said.

"Aren't you going to see how Belloise is?" asked Small because the fighter was still in the ring.

"I see how he is," Walker replied. "I see him belt the guy out. What else do you want me to see?"

"Aren't you going to congratulate him?" persisted Small.

"Congratulate him?" Walker asked. "What for? That's what he's supposed to do, ain't it?"

It is not Walker's boast that he managed three champions of the world. He brags that he didn't speak to them. I asked him why.

"Speaking to a fighter costs money," Walker explained. "If they can't talk to you—they can't bite you, can they?"

Walker used to send his messages to fighters by Harry Gordon, a trainer he employed for his stable.

"But I wound up not talking to Gordon," Walker said. "But I had a press agent so I told the press agent what I wanted Gordon to tell the fighters. But the press agent died—Lord of Mercy on his soul—so I guess that's the only reason I'm talking to Belloise."

Walker, who is pudgy and lame, is also a very good matchmaker. He has had more fights than most of his moneymakers, but up to now claims he has never lost a decision to any fighter that he managed. Among those whom he insists he licked are Harry Ebbets, now a referee, and Lorenzo Pack, a heavyweight.

"Once I get a fighter I right away start out to figure how I got to lick him in case a spot comes up," Walker said. "I caught that Ebbets reading a racing sheet in between a newspaper on the day of a fight. Thinking about horses on the day of a fight! I couldn't bawl him out because I wasn't talking to him. So I hit him a belt in the kisser. He busted out crying. That was Friday afternoon. Friday night I made a deal to sell his contract to Ike Dorgan. On Saturday I got the money. I done no work Sunday. Monday afternoon I booked horse and got broke. Sunday night I was out looking for a fighter to manage."

Wrong rap

The going over that Bill Stewart got in the last World Series is unfortunate. Stewart is one of the best umpires in baseball and if he missed the pick-off play in the first game of the Series, he was entitled to a mistake. Stewart is a capable watchman and the abuse he took, especially in the Cleveland papers, was uncalled for. Umpires miss them occasionally

Continued on page 132

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Indian Winter: New Season

Continued from page 131

and Stewart makes fewer errors than most. It happened that his blunder involved the winning run in a two-hit Series game, the first one that Bob Feller ever worked. Good hitters, Stewart once told me, don't give an umpire any trouble on balls and strikes.

"Like Paul Waner," Bill said, solemnly nodding with admiration. "Paul would always say, 'Stewie, I don't care if you miss two strikes. Just give me one to hit. That's all I need.' That's a fellow like Harry Craft. Used to be with Cincinnati, remember him? Nice a fellow as ever been in baseball. I called him out on a strike that was letter high one afternoon. I thought about it all night and the next day I said to him: 'Harry, I don't know whether I missed it or not.' Craft said to me: 'Bill, if I took that kind of a pitch I deserve to be out.'"

This is what Stewart thinks the guy up in the grandstand should remember before he abuses an umpire for defective vision: "It doesn't make any difference where the catcher catches the ball. It's where it crossed the plate that counts."

The Pool Hustler and the Chump

One of the most appealing stories of boyhood is the fable of the pool hustler. It is repeated in every small town and big-city neighborhood by every generation. Only the names change. The situation is always the same. The stranger comes to the poolroom, lounges against the wall and taunts the sucker into challenging him. The hustler misses the hangers, scratches frequently and pushes the balls clumsily for the first game, which is played for a small amount. Counterfeiting anger, the stranger raises the stakes and then easily beats the chump. I watched the perfection of all these legends come true in the Capitol billiard academy on Sixth Avenue and Fiftieth Street in New York City. It started because Jackie Gleason, a fat and witty night-club comedian, had beaten the majority of the guys who hang out in Toots Shor's restaurant. This inconsequential feat gave him a great reputation as a pool shark among the night workers of Broadway. So they set him up one night and telephoned him that Shor was playing an old friend from Philadelphia named Joe Schuman. There was a big gallery waiting when Gleason came into the poolroom, swaggering and loud. They played a four-handed game and Mr. Schuman, a small, quietly dressed man whose curly hair was turning grey, explained he was in the dress-manufacturing business. Schuman worked without form or style, grumbling constantly as he messed up easy shots. He pestered Gleason with snide remarks. He blamed his bad aim on the state of the table. Once Gleason stretched his immense body across the rim of the table and made a

difficult shot.

"If they can't beat you in New York, they swindle you," Mr. Schuman said.

"You ain't in Philadelphia now, pal," Gleason admonished him. "You're in the big town."

Gleason and his partner had no trouble beating Shor and Schuman. They stood around and watched the attendant rack up the balls.

"You did all the work for your side," a plant said to Gleason.

"You're not kidding, pal," Gleason replied.

"I had a stiff, too," Mr. Schuman said to Gleason. "I'd be better off playing by myself instead of carrying that Shor."

"I'll bet you a hundred dollars Gleason beats you," Shor said to Mr. Schuman.

"Bet," Mr. Schuman said.

"Bet me," Gleason said. "Make it easy on yourself, pal."

Schuman didn't make it easy.

They went along even for a while and then Schuman switched over and made a spectacular left-handed shot.

"He looks like a pool hustler to me," the plant whispered to Gleason.

"He's just lucky," Gleason muttered. "Playing over his head. I can tell by the way he holds his cue he don't know much about the game."

Moving around the table with a quick grace, Mr. Schuman ran 48 straight.

"What do I need to get out?" Gleason asked with a sudden panic.

"The doctor," Schuman said.

After that Gleason had moderate runs, but it was obvious that the other man was more skillful.

"If this guy's from Philadelphia," Gleason mourned, "I don't even want to look at Philadelphia cream cheese again."

I called Gleason aside as Mr. Schuman made what appeared to be shots from impossible angles.

"This guy's got to be a hustler," I said, quietly.

"No," Gleason insisted. "I know good pool players. This guy is a real jerk."

The stranger beat Gleason the way he wanted to and when the game was over, Shor called Gleason over to where Mr. Schuman stood putting his cue in the rack.

"Mr. Schuman plays under another name," Mr. Shor said.

"Is that right?" Gleason said. "He plays pretty good under Schuman. What does he want another name for?"

"Mr. Gleason," Shor said, "I want you to meet Willie Mosconi . . . the pocket-billiard champion of the world. Mr. Mosconi holds the record for running three hundred and nine balls in an exhibition . . ."

"The bets are off," Mosconi said. "I was only kidding."

Gleason lives in my hotel. I see him every day. Since that night I have never heard him mention pool. ‡

Continued from page 48

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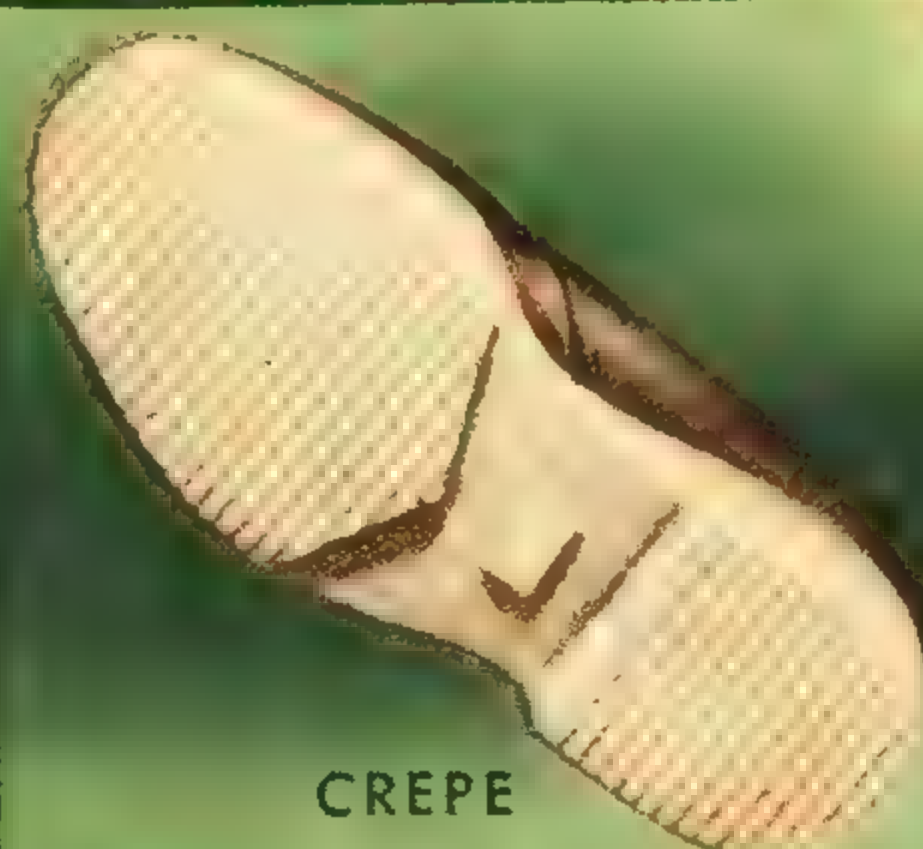
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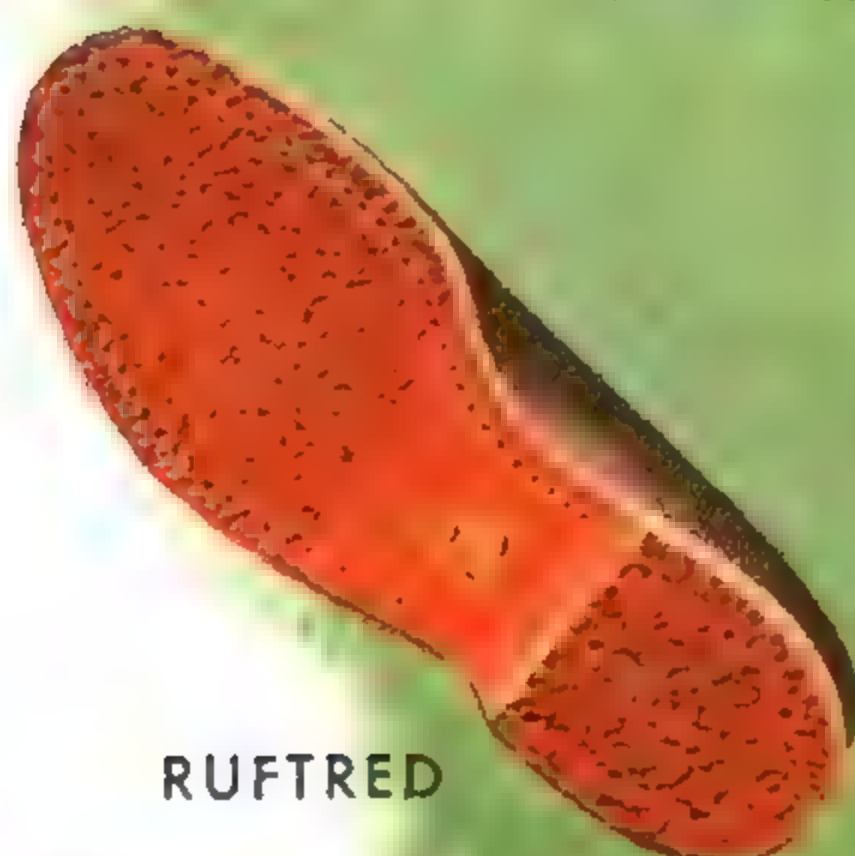
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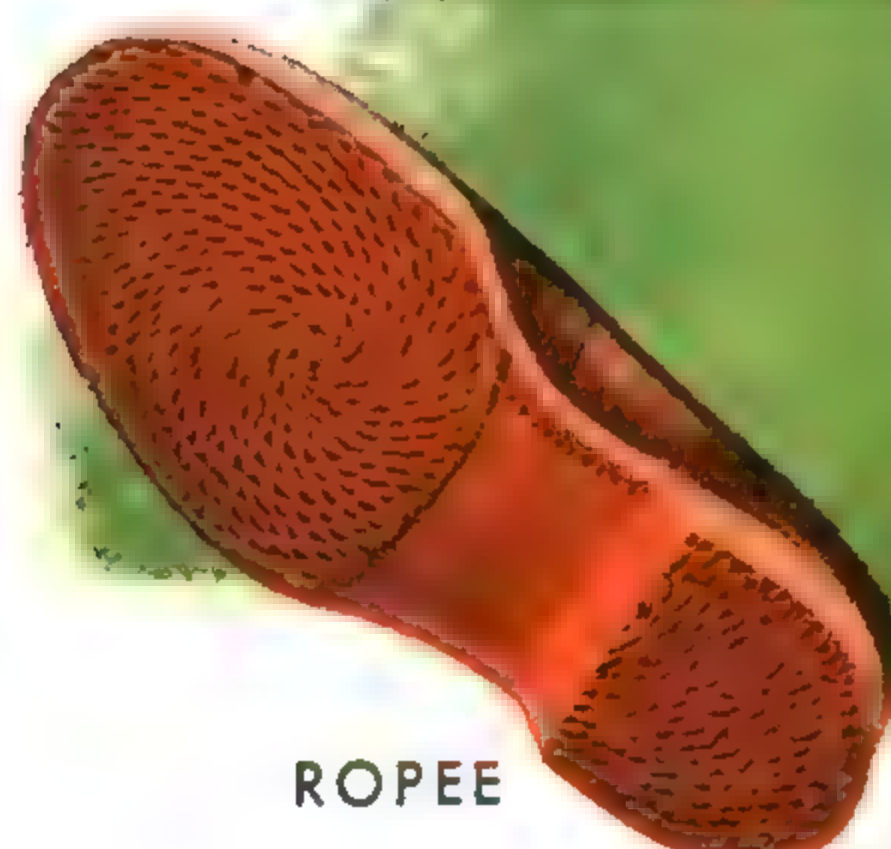
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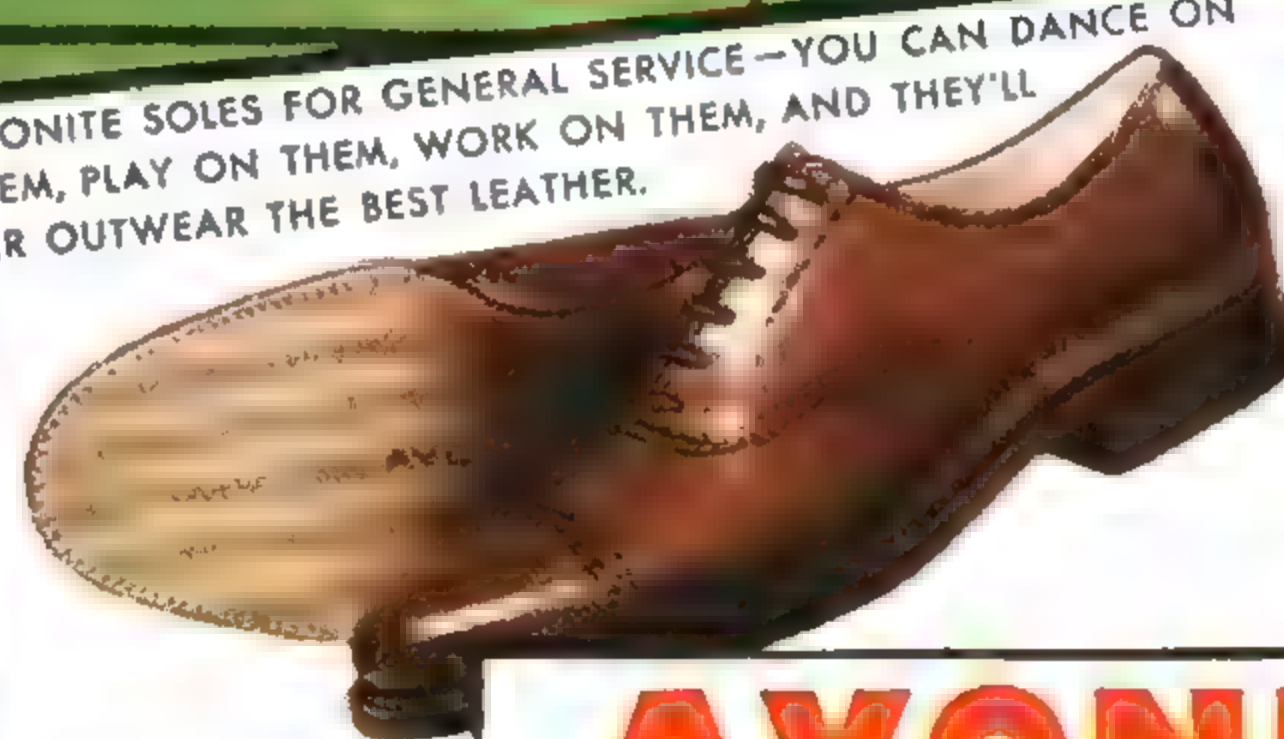


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Viking Dragon Slayer

Continued from page 45

with the young singer's potentialities, Walpole took on the support of Mrs. Melchior and her two children, and sent Lauritz to Bayreuth to study under Cosima, the venerable widow of Richard Wagner, and with Anna Bahr Mildenburg, one of the great Wagnerian sopranos of the time.

One day, while Melchior was studying the role of Tristan in Anna Bahr Mildenburg's Munich garden, a great bundle of parachute, wafted on a strong headwind, dropped into the flower beds. Melchior unwrapped it and found a radiant and laughing blonde. The blonde was Maria Hacker, the daredevil Mary Pickford of UFA Films. She had jumped from a plane to land in a designated airfield, but the wind had favored Melchior. That night, he took her to a swank night spot. Soon afterwards, Melchior and Maria were married. (Melchior and his first wife had been divorced before he met Maria.)

Like the Pekinese mascot of a powerful race horse, Maria Melchior has brought Lauritz good fortune from the day she married him. Melchior calls her "Kleinen"—the little one. Inordinate pretty and doll-like, she was selected by the Fashion Academy, last year, as one of America's ten best-dressed women. Though she admits to forty-five, her young figure and girlish face make it hard to believe she has reached thirty. But she is a great deal more than just a lovely and fashionable woman. She is Lauritz' business manager, social secretary, and dietitian. An authority on taxes and rates of exchange, she can tell in a second whether a foreign engagement will be profitable. When Melchior sings for a percentage of the gross, she is likely to stand in the wings and count the house. One of Melchior's operatic colleagues has said, "Under that pretty bosom beats a cash register."

In his second marriage, he acquired not only a wife, but an adoring mother-in-law. Mutti, now in her middle sixties, is the widow of a Bavarian postal inspector. She likes to sing sentimental *lieder* with her son-in-law, and in a connubial argument she always sides with him against her daughter. When the battle reaches fever pitch, Melchior sometimes threatens to divorce Kleinen and marry Mutti. Both women spend most of their time protecting the innocent Lauritz from the harsh realities of life.

Among the hardships endured by an itinerant artist in America are the primitive dressing rooms in Philadelphia's musty old Academy of Music. Its only shower adjoins the private accommodations of Philadelphia Symphony Conductor Eugene Ormandy. In the basic English spoken by all the Melchiors, Kleinen once negotiated for several days for the Ormandy bathroom. "Mrs. Mel-

chior is not interested in *how* you get ze dressing room," said she, with feminine obdurateness. "If Mr. Melchior does not get ze dressing room, he will not sing. If he doesn't have a shower, he has to go downstairs and do a teastrip under ze fire sprinkler. Down in ze basement wiz all za stagehands sitting around playing cards! And he has to wash naked in front of them! A dog would refuse. And you know what they say? They say, 'Hello, Skinny!'"

She won her battle. Melchior washed the brown stain of Parsifal from his skin in the private shower of Eugene Ormandy, blissfully unaware of the wrangling that had made the bath possible.

To steel himself for a New York debut in February, 1926, Melchior sang several Wagnerian roles in London under Walpole's patronage. His Metropolitan Opera debut as Tannhäuser at a Saturday matinee was anything but auspicious. The golden-haired diva, Maria Jeritza, was making one of her many appearances as Elizabeth, and that evening the Kansas thrush, nineteen-year-old Marion Talley, was to make the most publicized debut in the Met's history. All afternoon, Melchior and Jeritza shouted down the hammering of telephone linesmen installing long-distance wires so that all of Kansas might hear Miss Talley. The critics were chilly to the Dane and beat their critical paws for the sweetheart of the cornbelt. Time has, of course, proved them wrong. Miss Talley's immature coloratura lasted but four Met seasons. Melchior still shows no signs of wear.

To realize his full lung power, Melchior needed a Wagnerian team mate. In 1935, he got one when the great Norwegian soprano, Kirsten Flagstad, struck the Metropolitan like a comet. Together, they had resonators and brawn enough to outblast the trumpets and trombones in the pit. During the early thirties, the Met had a predominantly Italian repertory. The Scandinavian team of Flagstad and Melchior revived interest in Wagnerian operas.

In the thirties Melchior starred in a series of Sunday-night benefits at the Met lampooning opera. At the first, he danced a thigh-slapping *Schuhplattler* with a Jersey cow and soprano Elizabeth Rethberg. For the second, the 250-pound Melchior wore long blond curls, a short dress, and voluminous pink bloomers, to dance with the tiny 86-pound coloratura, Lily Pons, who wore apache pants and tried to look like a dead-end kid. The New York Times ran a gruesome photograph of the third benefit, at which Melchior danced Salome's Dance of the Seven Veils, his figure liberally augmented by a balloon *derrière* and falsies. Instead of the head of John the

Continued on page 136



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Viking Dragon Slayer

Continued from page 135

Baptist, his platter carried *papier mâché* likenesses of New York's music critics.

At the final party, Miss Pons and Lauritz got into tights for a sister acrobat act. Melchior remembers these fracas with a tender reverence. "Ja," he reflects, "that was all my ideas."

When Flagstad retired to Norway in 1941, Melchior was teamed with another powerful Wagnerian ally—the great St. Louis prima donna, Helen Traubel. Melchior likes Helen Traubel. "She is the sweetest colleague, the greatest darling I have ever been working with," he says. "We have always a little fun."

To ordinary mortals, the Falstaffian horseplay between Melchior and Traubel would be a little unnerving. When Traubel is alone on stage in *Die Walküre*, Melchior is apt to don a grass skirt and prance about in the wings like a Rhine maiden. Once, when she leaned tenderly over his dead body in the last act of *Tristan and Isolde*, he whispered, "Helena, hurry up the *Liebestod*. I need a beer." Kleinchén and Mutti look indulgently on such undisciplined behavior. "It's because he couldn't play enough when he was a little boy," says Kleinchén.

The dragon-slaying huntsman, Siegfried, is Melchior's most true-to-life role. He has a passionate love for the chase, and he has bagged buffalo, caribou, moose, elk, and mountain lions. The deer-skins he wears as Siegfried and the wolfskins he wears as Siegmund are his own quarry, as are the doeskins worn by soprano Astrid Varnay in her role as Sieglinde. One of the lakes in Alaska's bear and moose country has been named Melchior Lake because of his frequent visits.

Bison cookery is Melchior's greatest culinary achievement, and he deep-freezes all the buffalo he kills. All other game is shot for trophy and antlers, and the carcasses are left where they fall. Melchior's Hollywood villa is filled with hides and heads. He fishes as eagerly as he hunts, but he likes to eat fish too much to mount them. "You fish your trouts and get them straight in the pan," he advises. "Oooo, that's good!"

The Maine sporting-goods firm with which he does business treasures the following letter that it once received from Melchior:

"Gentlemen: I have received the big package with the things I ordered. I am very happy with the fishing trousers with the zippers and the hunting trousers with the zippers which I can wear, but I do not care for the fishing trousers without zippers and the hunting trousers without zippers which I cannot wear.

"I should like to exchange the fishing trousers without zippers and the hunting trousers without zippers for a pair of fishing trousers with zippers and hunting trousers with zippers which I can wear. However, if you cannot send me

these with zippers which I can wear, please do not send me those which I cannot wear, because they are too small where I must sit down.

"I understand that I am entitled to a knife of fishing and an ax wood after I have spent \$70 with you. I have now spent \$78.77. Will you please send me the knife of fishing and the ax wood immediately?"

Melchior's clowning before the camera has endeared him to America's movie fans; and he, in turn, has fallen in love with Hollywood. He now owns a glass-walled villa and swimming pool on a hilltop, and he hobnobs with Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante, Fred Allen, Van Johnson, and Esther Williams. One day, he taught Eddie Cantor a tenor aria from *Aida* and Cantor taught him *Ida*. Most of all, Melchior enjoys what he calls "screwing with the boys," which means harmonizing with Sinatra and Crosby.

Melchior has so far made four movies—*Thrill of a Romance*, *Two Sisters from Boston*, *This Time for Keeps*, and *Luxury Liner*. His standard role is that of a sentimental and clowning opera singer who warbles such juke-box taffy as *Easy to Love*, *Please Don't Say No*, and *Lonely Night*. When music critics accused him of forsaking Art for Mammon, Melchior indignantly defended the cinematic arts. "When you have a little touch of God's finger," said he, "there's an obligation to do good with it. Picture work makes it possible for me to give my voice for the opera lovers of America."

His concerts pack the house at whistle stops as well as the big towns. "Used to be fussy old ladies with hearing aids," he says. "Now I fill up with young people." He programs his concerts like the men of one of his Danish banquets. First, the Scandinavian cold cuts (Grieg, Siebelius); then, the Wagnerian meat course. Next, the game course, which usually consists of Schubert and Schumann. Finally, for dessert, something like *Come Back to Sorrento* and a drinking song.

Though the greatness of his voice is unchallenged, Melchior is occasionally a careless musician: he sometimes jumps bars and has even been known to skip whole pages of score. Operatic conductors like Fritz Reiner who have had a great deal of experience with Melchior have learned to cover up for him without causing a ruffle in the audience; but when Britain's starched Sir Thomas Beecham conducted at the Met, Sir Thomas and Melchior sped merrily along their own paths, with chaos resulting.

Despite the rough times he sometimes gives them in the pit, though, conductors all bow to the unique greatness of Lauritz Melchior. They know he is more successful in driving good music home to more people than anyone else before the public today. ††

Continued from page 45

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Prince of Party Throwers

Continued from page 52

station wagon. Both were happy.

Glaenger's energetic maneuverings have either opened the road or paved the way for such talented people as Grace Moore, George Gershwin, Richard Rodgers, Nino Martini, Carol Bruce, and Edgar Bergen. Glaenger got excited about Bergen in 1934, when nobody had ever heard of the ventriloquist, had him perform at his parties and introduced him to producers and agents. Finally, he took Bergen to an Elsa Maxwell party, where Rudy Vallee heard him and engaged him for his radio program. This led to his eventual stardom. Mr. and Mrs. Bergen practically live at Glaenger's place when they come to New York. When Bergen attends a Glaenger party and the host, as is his habit, calls upon several of his noted guests to entertain, Bergen and Charlie McCarthy often do a routine that lasts thirty minutes and is said to be funnier—and considerably more risqué—than anything they've staged in public.

Some years ago, Glaenger heard a slender, nervous girl, with a slight Teutonic accent, singing at a luncheon. He thought she had a peculiar genius and he introduced her to influential composers and impresarios. They were impressed, but said she sang in a continental style for which there was no demand. So Glaenger suggested she migrate to the continent. He was instrumental in bringing her to France, where she was eventually "discovered" by American tourists and persuaded to return to this country. Her name was, and is, Hildegard!

The living room at Glaenger's apartment has been the scene of musical-comedy rehearsals and money-raising campaigns. The backing for *Oklahoma!* was promoted there. Richard Rodgers, who wrote the score, describes the process as follows: "You invite a lot of angels up to Jules' place and he gets them in a good mood by feeding them Glaenger Special cocktails, which are the strongest cocktails in existence. Then he talks up the show with terrifically sincere enthusiasm. Then I play the score. Now comes the hard part. You have to ask the prospective angels to take out their checkbooks and write checks. Glaenger does this for us. He heckles and kids the angels until they surrender. Jules gets nothing for all this. He does it for fun."

Composers frequently try out their new songs on the guests at Glaenger's parties. Glaenger recalls having once encountered Hoagy Carmichael in a sad mood. Carmichael said he was depressed because he had started a song, but seemed unable to complete it. Glaenger arranged a dinner party, to which he invited George Gershwin and Carmichael. When he had introduced them to each other, he slyly led them to one of the two grand pianos in his living room. The men began playing for each

other. Finally, Carmichael played the opening phrases of his unfinished piece. "That's as far as I've gotten," he moaned.

Gershwin had been worked up to a creative pitch. "Hoagy," he said, "I hope you don't mind if I make a suggestion." He then played a chord progression, which culminated in an unusual blues resolution with a diminished seventh. Hoagy cried, "That's the chord I've been looking for!"

Noel Coward heard the *Rhapsody in Blue* for the first time at Glaenger's place. It was played by the composer. Coward was then an unsuccessful actor and writer. In his first hit play, *The Vortex* (1924), the hero, Nicky Lancaster, is required to play the piano during a critical moment in the second act. Coward remembered the haunting notes he had heard at Glaenger's and he incorporated fragments of the *Rhapsody* into the action. It was London's first taste of Gershwin's unconventional masterpiece.

The party-mixture that Glaenger contrives is illustrated by this list of some of the guests at a party he gave following the premiere of *Allegro* a year or so ago: Richard Rodgers; Oscar Hammerstein; Helen Hayes and her husband, Charles MacArthur; Mr. and Mrs. Hank Greenberg; Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt; Lady Warwick; Rita Hayworth; Noel Coward; Danny Kaye; Gertrude Lawrence; John C. Wilson, a producer; Irving Berlin; Russel Crouse; Theresa Helburn and Lawrence Langer, the Theatre Guild bosses; Mr. and Mrs. Howard Cullman; ballerina Lucia Chase; chairman of the board of the Music Corporation of America, Jules Stein.

There is something easy and engaging about Glaenger's personality that lends an air of relaxed informality to his parties. As a rule, sitting space is quickly used up, but nobody minds settling on the floor. Once, Mrs. John Jacob Astor III, attired in a long blue satin evening gown, sat on the floor, and so, on another occasion, did the Duke and Duchess of Windsor when they arrived late. At a Glaenger cocktail party some years ago, a guest who came in after the affair was well under way observed, with amazement, the following tableau: at the two pianos, Glaenger and George Gershwin were playing a duet. The melody was *Truckin'*, which was the basis for a dance that had recently become the rage. As they played, the words were being sung by Maurice Chevalier. Meanwhile, Gertrude Niesen was showing Edsel Ford how to "truck on down," while Harry Evans was teaching the Harlem step to Mrs. Ford.

Glaenger charms his talented guests into performing—and enjoying it. As a rule, when an actor is asked to entertain at a party, he is resentful; he's afraid he was invited not because of his appealing personality, but because

Continued on page 138

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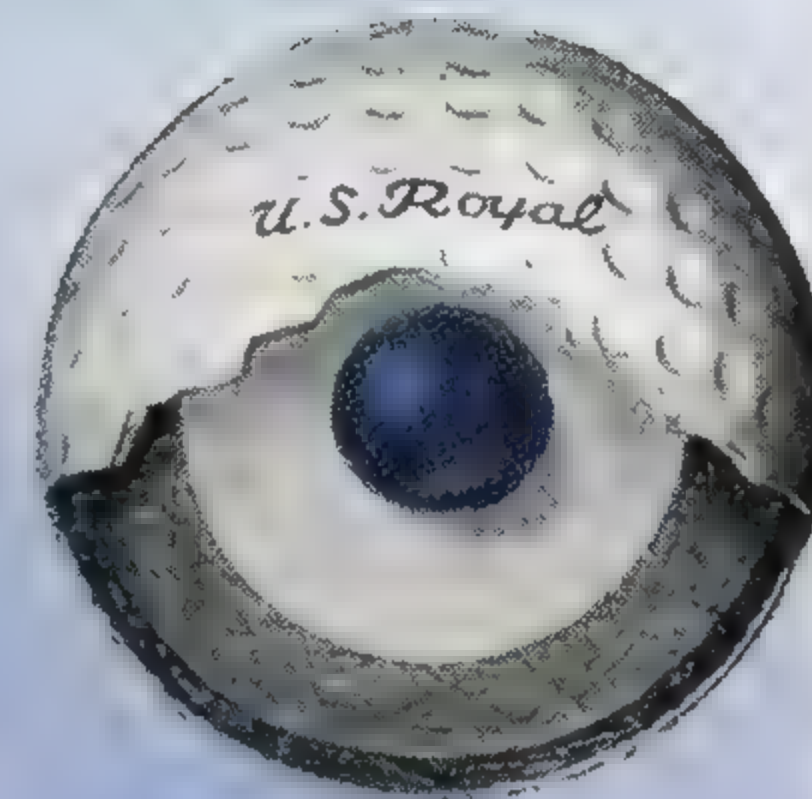
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THE GREAT
U. S. Royal

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Prince of Party Throwers

Continued from page 137

the host wanted to get a free show out of him. Most performers will refuse to play or sing at a party. But Glaenzer always manages to provide such attractions for his guests as Jascha Heifetz playing *I Got Rhythm* on the violin or Lawrence Tibbett singing *Old Man River*.

Talented artists and actors like to give for Glaenzer because they know that he genuinely admires their talent. "As an appreciator of your efforts," says composer Rodgers, "Jules is second to none. I'd rather play piano for him than for anybody else. Other people, after you play one of your songs, will tell you how much they liked it. But Jules doesn't only *tell* you—he looks it, he feels it with his whole body; his sincerity and his gratification are tremendous. Often, he'll have tears in his eyes."

To his intimates, Glaenzer is known as Julie Bon Bon—a name that Gertrude Lawrence coined—and also Shush. The latter nickname arises from the fact that when one of his guests is performing, he demands complete attention. When he hears a murmur of conversation, he glares at the offender and utters a hoarse and sibilant "Shush" that chills the criminal to the bone. Noel Coward says, "Jules is the only host who knows how to keep people

quiet while others are entertaining."

Once, while Gershwin was playing a new composition, Glaenzer became aware that one of his guests was chattering. Although the guest was the late Mayor James J. Walker, Glaenzer wasn't fazed. He uttered an ominous shush. His Honor continued to converse. Glaenzer then said, "Jimmy, my guests want to hear Gershwin's new music. Why not go and continue your conversation in the gossip room?" Walker smiled and left.

According to Glaenzer, the first step in planning a large party is to get the "bait." "You get the bait," he explains, "and everybody comes to meet the bait. The bait comes because he wants to meet somebody else or see something interesting."

For one of his parties, Glaenzer invited Edgar Bergen and then, because he knew that the Duke of Windsor, who had arrived in New York that morning, was eager to see Bergen perform, he phoned the Duke that Bergen would be at his party that night. He then called his other guests, among them Ethel Merman, saying, "Bergen's in town, and Glaenzer's got him."

Came the night of the party, and a large, bustling crowd of people. The Duke and Duchess

arrived without any of the other guests knowing they were to be there. Drinks were served at a buffet table in the dining room and about 12:30, when everybody was sufficiently buoyant, Glaenzer's butler whisked all the glasses away so there'd be no noise of clinking. After Bergen did his act, Glaenzer smiled at his guests, said "Shush. We've got another real treat tonight. Ethel, darling, won't you sing *Doin' What Comes Naturally*?"

Ethel Merman objected. They often do. "But, Julie Bon Bon, I'm so tired. Honestly."

"Ethel," he said with a commanding air, "I think the Duke and Duchess would like to hear you sing."

"Who?" gasped Miss Merman, unaware of the royal guests. Glaenzer nodded toward a corner. Ethel sang her head off.

Glaenzer deliberately plans a mixture of complementary ingredients. He usually invites two or three breathtakingly lovely models or showgirls; the star of the biggest hit on Broadway; a top-drawer businessman; a playwright; a film star; a composer like Rodgers; a great wit like Coward; a few obscure millionaires; at least one member of old New York society; and, finally, one inveterate holder-forther in

case the conversation should suddenly bog down. Among Glaenzer's favorite holder-forthers are Beatrice Lillie, Danny Kaye, George Jessel, and Charles Chaplin, who can be relied upon to talk incessantly and interestingly.

Glaenzer, a fanatic about certain things, demands strict punctuality at a dinner party. "A soufflé does not wait for man, woman, or child," is one of his favorite sayings. He is fanatical, too, about the right way to pour champagne. It must, he insists, be poured in small quantities. "You must never fill the glass with champagne," is an axiom of his.

A good many people say that Glaenzer's cook, Berta, is the best in town. Glaenzer is a Councilor of the Wine & Food Society, an organization of gourmets. Not long ago, he gave a dinner for his fellow Councilors, which was attended by such gourmets as Lucius Beebe, Crosby Gaige, Jeanne Owen, André L. Simon and Sophie Kerr. According to Beebe, Glaenzer announced each course in French—and then translated it. "What I mean," says Beebe, "is that Glaenzer is the type of person who will serve you filet mignon and then pronounce it in French and say, 'Folks, that's dead cow's back-muscle you're going to eat.' He has to tell you

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how wonderful everything is."

Glaenzer has an infectious and proud enthusiasm for everything Glaenzerian. Whether it is champagne or food or friends, his is always the best, the biggest, the most notable, the most unusual, the most beautiful, the most interesting. Many years ago, when he had a summer place at Westhampton, Long Island, Richard Rodgers came down for a week end and got involved in a tennis game. A swarm of mosquitoes attacked Rodgers as he played. He went into the house, his face covered with welts of extraordinary size.

"What happened to you?" asked Glaenzer.

"Your mosquitoes have been eating me up," said Rodgers.

"Amazing," said Glaenzer. He dragged Rodgers into the living room and said to the assembled guests, "Look at this. Look at the size of those bites. Didn't I tell you—Glaenzer has the biggest mosquitoes on Long Island!"

Glaenzer's extravagant enthusiasms sometimes lead him to an almost cruel sort of tyranny. Ray Bolger was a guest at one of his dinner parties when, after an excellent *paté*, followed by a *petite marmite*, Glaenzer proudly announced the next course: oysters cooked in white wine.

Bolger groaned. "I can't eat oysters," he said.

"But these are the best oysters in New York. Baked perfectly."

"I get sick when I eat oysters, Jules."

"Nonsense, Ray. You'll feel great on these oysters."

"I get sick when I eat oysters."

"Just talking it into yourself," said Glaenzer. "Casanova ate oysters all the time and he was one of the greatest lovers in history. You know that."

Bolger ate the oysters. Result: he got sick.

Following the long-awaited Broadway premiere of *Annie Get Your Gun*, Glaenzer had planned an elaborate party to honor Ethel Merman, composer Irving Berlin, and producers Rodgers and Hammerstein. The day before the opening a girder in the Imperial Theatre fell down, and the premiere was delayed for two weeks. Mrs. Dorothy Rodgers phoned Glaenzer, and he saw the catastrophe—which was holding up a \$365,000 production—only from his point of view. "But, Dorothy," he shrieked, "what the hell am I going to do with the six legs of lamb I bought?"

Recalling the incident, Glaenzer says, "Rodgers and Hammerstein only had to postpone an opening, but I had to telephone seventy people and tell them the supper party was canceled and invite them to dinner instead. And if you think it's easy to change a supper party to a dinner for seventy people on one day's notice, kindly have your head examined. Furthermore, we had to have lamb hash, which is a disgusting thing to serve at a formal dinner."

Several years ago, somebody decided it would be a whimsical

thing to send phony wires to a hundred people saying: "Having farewell dinner for Barbara Hutton M'dvani, Friday, January 11, my house. Please drop in any time from six on." The sender signed Glaenzer's name. When acceptances began pouring in—the sender was ingenious; he sent wires to people on the fringe who had always yearned to be asked to a Glaenzer soirée—Glaenzer knew that mischief was afoot. He hurriedly sent out wires: "Through the distorted sense of humor of some moron, invitations have been sent out over my name to my friends for a buffet supper in honor of Barbara Hutton M'dvani. This dinner was not contemplated and will not take place. The name of the stupid idiot that has so greatly inconvenienced you and me would be greatly appreciated." It seems safe to assume that the trick was played by someone who knew that everyone wants to be invited to Glaenzer's parties.

Among the problems of giving large parties, indeed, is the guest who insists on dragging along uninvited friends. According to Glaenzer, Harpo Marx is a honey at this. "If you invite Harpo to a party," Glaenzer says, "he brings his mother and father and lawyer and aunts and uncles." He once upbraided Harpo for this. Harpo got revenge at the next Glaenzer party. As the four Marx brothers were bidding Glaenzer good night, much of the movable silver in the house—knives, forks, spoons, salt shakers, ash trays—cascaded from their sleeves to the floor.

Another problem is drunks. When a guest is drunk, Glaenzer signals to Lambert, his butler. Lambert tells the guest he's wanted on the telephone. "Where is it?" the guest mumbles. "Right here," says Lambert, leading him down the back stairs. "Then," says Glaenzer, "we put him on the street, throw his hat and coat at him, and tell him he's obnoxious."

Glaenzer gets a boyish kick out of his parties. He has kept a guest book since 1922. The book is bound in vellum and is entitled "Les Amis de Jules Glaenzer—Guests, Pals, and Bums." At each party, all the guests inscribe their names on a page. Beside the autographs, there are likely to be phrases of music by such composers as Gershwin, Rodgers, Schwartz, Berlin, and Kern, or little sketches by Rube Goldberg, Peter Arno, Percy Crosby, and Rockwell Kent.

Until the Summer of 1947, nobody ever seemed to think of giving a party for Jules Glaenzer. In August, 1947, though, Gertrude Lawrence and her husband, producer Dick Aldrich, gave a birthday party for him at their summer home in Dennis on Cape Cod. Glaenzer was touched by the gesture, but probably had to remind himself not to shush the Aldrich guests.

"If you don't shush people, you can't have a good party," Glaenzer maintains. ‡

Continued from page 52

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She Gets Away with Murder

Continued from page 41

man male to dominate his women. Have we real reason to believe the nature of the beast has changed during the past few generations?

The physical ascendancy of the male over the female constitutes one of the most deep-seated and powerful factors in both male and female psychology. In every species of mammal, the male is larger, taller, stronger—and often more vigorous mentally—than the female. As a consequence, his consciousness ability to impose his will on the female, acting over the whole 60,000,000 years of the Age of the Mammals, has made male dominance part of the very stuff of the human psyche. Humans are mammals, and they flout the time-honored laws of the mammals only at their own peril.

Zookeepers and animal trainers know that, among wild animals, the male dominates his mate, for the most part, without force. He seldom attacks the female. In the rare instances of fights between the sexes, it is generally the female who is the aggressor. But when she *does* threaten to step out of bounds, he takes prompt and effective action to put her in her place. Result? Domestic tranquillity, which is always the envy of those other mammals outside the cages who come to stare and admire—but very seldom to learn

—on a pleasant Sunday afternoon.

In the immature mind, the habit of violence, if not checked early, grows like a weed. The man who allows his doll-like wife to indulge her childish fits of temper unpunished, to sulk, nag or scold unchastened, to kick and scream unspanked, may one day find himself with a neat hole in his head.

A prolific source of tragedy in male-female relationships arises from men's reluctance, through a mistaken sense of modern-day chivalry, to accept the authority nature gave them. Their attitude toward their women too often consists of the same good-natured forbearance that they show children. The eventual consequence of this silly sentimentality is the present tendency of law-enforcement officials (mostly men) to allow women to escape responsibility for their crimes.

And this is nothing new. Back around the turn of the century, a well-known California judge got

the shock of his juridical career one day while riding on a streetcar. He had not traveled far when he was attracted to a fine figure of a woman and it was not till she had arisen with a graciousness that warmed the hearts of the other passengers that the judge recognized her as a notorious

murderess whom he had sentenced to life imprisonment only a few months previously. Too astonished to move, he watched her alight from the car at the county jail. I like to embroider the story a bit, to picture the judge's unbelieving eyes as he saw the guard bow politely as he opened the gates for her to pass through.

Of course, there have been many instances in which opulent gangsters and other wealthy miscreants have enjoyed extraordinary privileges while society naïvely thought they were being punished. But this woman was penniless and entirely without political influence. Intimate de-

tails of the case are lacking. It may have been that she bought her favors with currency of more ancient mintage than the present coin of the realm. But, on the other hand, she may just have been a woman.

One doesn't have to look to chicanery to find evidence of the indulgence with which the female criminal is treated today. More than a quarter of the women confined for serious offenses are legally freed before completing their sentences; though a comparable number of men fail to serve out their full terms, it's significant that the time that women serve before release averages eight full months less than that of comparable men.

This spirit of chivalry toward the female criminal is not strictly an American institution, but it finds its fullest development here. The British, for example, treat lady criminals with a little more realism. It has been said that an English woman has only about one-third the chance of acquittal for an indictable crime that her American cousin enjoys.

Why is the human male—particularly of the *genus Americanus*—so prone to believe that women can do no wrong? Why is he so gullible in accepting any lady's casual statement that she did



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what she did in self-defense—and therefore justifiably?

Considerations of sexual attraction have little to do with the problem. The almost religious reverence with which American men regard their women is a source of astonishment and amusement to Europeans (and secretly to American women themselves), but it's a logical outgrowth of our early experience.

To the infant, his mother is a sort of deity from whom all blessings flow, in the form of nourishment, warmth, and comfort. His instinctive impressions of the mother-god are confirmed consciously when he graduates into the toddler stage. By this time, he knows his father as a person—but a distant person seen only for an hour or two out of the twenty-four, a creature almost entirely without function in the child's tight little microcosmos.

As his world expands and he begins to view the behavior of his elders with a more critical eye, his observations on the infallibility of the mother-god are further strengthened. He sees her dispensing her own brand of female justice without interference from the benign colossus he calls "Father."

Instinctively, he knows that his father could interfere effectively; but since Father never does, the youngster can only conclude that his mother is *always* right. He cannot help noticing the deference with which she is treated in the home—how Father always opens the door, then steps aside for her to walk through, lights her cigarette, and performs many other courtesies to bolster her position as a fragile creature set apart from the rest of mankind.

When the child enters school, his ideas receive a rude setback. Here is a strange woman who seems to expect the same homage shown his mother. Needless to say, she doesn't get it—not at first. But from the day he is forced to admit that e-a-t doesn't spell "dog," he begins to learn that Teacher too is always right—and Teacher, as he goes from grade to grade, is invariably a woman. By the time he has been exposed to female instruction ex-

clusively for two or three years, he discovers that his original outlook on life was a trifle narrow: it isn't just his mother who can do no wrong; it's women in general. Sooner or later he will find that Superman is only a fantasy, but Superwoman is a reality that will color his thinking for the rest of his life.

What's to be done about it? The answer to that question is a simple one. Men must again shoulder the responsibility for the guidance of their women and children, as our fathers once did. Civilization has given us knowledge, but it has robbed us of the wisdom of the jungle. We must go back and relearn some lessons in dignity from our wild kinfolk. We must rediscover the art of dominating as the lion dominates the lioness—without force usually, without harshness usually, but without faltering always.

There are many evidences that modern society is a sick society; and no single remedy can cure it. But if the divorce rate and the toll of psychosomatic diseases are ever to decline, domestic peace must be established. Tranquillity in the home can rest only on the firm foundation of male authority; for when that fails, there is *no* authority.

Will women resist? Not a chance. Instinctively, they know their own bright place in the scheme of things—and love it—despite the valiant fight they have waged for equality with men. Now, having finally crashed the gates of this man's world, they are finding the burdens too heavy and the pace too fast. Maybe the New Look is something more than just a whim of fashion. Could the joy with which millions of women have rushed to embrace the outward appearance of their grandmothers be the expression of an inner longing to come back into the fold? Could be. If I'm right, then we can leave the marriage vows (including the word "obey") just as they are. But if I'm wrong, then maybe we had better change our thinking and insist that brides promise to love, honor, and renounce the six-gun as an instrument of domestic policy. ##



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The Hunted

Continued from page 43

pression in his eyes when he left.

So today my fear and hatred had reached a climax; today it had mounted up and burst inside my head; and today I had gone down into the woods with the express purpose of putting a 30-06 service bullet through the heart of Doctor Roberts. Yet I had not done it. He had turned his head and I had seen his face, and I had not dared do it.

There were voices inside the house. I paused on the porch and looked in through the window. Rebecca was in the living room. She was laughing, with her yellow hair falling over her shoulders. Mark was standing beside her, and before them, a drink in his thin hard hand, his mouth twisted into a smile, his little dark eyes leering straight into Rebecca's, was the man who wanted to kill me. I stopped on the porch for a moment, trying to get control of my emotions. I wiped my face again, then opened the door, stepped into the hallway, and walked on into the living room, the rifle dangling loose in my hand. Everyone stopped talking and looked at me curiously, but I paid no attention. I kept on going, through the room to my studio and the gun rack that hung on the wall. I placed the rifle carefully on the pegs, turned, lit a cigarette with a shaking hand, and walked back into the living room. Still no one had moved. Every eye was fixed on my face, on the dried sweat and the nervous fear that I could not hide.

Then Rebecca laughed. "Been hunting, darling?"

"Sure," I said. "Hunting."

"With a high-powered rifle? Poaching?" Mark said. "With a telescope sight?"

"Crows," I said. "It's the only way to get them. You can't get close enough. It's a good, relaxing sport."

No one spoke for a while. Mark mixed me a drink and I took it slowly. I tried to look at Roberts, but I couldn't. I knew he was watching me, and I knew, too, that he could see inside my mind, as he had seemed to look straight at me through the other end of my telescope sight.

"You don't feel well," he said.

"I'm all right."

"There's dirt on your elbows. Sweat and dirt all over your face."

"I fell down. I—" But there was nothing to say and no explanation to give. I walked back into my studio, sat in my deep leather chair, and kept my hand closed tight on the cold glass. I stared at a portrait of Rebecca that stood on the easel. I had done it a long time ago, all in various shades of green.

It seemed hours before Roberts left. But finally he started for the front door. Rebecca took his arm as they walked along. I heard her say, "Come again soon," and I could tell that she meant it. Then there was silence. Mark was still

in the living room, finishing off his drink. I tried not to imagine what was going on in that darkened hallway, and when Rebecca laughed, it brought the blood to my face. Then, suddenly, Roberts appeared in the studio doorway. He was smiling. "Good-by," he said. I did not answer and he looked through me with his black eyes. "Better luck next time."

"Next time?"

"With your crows. It sounds like an interesting sport." He glanced at the Winchester that hung on the rack over my head, laughed jerkily, and walked off through the hallway to the door. Rebecca followed him. I could see them through the window, going across the lawn to the end of the drive, where they were swallowed in the darkness. Then I pulled my eyes away and looked into my empty glass. Mark came in with a fresh drink, but he did not say anything. He only stood there, swirling the ice so it tinkled, pushing it down with a long extended finger.

"All right," I said finally.

"Don't get excited, Cleve."

"He's evil, and you know it. He's already threatened me. Writing a chapter on shock." I laughed a little wildly. "He's telling me about it. He has the nerve to come right out and say how he feels and what he'll do."

"You can't go around accusing people, Cleve. You just can't do it without more proof than that."

"I still say he intends to kill me."

"You can't be absolutely sure."

"Sure enough," I said. "The things he says. The way he looks at me. The way he laughs. The way he walks. The way he acts with Rebecca. The way he acts with me. I can be sure because —" I stopped, glanced up, and found Mark watching me.

"Because you were not hunting crows," he said evenly. "Because Roberts knows that. Somehow, he knows that."

"All right."

"I wouldn't do anything foolish, Cleve. I'm a lawyer, and, what's more, I'm your friend. You've gone all to pieces in the last few weeks. You're inventing things. It's bad business, you know—killing someone. During the war you got to feel it was unimportant. But it's bad business, Cleve, and it's almost worse thinking someone wants to kill you."

"I'm not killing anyone," I said. I started to add that I could never kill anyone again, that the war had left me weak and frightened. But I did not say it. I was ashamed and I did not want Mark to know.

"There's no sense in being afraid of him," Mark was saying. "He's probably afraid of you, too, you know."

"Sure," I said. "It makes us even." But it didn't and I knew it. For when two men want the same woman, when one is willing to kill for her and the other isn't—then

things are not exactly even.

A moment later, Rebecca came back into the house and Mark left. He told Rebecca that her husband had been acting like a fool. He laughed and patted my shoulder and went on down the walk, got into his car, and drove off in the early evening. Rebecca and I were alone, but neither of us spoke. I sat in the chair and smoked and looked into my drink, and she paced slowly in the studio. Finally she stopped and flipped back her hair with her long fingers. "I'll come to the point," she said.

"Go ahead."

"You're jealous, darling. It's silly for you to be jealous."

"Go on."

"You hate Lee Roberts because you think I like him." She smiled with her painfully beautiful mouth. "You think something is going on."

"Isn't it?"

"Really, Mark!" But she did not say anything more. Her lips parted a little and she lit a cigarette with a steady hand.

"Isn't it?" I asked again.

She turned to face me across the room. "You know," she said, "Lee isn't the kind of man you can tamper with."

"In other words," I said, "you're telling me you're in love with him. You're telling me he'd do anything to get you for himself. You know I wouldn't give you a divorce and he knows it, too, but he'd do anything to get you."

"You're being awfully silly, Cleve. I don't know why I married a man who could be so silly."

"That's what you're telling me."

But she did not answer. She shrugged, glanced at the rifle, bent down and kissed me quickly on the mouth, then straightened suddenly and walked out of the studio. I could taste her lips after she'd gone. I could smell the dry sweetness of her hair, and I knew that I would never let her go. No matter what Roberts ever did, I would never let her go. I finished my drink and turned to stare at the portrait. I still did not quite understand why I had done it that way, all in rather evil shades of green. I had hardly known her then. Now, it seemed, I did not really know her very much better.

In the days after that, the hatred grew deeper inside me and the fear turned gradually to terror. I forgot that once I had lain prone in the bushes and had held Doctor Roberts in the cross hairs of my Winchester. Now it was I who was the hunted, and, regardless of what Mark said to reassure me, regardless of Rebecca's hazy declarations of love and faithfulness, I was convinced that Doctor Leland Roberts had every intention of killing me. I tried a thousand times to believe that it was all imagined, that I was suffering from nerves and a long, slow-working case of letdown and combat fatigue. But then, when I was almost calm again, I'd get that strange, indescribable feeling—that feeling that evil was present, that it hung over me and watched me and would destroy me.

Mark said that if I went away for a rest and saw a doctor, I'd be rid of these hallucinations in no time. I wanted desperately to believe him. But then the letter came—a simple typewritten letter, containing only one short sentence: "I, also, am an ardent hunter of crows." I showed the letter to Mark, and I watched his grim face as he read it. Then I showed the note to Rebecca. She refused to take it seriously at first. But as the days went on, as she saw my growing terror, she became slowly convinced that Roberts was as bad as I had painted him. She agreed not to see him any more, wrote him a curt note, and begged my forgiveness for ever having thought, even for a moment, that she could have felt anything for him. I was happy, of course, that Rebecca did not see him any longer. But in a way I was almost sorry, too, for it meant that now Roberts would have even more cause to hate me.

Finally, when I could not stand it any longer, I went to the local police. I explained everything that had happened. I even showed them the note and explained what it meant. I said I had not killed Roberts myself because it was wrong to kill a man. I did not tell them the exact truth—that I was afraid to kill him—but only that I had not wanted to. Yes, I told the local police, and I saw them smile and knew they thought I had made it all up, that it was the fancy of a dramatic crank. And after that there were more notes, all much the same, all the work of a madman.

I did not see Roberts again. I made it a point not to run into him. I tried to think back to the war, to explain to myself why I was frightened now when I had taken the war so calmly. And the only explanation was that this was a personal thing. This was one man hunting another. It was not big and universal, but small and individual—like being an escaped convict or an animal stalked by a professional hunter. I began rowing a great deal, finding comfort in the strenuous exercise. I took long rows each afternoon, careful to stay clear of the round little island, liking the cold wind on my face, looking for relaxation in the wearing exercise. Both Mark and Rebecca agreed that it was healthy for me to keep busy. So I spent long hours each day in the wooden rowboat, and at night I sat with Rebecca and Mark, sipping slow drinks while they said over and over that Roberts was only a crank, only a lonely man amusing himself with threatening notes. But the sense of something evil was always there, always close, until I felt I could touch it.

And then it happened, as I had always known it would. The day was clear and the big red sun was sliding down over the sea, making a long path to the shore. I had rowed a long way down the bay and was coming back now in the dusk of late afternoon, the sweat on my back drying slowly in the

Continued on page 144



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The Hunted

Continued from page 143

cooling air. To my left was the round, ugly island, over a mile away, and to my right the jagged shore line, with the cove and the landing hidden now behind the rockiest point of all. The first touch of darkness had come: I had turned slightly seaward and was struggling along some three hundred yards from shore when a shot rang out. Splintered holes appeared in both sides of the boat and my legs gave way, and I was thrown backward so that I lay in the half inch of water that slopped over the floor boards. In my shock I lost the oars, and I suddenly realized that I was three hundred yards from shore.

I remember, too, the pain that came slowly, starting at my thigh, running down my leg, and then stopping altogether when I shifted my weight and kept the salt water from the wound. I don't know how long I lay there, but full darkness came, and still I did not move. All pain was gone now, and I could see the wound clearly in the coming moonlight. Only a scratch really. I touched it with my hand and found blood where the bullet had grazed my thigh. Then I dropped my hand and lay still, knowing now that it had happened and the oars were gone and darkness had come—and there was nothing left but to wait,

and, in time, to die. I knew that I should be frightened; and yet now that the first shot had actually been fired, I felt calm and unafraid.

After what seemed a very long time, I heard the far-off chugging of a motorboat. And still I lay there and listened to the pattering engine as the boat drew closer. When it was on me, when a voice called out in the darkness, I did not answer. I smiled to myself and thought that he could come and see for himself, that he could look down at my face and finish it as he had planned. Then, a boat scraped alongside and Roberts' face appeared over the gunwale.

For a moment neither of us spoke. "You all right?" he said finally. But I only laughed and watched him tie his boat up to mine, watched him step down beside me, felt him lift me up and over the side to his own boat. I could have fought, but there did not seem to be any use. I sat forward in his boat, looking back toward his face as he fastened my rowboat astern, started the engine once more, and headed seaward toward his island home. Between us was his rifle, long and black in the yellow moonlight.

"It's only a scratch," he said. "I'll have you fixed up in a moment. You're really very lucky, you know. With your oars gone, the

tide would have carried you out."

The boat finally bumped against a pier and Roberts secured it; then he helped me up the path to his cabin. We went in and he lit a lamp. The room was square and simply furnished. There were pages of a manuscript strewn about the floor. A typewriter and stacks of books stood on a table in one corner. I sat in a chair while he cut away the cloth over my thigh, poured sulphur into the wound, and bandaged it. He gave me a cigarette and mixed me a drink, and for a long time we sat smoking and drinking and thinking our own thoughts. Outside, a boat was chugging in the bay. It moved slowly, coming close, then chugging off again, until finally it was gone.

Roberts was the first to speak. "I ought to apologize. It was my fault, of course. A man should always look where he's shooting."

"Or shoot straight," I said.

"I've always felt you didn't like me, Sampson. From the first day. Then, when your wife asked me not to come to your home again—" he stood up, shrugged, and began walking slowly in the room. "I suppose I was unpleasant. Your wife was very kind to me for a while there. My own wife, my two children—they were all killed in an accident about two years

ago. I came here to work on a book, to try to forget. It got lonesome after a while. I'm—I'm sorry if I seemed unpleasant, if I called on you too often, if I've offended your wife in any way. I suppose I have become bitter. I've tried to avoid it—" He waved his hands helplessly.

I did not answer, and he went on. "I've tried everything I could think of to keep my mind occupied. Even hunting crows."

"Hunting crows?"

"You told me it was a relaxing sport. You remember? I—I was shooting this afternoon. I imagine a stray shot must have found you out there."

"Yes," I said. "I imagine it did. A stray shot."

"I had no way of knowing you'd be there. Your friend Mark told me you'd gone for a long row. He gave me permission to hunt on your land, from the shore, you know. He said you wouldn't mind. I told him I'd be there this afternoon. I'm sorry about that stray shot. Really sorry." He stopped and suddenly, for no reason, I liked the man, and was sorry for him.

"It's all right," I said.

He mixed another drink, and, while he was gone in the kitchen for ice, I stuffed a page of typewritten manuscript into my pocket. He returned and we finished

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the drinks and went down to the pier. We got into the boat and he took me back to the cove and the landing on the shore. I got out and looked down at his face. "So long," I said.

"You were lucky, Sampson."

I smiled. "So were you, Roberts. You'll never know how really lucky you were." Then I turned and began walking slowly back to the house. And as I moved along, the whole thing became clear and I knew what I would say and do. I remembered the boat I'd heard moving about the bay while I was in the doctor's cabin, and I felt the crumpled page of stolen manuscript in my pocket. I tried to feel anger, but somehow it was too late for that. It was too late for anything now. There was too much water under the bridge.

There were lights in the living room. Rebecca was sitting on the sofa, and Mark was pacing nervously in front of her, gesturing wildly. I pushed open the door and, walking through the hallway, heard Mark's voice say, "You know damned well I looked for him. I told you the tide would carry him out, even if he wasn't—"

Then he saw me and stopped, and his face was a pale dead white. He said, "Cleve—" with his voice in a whisper; then, looking at my torn trousers and the bandage that showed through, "Are you all right, Cleve? We thought we heard a shot. We've been crazy with worry. We've been searching the bay for a long time. Are you all right, Cleve?"

I did not answer. I continued on into my studio. Rebecca's portrait was still there on the easel. It was still all green, all various shades of weird and evil green, and I knew then, as I stood there and looked at it, exactly why I had painted it that way. Then I turned to my desk and took out the threatening notes. I placed them beside the sheet of stolen manuscript and saw that the letters were a different size. They had not been done on the same typewriter. I took down my Winchester, picked up a handful of cartridges, and went back into the living room. Neither Mark nor Rebecca had moved. They were

watching me with their white faces. I sat down on the edge of a chair and held a cartridge up to the light. "You know," I said, "this is quite a bullet, this service bullet. In a rifle like this it would go right through a man. You could never find it. No way to trace it." I smiled and looked at Mark. "You know, Mark, the factory usually sets a gun like this for one hundred yards, but I've adjusted this to the 200-yard range. At three hundred yards it will fire exactly nine inches low. Shoot at a man's heart and you'll hit him just about—" I paused. "Just about in the thigh."

I stood up and placed the cartridges carefully in my pocket. I turned and walked toward the doorway, stopped, and looked back at the slow ashen fear that had crept over them like thick, heavy fog. "It's a good thing to remember," I said. "Always know your gun. A man should always know his gun." I laughed shortly. "And his wife," I said. "A man should always know his wife." Then I turned and walked out of the house, across the drive to the garage. I got into the car, started the engine, backed out to the road, and drove off into the night. I did not know where I was going, and somehow it did not matter. I thought back to the terror I had known during those long weeks, and to the way it had all but destroyed me. I looked down at the Winchester that lay beside me on the seat, and I felt the cold bullets in my pocket. I remembered the overpowering horror of feeling, of *knowing*, that I was a hunted man. And then suddenly I laughed aloud and pressed my foot down harder on the accelerator.

The gun was beside me and the cartridges were in my pocket and I was not afraid any longer, for now it was I who was the hunter and it was Mark who was the hunted. Both Mark and Rebecca. They would sit and they would wait and they would feel the horror coming on and they would lie awake and tremble in the dark cold of night. I could still not ever kill a man. But that was something they'd never know. #

Continued from page 43



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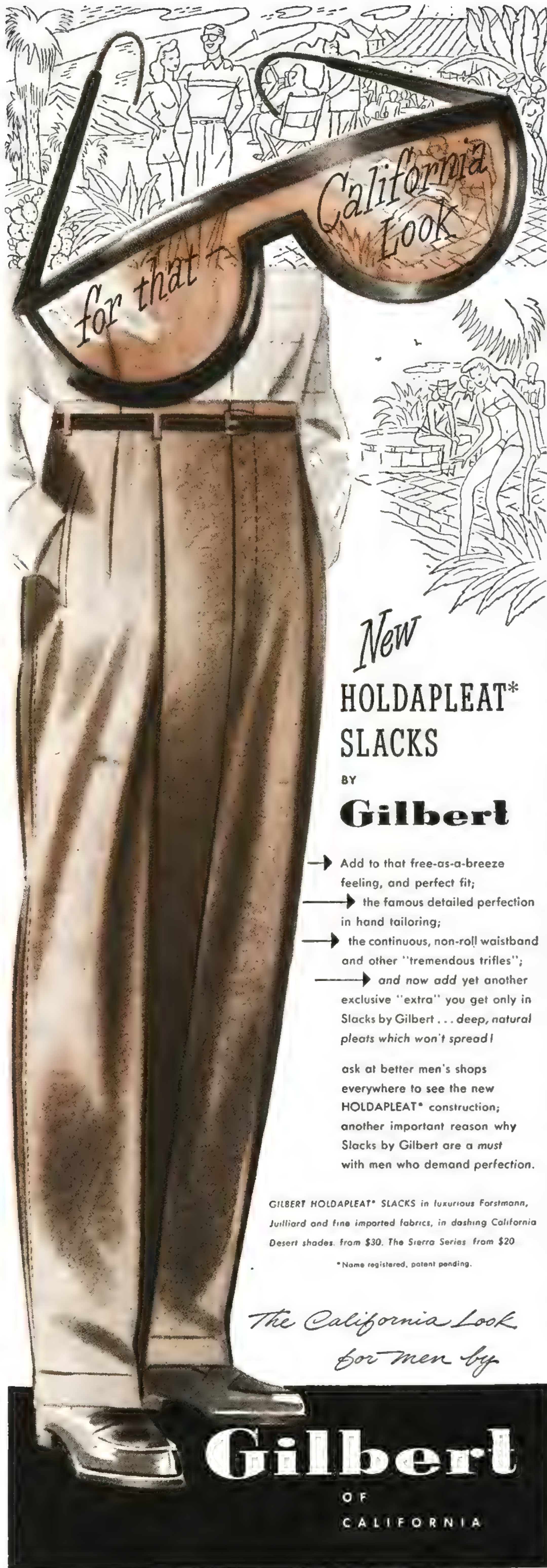
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Nobody Gets Hurt

Continued from page 75

and he said, "She'd never pass her next inspection. A master taken unawares could lose a lot of men if—"

He glanced over his shoulder. Mr. Luke Anson, the chief engineer, was approaching them, his arms swinging unsteadily at his sides. His face was long, hollow, and grim in expression, with his eyes smoldering in the partial obscurity of his thick eyebrows.

"A soured man, Chris," Alex Pinner said under his breath. "Got taken for a ride in some flimflam game on the beach and lost his life savings." He met Luke Anson with a nod toward Chris. "Chief, this is Dalthy, the second. One of us."

"Another!" said Anson, sticking out his lips. "What's this about stopping her for a boat drill, Captain?"

"That's right," said Alex. "I'm lowering the boats. I can't overlook the chance that she'll let go on her own, ahead of schedule."

"You're telegraphing the game to every man in her!" Anson said angrily. "Do you aim to land us in jail? At boat drill, shipmasters don't lower—"

"I do, Mr. Anson," Alex Pinner broke in. "And when I want any help from the blackgang about how to run my ship, I'll nail up a suggestion box. Anything else?"

Chief Anson stood still, swaying gently, and each thumb touched in turn every finger of his hand. Down on deck, Sniff Bartlett, the elderly first officer, was lifting a suspicious nose. Suddenly, Alex Pinner swung around and gripped the brass handle of the engine-room telegraph. "I passed the word that abandon-ship drill was to be at four, when the watches change," he said. "But what's wrong with now?" He shoved the handle over to "Stop."

"Sound the general-alarm bells, Mr. Dalthy," he said.

With the answering jingle from the engine room in his ears, Chris bolted for the switch in the wheelhouse.

"Your station is Number One boat," Alex said to the lowering chief. "Get there!"

Already the *Angela* was losing way. Slowly Anson turned around. "Play if you will, then," he said. "But remember it's me that'll call the tune when—"

"Move!" Alex Pinner snapped. In heavy silence, Luke Anson obeyed.

Chris crossed to the starboard-bridge ladder.

"Watch this drill and spot as many weak sisters as you can, Chris," Alex Pinner said. "I want good men on those boatfalls. And when you've got a spare eye, bend it on Sniff Bartlett, there, and don't be watching me. Sniff's not in on the game. He's decrepit, but he thrives on moral indignation. Let me know if you think he smells something."

The *Angela* sewed a long white seam across the blue Pacific to-

ward Sydney. She had a fine turn of speed. Alex Pinner babied her along in rough weather as if her shell plating were made of peanut brittle; but whenever the boisterous trade winds eased and the sea smoothed out a bit, he shoved her at all she would turn.

"Man's a creature of habit," Alex said to Chris one day. "That goes even for a dubious specimen like Luke Anson. He and that plug-ugly first assistant of his smuggled aboard enough TNT to kick out the side of the engine room. But Anson was up here this morning bleating about her fuel consumption because I asked him for eighty revolutions. Is he figuring on swimming ashore with a fuel tank in his teeth?"

"That's right, sir," said Chris, grinning. "Habit! I noticed *you* looking over that patch of rust..."

"That's different," Pinner said, frowning. "I have to make this look like a normal voyage."

"Yes, sir," Chris said amiably. "When does the balloon go up?"

"Don't be so blasted facetious over the end of a ship—even this one. She'll go when her time comes, and that will be to windward of an island group. How's Bartlett acting?"

"Nosy but stupid, sir," Chris said. "I wouldn't say he had a thing on us. But that squarehead bosun wasn't born yesterday."

There was blood in Luke Anson's eye. At the sight of him Captain Pinner looked aft to make sure that Mr. Bartlett was standing over the gang overhauling cargo gear.

"We're within two days' steaming of the Australian coast," the chief engineer said. "I have no wish for a shore plane to respond to our SOS in time to get a picture of the hole in her, with the plates bulging outward."

Alex Pinner nodded overside at the streaked and choppy sea through which the *Angela* thrust sluggishly. "Too rough to launch boats with safety," he said. "And it's making up. Sparks just got the weather from a fellow south of here—the *Terpsichore*. He has a moderate gale and freshening. A southerly buster."

"Well?"

"Nobody gets hurt," Pinner said. "We'll lie to. Fake a breakdown."

"A breakdown!" Anson shook his head. "Certainly not!"

"We wait for a change of weather," Alex Pinner stated flatly. "Sorry a breakdown injures your grand professional reputation."

Luke Anson glanced contemptuously at the sea and started toward the bridge ladder. "It's in my hands now," he said over his shoulder. "They'll launch—if they have to."

Alex went after him, his thick legs moving fast. He clamped a powerful hand on Anson's arm. "You'll do nothing until I give the word. I'm master of this ship."

What I say goes—even in the sinking of her.”

Luke Anson wrenched his arm clear. “How you going to work that, Captain?” he asked. “It’s my engine room that’s going to catch this Jap mine. Coming down there?”

“I’ll police you and your engine room,” Alex Pinner said. “You—”

His voice cut off and he leaned over the side of the ladder. Mr. Bartlett, under the steps, was listening with ears rigged out.

Bartlett sprang away from the ladder on his pipestem legs. “I heard you!” he cried, backing aft. “Going to sink her! I *thought* there was something . . .”

Alex ran down the ladder.

Bartlett stood fast against the house, black eyes blazing. “Killing me won’t do you any good, Captain!” he cried. “There’s more than one of us who’s been wondering what’s up!”

“Can we deal you in?” Alex Pinner asked. “No; I see we can’t. Well . . .”

Luke Anson was coming down the ladder slowly. Alex looked around at him and put a blocking arm across the ladder rails. “Relax, both of you,” he said. “Nobody gets hurt. All right—nobody gets rich either, and some of us—”

He looked around. Sparks had burst out of the radio shack at a waddling gallop. “Captain!” he panted. “Captain! From the *Terpsichore*!”

Pinner reached for the bit of paper and read it. He frowned. “Our discussion’s adjourned,” he said, and read the message again: “ONE AND TWO HATCHES STOVE IN—TREMENDOUS SEAS—IMMEDIATE ASSISTANCE—POSITION—THIRTY DEGREES FIFTY-SIX MINUTES SOUTH HUNDRED FIFTY-SIX DEGREES TWELVE MINUTES EAST—EHRENS, *Terpsichore*.”

Captain Pinner looked out at the lumpy rising sea. “I’ll want fifty revolutions, Mr. Anson,” he said. “At a guess we’re four hours away. Tell him we’re coming, Sparks, and put juice in the direction finder. Fifty revolutions, Mr. Anson.”

Ignoring the mate, he climbed to the bridge. For an instant he stood with thick hands planted on the bridge rail, watching the ship make her way to windward through the slate-blue water. The thin old mate came up the ladder and stood at his shoulder.

“Take her, Mr. Bartlett,” he said. “South’s good till I get you a course. Come on, Mr. Dalthy.”

Chris followed him into the chartroom and put on the direction finder’s earphones. The structure of the *Angela* quivered as she threw aside a sea that humped up ahead of her. Chris turned the wheel that rotated the loop antenna above.

“I’ll put the third on this job,” Alex said. “I want you to check the boats, Chris.”

It wasn’t until after the third radio message within an hour that Pinner lifted her gingerly to sixty revs. He scowled over those messages, and Chris, stealing a look,

understood. Captain Ehrens of the *Terpsichore* wasn’t too calm, and his emotion came through.

Both the mate and the bosun looked blank when Alex Pinner ordered the wells sounded at once and sounded thereafter every half hour. The two men knew well enough that a sturdy ship should drive through the combers, rising though they were, without raising any notion that the strain would make her take a little water.

The skipper was watching her carefully, hands again on the bridge rail to feel her tremor. “Sixty revs would give us eleven knots in smooth water,” he said to Chris. “In this slop she won’t be turning out eight. It’s fortunate *Terpsichore* isn’t too far over the hill.”

Though assured that the *Angela Mockridge* was using her direction finder and reporting visibility of a mile, Captain Ehrens still kept peeking away at them for haste. His language became even less temperate as the long morning wore on: “FOR GOD’S SAKE MAKE SPEED. FORWARD ENGINE-ROOM BULKHEAD COLLAPSING. WE ARE HELPLESS.”

“Why doesn’t the swab have a go at shoring it up?” Alex Pinner muttered. His eyes twitched half-shut as the *Angela*’s bow dropped and struck a stiff sea. She jarred as if she’d run into a jetty; then she slowly picked up speed again.

“Tell the bosc to sound Number One again,” he said. “Her worst trouble’s forward. She’s not lifting her head.”

Ten minutes later, the bosun trotted aft with his sounding rod trailing and stolidly reported a couple of feet in Number One. Alex talked to Anson on the phone, and the pumps started throwing it out. Four hours had dragged by. The sea was getting tougher. It pushed a green one over the *Angela*’s head. Solid water thundered aft and butted against the bridge house with a spurt of spray.

Sparks came tearing out of the shack again, eyes popping.

“ABANDONING SHIP. STARBOARD LIFEBOAT CARRIED AWAY WHILE LOWERING. SEA MOUNTAINOUS. ABANDONING SHIP.”

“I heard you the first time,” Alex Pinner said. “Get a lookout to the crow’s-nest, Mr. Bartlett. He’ll be looking for wreckage and lifeboats, not a ship.”

He started Sparks back to his shack with a hand on his shoulder. “Tell ’em we’ll be feeding ’em hot soup in an hour’s time,” he said. “It’ll be nearer two.”

A moment later, Sparks waddled back, lead-footed. “I can’t raise him,” he said.

The third mate came out of the chartroom. His hand flipped toward the loop of the direction finder and then across his throat.

Alex Pinner stepped into the wheelhouse for another look at the A.B. behind the wheel. The man’s hands were steady on the wheel. “Steer fine,” Alex said. He went to his quarters under the bridge and came back wearing his

Continued on page 148



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Nobody Gets Hurt

Continued from page 147

new hat on the side of his head. The ship drove on, though she seemed to be dead in the water half the time.

A man came yelling to the foot of the bridge ladder. His arm pointed aft. "There's a split in her deck aft of Number Four hatch!" he shrieked. "She's breaking in half!" A knot of men gathered by fast magic around him.

Mr. Bartlett whirled on the skipper. "You're driving her under!" he shouted. "You've been scheming to sink her since we left Frisco. I know!"

A couple of men oozed halfway up the bridge ladder, listening.

"You've schemed to sink her!" Bartlett yelled again.

"What an outrageous statement," said Alex Pinner mildly. "Could I have torn a hole in her deck?" He pointed a hand to southward. "Right now I'm scheming to save some lives. Anybody figuring on stopping me?"

"We'll be on the bottom before they are!" bawled a sailor.

"No," said Alex Pinner. "The *Terpsichore* bunch botched their launchings—how badly I don't know. You've still a ship under you," he said. "We'll bear a hand, and at worst we'll botch no launchings."

The lookout hailed from the foremast. The wind swept his

voice aft above them, but his arm was stretched forward, a point or so on the starboard bow.

"There you are," Alex Pinner said. "In sight! D'you think I'll like to now? Get aft for a look at the damage, Mr. Bartlett. What's a crack in her deck?"

Bartlett hesitated, sniffed, and moved. Pinner nailed his eye on the bosun. "Bose, sound that well! Number One lifeboat crew, stand by to launch!"

He turned from the ladder and walked into the wheelhouse. He spoke to the lookout on the telephone and got the helmsman on the new course. With the wind a hair on the port bow, the *Angela* staggered on.

Pinner spread his legs to feel out the deck under him. "Don't look at me," he said to Chris Dalthy. "I'm just an honest shipmaster doing his stuff. And it'll take doing, too!"

He trained his binoculars ahead. Mr. Bartlett came up the bridge ladder. "The crack's extended to her side and down her sheer strake," he said. "She's tearing like paper!"

"Hardly like paper, Mr. Bartlett," Pinner said. "You'll note we've not had a peep out of Anson in the engine room. She'll last us to windward of the lamentable mess ahead, I'm hoping." He ges-

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tured toward Number One lifeboat. "I trust you to do a better job of launching than the *Terpsichore* did," he said.

The engine-room phone rang.

"That fast?" he said. "Yes, there's trouble aft, but I hadn't thought the engine room... We'll need steam for the next half-hour. Of course it's abandon, but—

"No, Mr. Anson, that hadn't crossed my mind. If you were twice the thug I think you, I'd still hold a boat. For as long as you've the nerve to, then!"

He hung up and stepped into the radio shack. When he came out, he moved to the bridge rail again, with eyes ahead and with only half an ear for the bosun's staccato report that Number Four was a swimming pool.

Sluggishly, the ship fought on. Seas that had charged her savagely decreased a bit as she lost way. The streaked and leaping sea ahead became a heart-dropping sight, strewn with the meager possessions of a dead ship—gratings, dunnage, empty life rafts, splashes of oil, spars, and hatch covers. There were heaved up into their sight two lifeboats, with thwarts level with the water, held on the surface only by the buoyancy of their tanks. One boat's side was crushed in for half its length, and the other floated no higher. Men clung to both—many men still, but the seas were tearing at them.

Alex Pinner grunted. "As soon

as we're level with the boats, Chris, go forward and set the storm oil tanks to flowing. Let 'em run. I'll work to windward, but it's a slow business now."

Men of the blackgang drifted up on deck—sullen, beaten men, not panicky. Finally, the first and second assistants came up carrying motionless Luke Anson, visible parts roughly bandaged.

"Steam line let go," said somebody. "He tried too hard."

"A creature of habit, for all his grudges," said Alex Pinner. "Stow him in Number Two boat."

No tremor was running through the ship now, and her propeller was dead in the water. The sea was reaching for her. All hands were bunched on the lower bridge now. "Storm oil, Chris, and watch yourself on that foredeck," Pinner said.

Chris got back in a hurry. Captain Pinner was leaning on the rail, talking confidently to the men bunched below. "We're abandoning, of course. Help's on the way here already. You'll have an oil slick for an easy getaway. But we're hanging on a bit longer."

He pointed toward the *Terpsichore's* waterlogged boats. "We'll wait for them to drift down on us. Once they get into the spreading slick, it'll be no job at all to lay alongside 'em."

There was a sullen boom inside the structure of the ship. The deck fell away beneath their feet and then brought up again, heavy and

Continued on page 150



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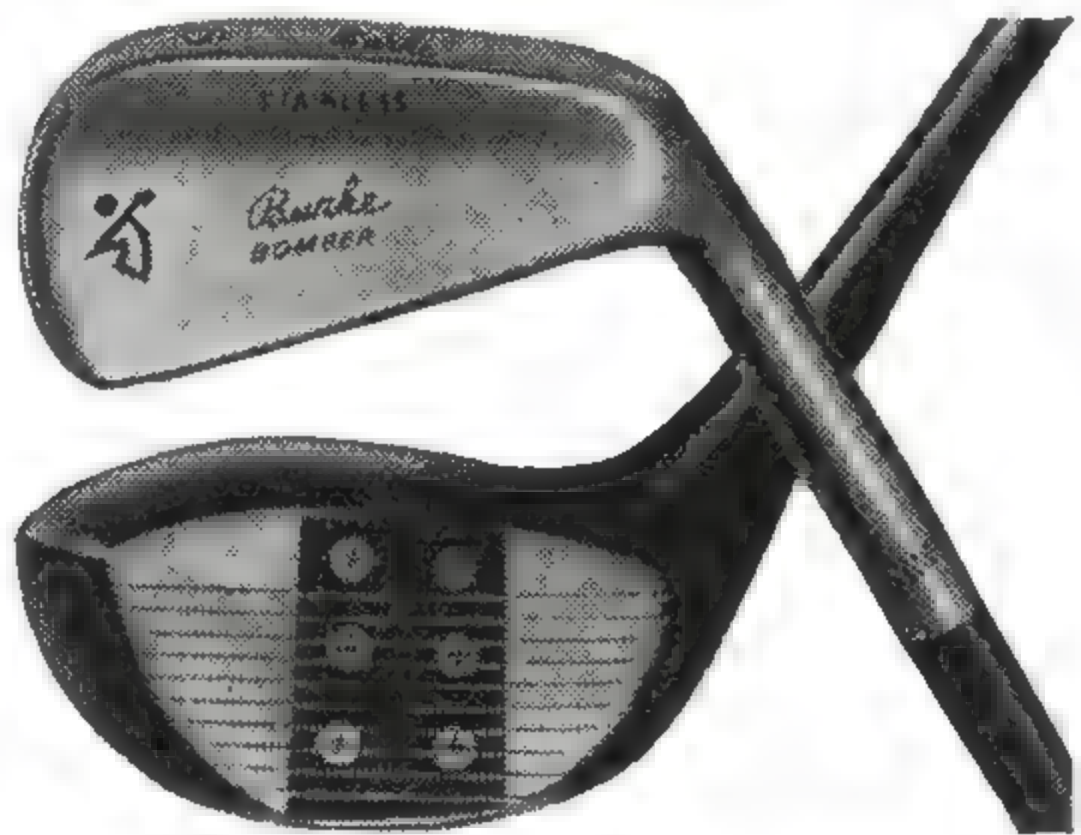
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Nobody Gets Hurt

Continued from page 149

dead in spite of the leaping seas.

Alex Pinner gave his cap a jerk starboard on his red head. "On second thought," he said quickly, "we'll abandon now and wait for 'em astern of the ship, in the smooth. Abandon ship!"

The men moved steadily. The drills were fresh in their minds.

Alex Pinner motioned to Chris Dalthy and Mr. Bartlett. "I'm no hero. I'll be joining you. Now I want those boats away—fast. Get Sparks out of the shack."

He shoved them toward the ladder and lifted his binoculars to study the *Terpsichore's* boats.

The oil dribbling down the bows of the ship came sliding aft—a film of safety that smoothed the seas to lumpy impotence.

Mr. Bartlett herded fat Sparks to Number One boat. Chris saw his boat swung out, spoke to the bosun, and returned to the bridge ladder. He started up casually.

Alex Pinner, pausing by the top, beckoned. "Come up, Chris, and see if you can make out—" Then his foot swung out and caught Chris squarely on the chin.

When Chris came to, he was in a lifeboat. The wind was tearing at the boat, but she rode a thin film of oil. The oddly squat bulk of the *Angela* lay to windward. She was by the stern. From her higher

bow both her anchor cables dangled in the sea. That would be to slow her drift. She was low in the water now—mighty low.

The bosun grinned at Chris. "Man, did the skipper send you to bye-bye," he chuckled. "Me, I let him stay aboard when I saw he wanted to that bad."

"He's still on her?"

"Sure," said the bosun. "He had a job to do. He's been dolin' out that storm oil like a miser. Made it last out till the *Terpsichore's* swamped boats come down on us into the slick."

Chris looked again. Inside the windward edge of the film of oil, the *Angela's* other lifeboats had run in alongside the *Terpsichore's* half-sunken craft. The *Angela's* men were hauling aboard the limp bodies of seamen with faces drained grey. They were getting them all; within the oil slick, the boats rubbed sheet-metal sides with no danger of crumpling.

Chris struggled to get to the steering oar. "What're we doing here?" he cried. His head whirled and his legs let go under him.

The bosun dragged him to the thwart. "We got a job, too, an' it's coming up now," he said. His voice lifted to a shout. "Okay, sailors, move her! Make her jump! Bend them backs!"

The men swung at the oars; the

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HERE, AT LAST, are PLEASURE JACKET "treats"
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Whether your fancy turns toward THE O'FLYNN
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HOLLYPARK of STROOCK in a hailstone tweed,
you'll find your choice will be a glorious step
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THE O'FLYNN (at left) 34" in regular length is 65% alpaca and 35% wool. SUN SUEDE yoke and sleeve trim, leather knob buttons, two vertical zipper "warmers," generous saddle pockets. Colors in heather mixtures of Smoke Blue, Bark Tan, Moss Green. Sizes: small, medium, large, extra large. Retail about \$57.50.

THE HOLLYPARK (at right) in fine hailstone pattern tweed, an exclusively constructed yarn of alpaca, wool and mohair. Colors are Bronze Gold, Biscuit Beige, Skipper Blue, Navajo Rust. Sizes 36-46, in shorts, regulars, longs. Retail about \$37.50.

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lifeboat gathered way. The bosun headed her for the *Angela*.

And there was no doubt now that the *Angela* had come to the end of her rope. Her bow was rising steadily and her length was shortening. There was no sign of life on board her.

Then, suddenly, the red head of Alex Pinner showed by the break of the forecandle. He started to claw on all fours across the slanting deck toward the rail, but he didn't make it. The increasing slant of the plates tore him loose from his grip and slid him aft.

Already the bridge house was under, and Pinner sprawled into bubbling, leaping water, and disappeared. Her foredeck was steadily sinking under—first her foredeck and then her forecandle head. The sea leaped like a geyser as it closed over the last of her.

"Row, you!" yelled the bosun. He clung to the oar and steered the lifeboat into the turbulence of escaping air and swirling water that no oil could check. The lifeboat spun and leaped, smacking her bottom and bouncing free. Men clung to their useless oars and stared into whirlpools.

Chris' eyes tore at that water. New explosions of air under them shook the boat, blasting her off the surface, pitching her steeply, and rolling her gunwales under.

A man yelled and took a hand off his oar to point. Again Alex Pinner's red head was in sight.

Vigorously, the skipper was battling his way to the edge of the blisters of turbulent water.

"Backwater!" the bosun shouted. "Give way!"

Mr. Bartlett's boat, too, was heading for the swimming skipper, but the bosun's got there first. Chris flipped a line. Alex Pinner climbed aboard. He coughed and grinned at Chris. "All get clear, bouse?" he asked.

"Every man, sir." Mr. Bartlett's boat drew close alongside. Somebody shoved a life preserver between gunwales for a fender.

Alex Pinner stared across at the old mate. "Well, what about it, mister?" he asked.

Mr. Bartlett's nose twitched. "The *Angela* split open while driving through high seas to rescue human life," he said thinly.

"They can't take away a master's ticket for that, sir," the bosun muttered.

Captain Pinner looked at the sea where his ship had been. "It's the sea that's taken my master's ticket," he said. "I'll not reach for command again. On the other hand, a hellroaring brave man like me rates staying at sea as Alex Pinner, ordinary seaman."

"Able seaman," said Chris Dalthy softly. "There's tough going beyond the oil, sir, and you've still got to put all hands ashore."

"That I'll do," said Alex Pinner, A.B. "Nobody gets hurt." #

Continued from page 75

Signs of Spring

Style that stands out,
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Both are yours in top-
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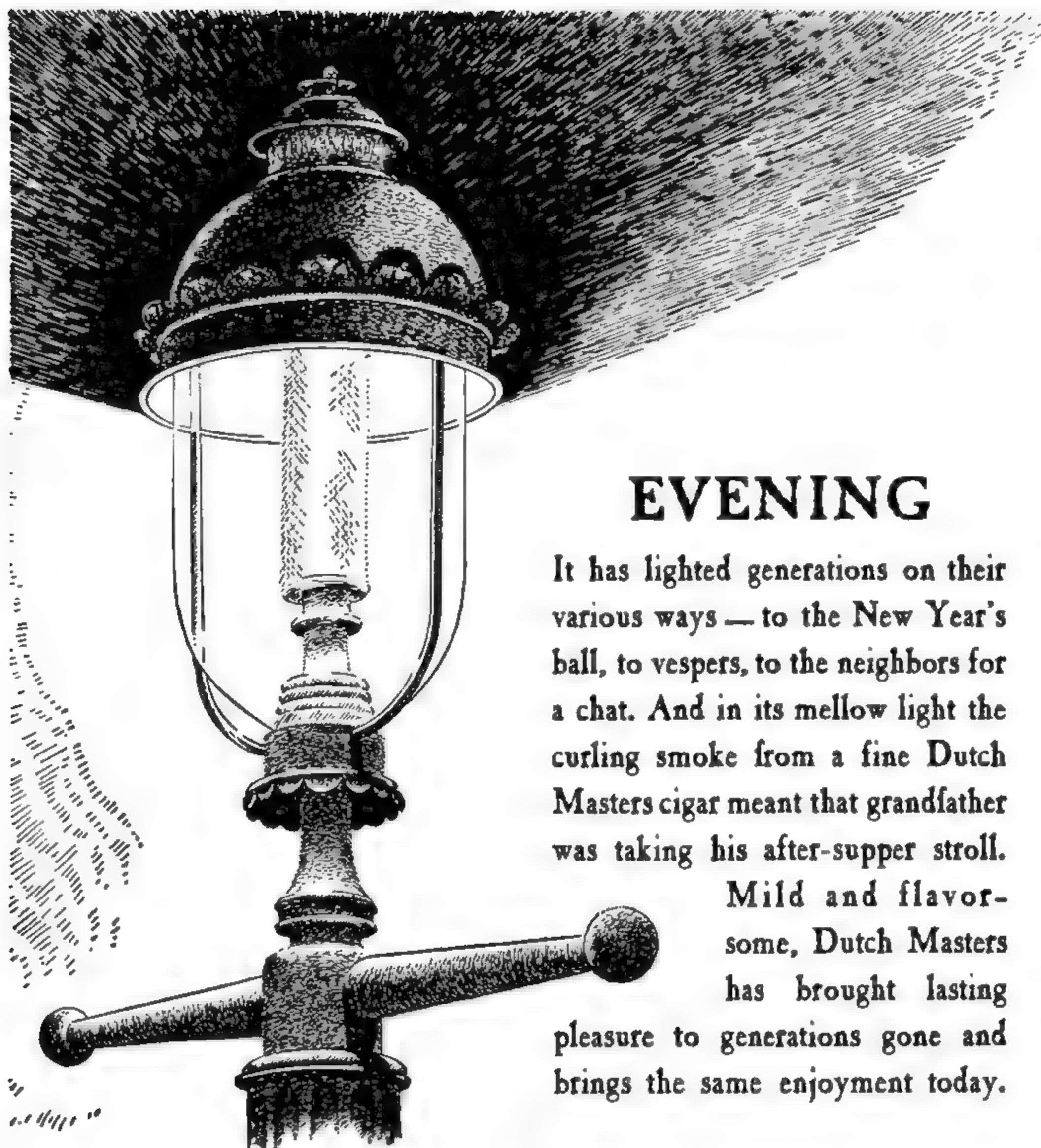
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It has lighted generations on their various ways — to the New Year's ball, to vespers, to the neighbors for a chat. And in its mellow light the curling smoke from a fine Dutch Masters cigar meant that grandfather was taking his after-supper stroll.

Mild and flavor-some, Dutch Masters has brought lasting pleasure to generations gone and brings the same enjoyment today.

DUTCH MASTERS CIGARS

Meeting Spring Halfway

Continued from page 63

a post card to the United States?" Yet they manage to be pretty casual about most things. A political candidate generally has to use a nickname on campaign posters and the ballot if he wants to get anywhere.

And you'll find the English language tossed around rather nonchalantly by these island Yankees. In the Shopping Guide attached to the phone book in the swank Royal Hawaiian Hotel, for instance, you find the following advertisement of Musa-Shiya the Shirtmaker—and we quote:

"Kimono make, Dry Goods and Lauhala Goods selling. My only on Shop exposing on 2152 Kalakaua Ave., for easily finding, close by you Hotel stop. My chief likeness are the making shirt Kimono, which it need no introductory that it speak for itself and imply the conditions of perfect in all its passages. I am in possession many superiored cloths which strike the eye until contented and if shirt Kimono, it hit on the head with a nail."

One of the great social events for residents of Honolulu is the sailing of the new luxury liner, *Lurline*, of the Matson Line every twelve days or so for Los Angeles or San Francisco. Half of Honolulu goes down to the pier to see the ship off, and you think the

folks aboard must all have a lot of friends on shore until you are told that most of the people waving from the dock don't know anybody on board, but just go down to the water front to sing *Aloha Oe*, and to weep the bittersweet tears of nostalgia. *Aloha Oe* was written by Queen Liliuokalani, the last native ruler, who was dethroned in 1893.

Getting to the Islands is another great attraction of a Hawaiian vacation in early spring. The five-day trip from San Francisco or Los Angeles aboard the *Lurline* is a luxury cruise in the old prewar sense of the word. And even if you're a confirmed air traveler, the flight from the West Coast to Honolulu is one of the most memorable you'll ever take.

By the time you read this, Pan American expects to be running two types of service—a day flight of eight and a half hours by the new speedy Boeing Stratocruisers, and a night flight via DC-4 Sleeperettes from both San Francisco and Los Angeles. United is running DC-Sixes from San Francisco. At the time of writing Pan American and Northwest Airlines are running DC-Four service from Seattle and Portland. We flew it in two days from New York—doing it the easy way, without rushing. We flew from New

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Authentic Fashion grade \$9.95 to \$12.95. Pre-Flex and Arthim grades, somewhat higher.

York to San Francisco in twelve hours on a TWA Constellation, spent a very large evening in San Francisco, then boarded the Pan American Clipper the next morning, arriving in Honolulu that afternoon. The flight was smooth as satin all the way and we landed right on schedule, thanking the lords of technology for making a Hawaiian junket possible for two-week vacationists the likes of you and me. (See Going Places with Esquire elsewhere in this issue for information on Honolulu hotels and restaurants, and write our Readers' Travel Service for more data about a Hawaiian vacation.)

For a spring-seeking vacation much closer to home, we'd like to recommend Las Vegas, Nevada, where you can gamble, drink, ride a horse, go swimming, marry up, or get divorced just about any hour of the day or night, practically every day in the year. Like Hawaii, Las Vegas is a photographer's paradise.

Las Vegas is just about wide open. You'll find slot machines at the airport or railroad station when you arrive, and it seems as though the damn things are thumbing a ride from you wherever you go—in barbershop, grocery store, or shoeshine parlor.

Result of all this has been to give the fair name of Las Vegas a slight smudge and a while back a group of prominent citizens formed themselves into Vigilantes—

known locally as the Chamber of Commerce—and hired Steve Hanagan, a dude from back east, to ride the rowdy reputation of Las Vegas out of town on a rail.

Sheriff Steve, a rootin', tootin' buckeroo, deputized a posse of writers and cameramen, and today the other tourist attractions of the town are beginning to overcome the hypnosis of the galloping oranges, plums, and Bell Fruit Gum.

As in every other resort the world over where gambling pays the nut—Monte Carlo and Nice, for example—Las Vegas is a vacation bargain for a man with luck enough to lick the tables or sense enough to stay away from them.

Las Vegas does not recommend itself to one type of vacationist—the pompous or the stuffed-shirt. The spirit of the place is definitely informal, hospitable, come-as-you-please, and every-man-is-as-good-as-the-next-one. So if you're the type that curls up in the face of breezy Western friendliness, better go someplace else.

With that one exception, though, Las Vegas has something to offer just about every type of early-spring vacationist. For the fisherman there's Lake Mead, a mammoth inland sea, only twenty-eight miles away, which was created by the backing up of the waters of the Colorado River by the enormous Hoover Dam. Lake fishing for largemouthed black-

Continued on page 154

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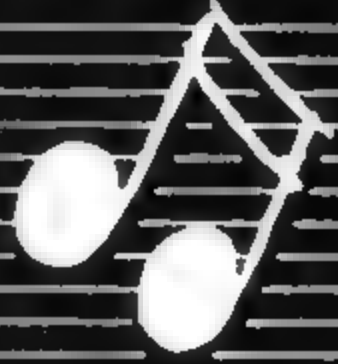
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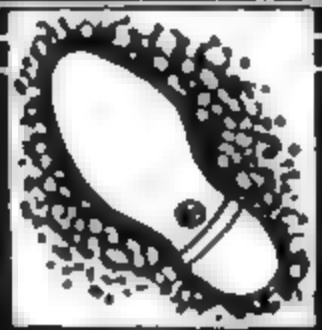


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Meeting Spring Halfway

Continued from page 153

bass, ranging in weight from two-and-a-half to eight pounds, is the equal of that of just about any place in the West, and there are plenty of rainbow trout in the Colorado below the Dam.

On the lake also you'll find every type of boat for charter, from rowboat to cabin cruiser. And some of the top hotels have private boats for the use of their guests. The Flamingo and El Rancho Vegas, just to tie up the package, maintain cabin cruisers on Lake Mead to take guests out fishing for free.

The Las Vegas area has some top-flight dude ranches in the desert a few miles from town, a fact which—unfortunately—has often been obscured by the flare of the neon signs of Glitter Gulch, the famous gambling section in town centered on Fremont Street.

There's even some pretty good skiing—on Mt. Charleston, 12,000 feet high and thirty miles away.

Gals? There's plenty of 'em, many sweating out the six-week predivorce residence period by soaking up the good hot desert sunshine. "In escrow," or "taking the cure," they call it. Take a gal in a condition like that, apply liberally with the light of the Western stars shining over the sagebrush—and you've got action.

But for us, at least, one of the main attractions is the four principal hotels along Las Vegas' famous Strip—a stretch of U. S. Highway 91 leading southwest out of town. Here top-name entertainment as good as you can find in New York or Hollywood is presented—and rates are considerably less than you would have to pay at most comparable resorts anywhere in the United States. The gaming tables take care of a good part of the tab.

We stayed at the Flamingo last time we were out there—a desert oasis that fully rates the use of that overworked adjective "fabulous." Palm trees surround an Olympic-size swimming pool—and the water is kept at 68 degrees throughout the year. You can work up a midsummer tan around the pool and lunch out on the terrace just about any time of the year.

The atmosphere is lush, plush, lavish and modern—yet it's the sort of place where you can go around in a sports shirt or blue jeans, and feel completely at home in whatever you're wearing.

The Last Frontier, down the Strip a piece toward town, is a sort of Colonial Williamsburg—Western style. A real old-time Wild-West town has been recreated, complete with Gay 90's Bar, saddles, stagecoaches, and hitching posts. El Rancho Vegas, near by, has much the same feeling of the old West. Newest Las Vegas Strip hotel is the Thunderbird.

All four hotels have their own stables, swimming pool, night

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clubs with top-name bands and floor shows. Each has its own little gimmicks for keeping the customers happy, such as postmidnight bargain buffets of turkey, ham, roast beef, and trimmings—all you can eat for a dollar and a half or so—and breakfast on the house if you're still on your feet come four or five o'clock in the morning, which many people are. Las Vegas is that sort of place.

All of them, too, have their own casinos, where gambling is strictly honest and carefully regulated, and the house is content to work on the odds. As Morton Downey told us one night while we were out there, Las Vegas is one of the few places in the world where you can lean against a gambling table with your feet wet without danger of being electrocuted.

Another reason for choosing the spring for a Las Vegas vacation is the Helldorado celebration, scheduled this year for mid-May. All male Las Vegas are supposed to start growing whiskers before the ceremonies, and any caught with unfuzzy chins are given a mock trial, thrown into the Bastille specially set up for the occasion, or ordered to pay a screwy penalty.

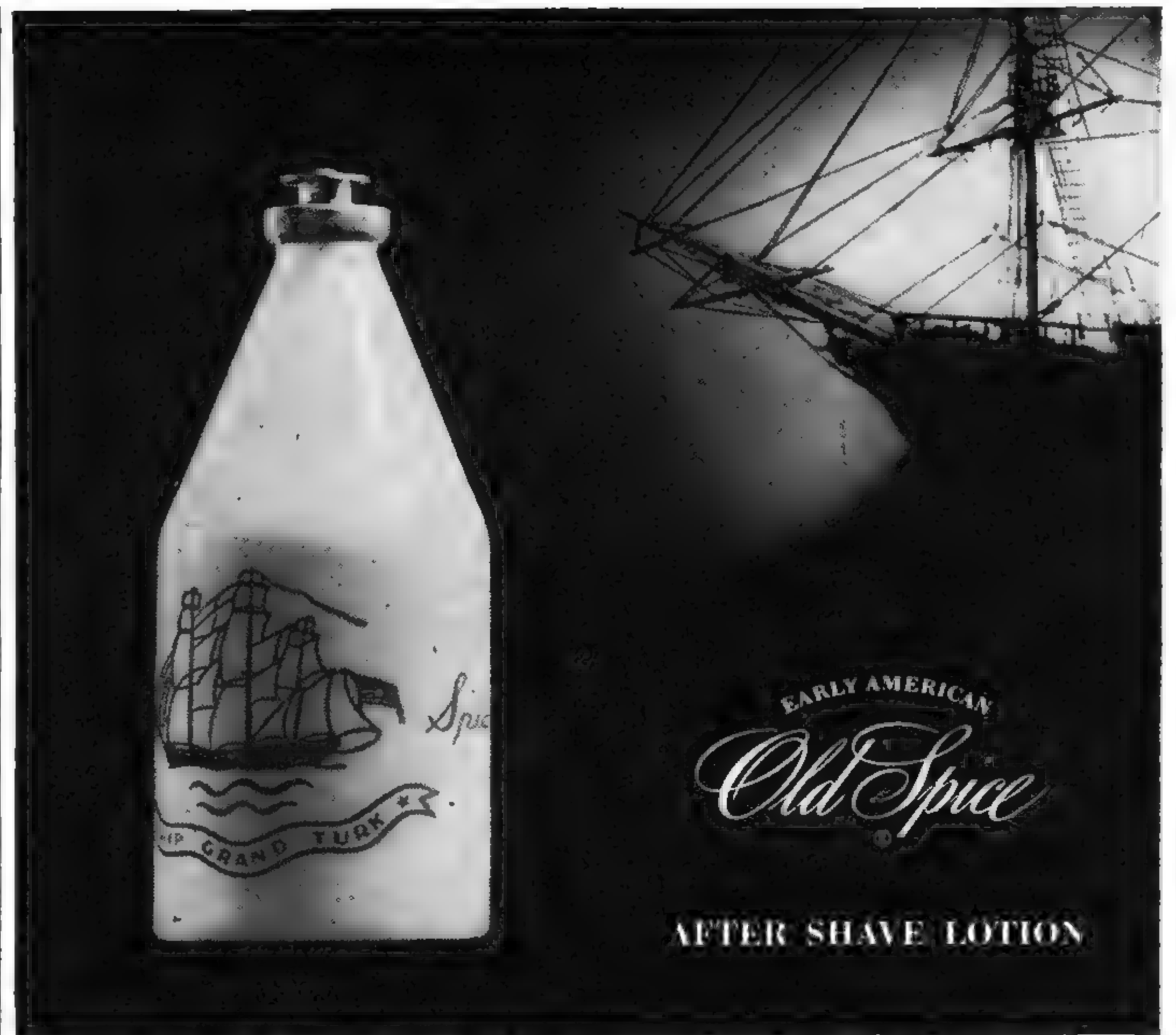
There's a Frontier Days parade through town, a rodeo every day, beauty contests and the choosing of a Helldorado Queen, the town fills up with chicks wearing cowboy boots and cute little abbreviated skirts, and Las Vegas is Las Vegas—only more so.

Another excellent bet at this time of the year for a man anxious to meet spring halfway is a Southern California vacation. Weather is so good all along the coast that you'll find many days warm enough for swimming and sun bathing—and most days will be perfect for golf, tennis or riding. When you're tired of the more active pleasures you can always sit in Pershing Square in downtown Los Angeles—Union Square with totem poles—and listen to the Sit, Spit and Argue Club as it convenes in continuous session in the year-round sunshine.

All of which is not to say that a man who is fed up with the vagaries of northern weather has to go West to meet spring coming up. Florida is never lovelier than it is right after the midwinter crowds have gone home—generally by early April. Most of the best hotels are open, rates have climbed down, and facilities are ready, willing, and available.

It's beach weather, most days, along the Georgia and Carolinas coast, and the famous Virginia countryside is enjoying one of the best seasons while spring is still flirting with the Confederacy, and refusing to be reconstructed back into the Union.

It would appear, therefore, that a man whose patience has been tried by too much cold and sleet has only to turn his face south, southeast, or southwest to find out where the sun has been hiding these many months. Heaven help a home-tied Yankee at a long winter's end. ‡



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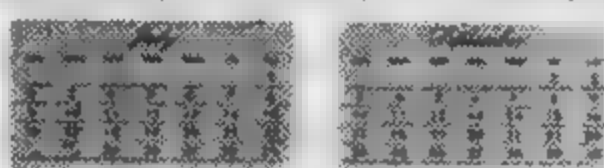
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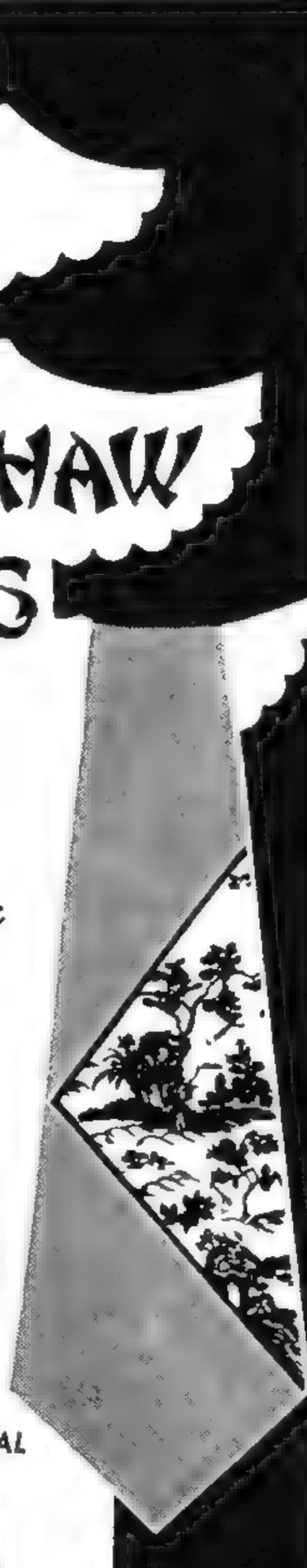


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son, 11,000 tons, Boston to Bermuda, St. Kitts, Antigua, Montserrat, Dominica, St. Lucia, Barbados, St. Vincent, Grenada, Trinidad and British Guiana. Two classes, 34-day round voyage (cruise with shore excursions not included in rate), \$513 minimum, including ten per cent tax.

Grace Line—*Santa Rosa* and *Santa Paula*, celebrated cruise ships, New York to Curaçao, La Guaira, Puerto Cabello and Cartagena. Twelve-day cruise, \$435 to \$870 plus tax.

Santa Monica, *Santa Clara* and *Santa Sofia*, 52-passenger cargo ships, New York to Cartagena, Barranquilla and Maracaibo. Eighteen-day "casual cruises" (schedules somewhat dependent on freight demands), \$435 to \$460. (There are no taxes on this cruise.)

Cunard White Star Line—last cruise of the season for the brand-new *Caronia* leaves New York April 4 for La Guaira, Curaçao, Colon, Kingston and Havana, \$425 minimum, plus tax.

Pacific Cruise Line—*Corsair*, formerly J. P. Morgan's yacht, now an 82-passenger luxury cruiser, Los Angeles to Acapulco, Panama, Cartagena, Kingston, Jamaica, Havana, leaving March 31. 32-day round trip, \$1242 minimum. (No taxes on this cruise.)

Standard Fruit & Steamship Co.—*Contessa* and *Cefalu*, one-class cruise ships accommodating 82 passengers, New Orleans to Havana and Honduras. Ten-day cruises, \$200 up, plus tax.

United Fruit Co.—*Jamaica*, *Talmanca* and *Veragua*, each accommodating 99 passengers, New York to Havana and Puerto Barrios. 17-day cruise, minimum \$375, 24 days (with Guatemala City tour), \$520 minimum, plus tax.

Quirigua, *Chiriqui*, modern one-class ships accommodating 99 passengers, New Orleans to Havana and Puerto Barrios. 11-day cruise, \$230 minimum. *Antigua*, sistership, from New Orleans to Canal Zone and Puerto Barrios, same rates.

SOUTH AMERICA:

Moore McCormack Lines—*Argentina*, *Brazil* and *Uruguay*, celebrated 33,000-ton sister ships, accommodating 450 passengers each, New York to Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires and Trinidad. Thirty-eight-day cruises, \$1110 minimum, first class; \$710 minimum, cabin class. Tax is included in these prices.

Delta Line—*Del Sud*, *Del Norte* and *Del Mar*, luxurious postwar cruise ships, New Orleans to Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo and Buenos Aires. Forty-eight-day cruise, \$900 to \$1701, tax included.

Go for Snow

(It's the high mountains of the West for the die-hard skier who carries his snow fever well into the spring. And it's a good idea to check local snow conditions when planning a ski junket this late in the season.)

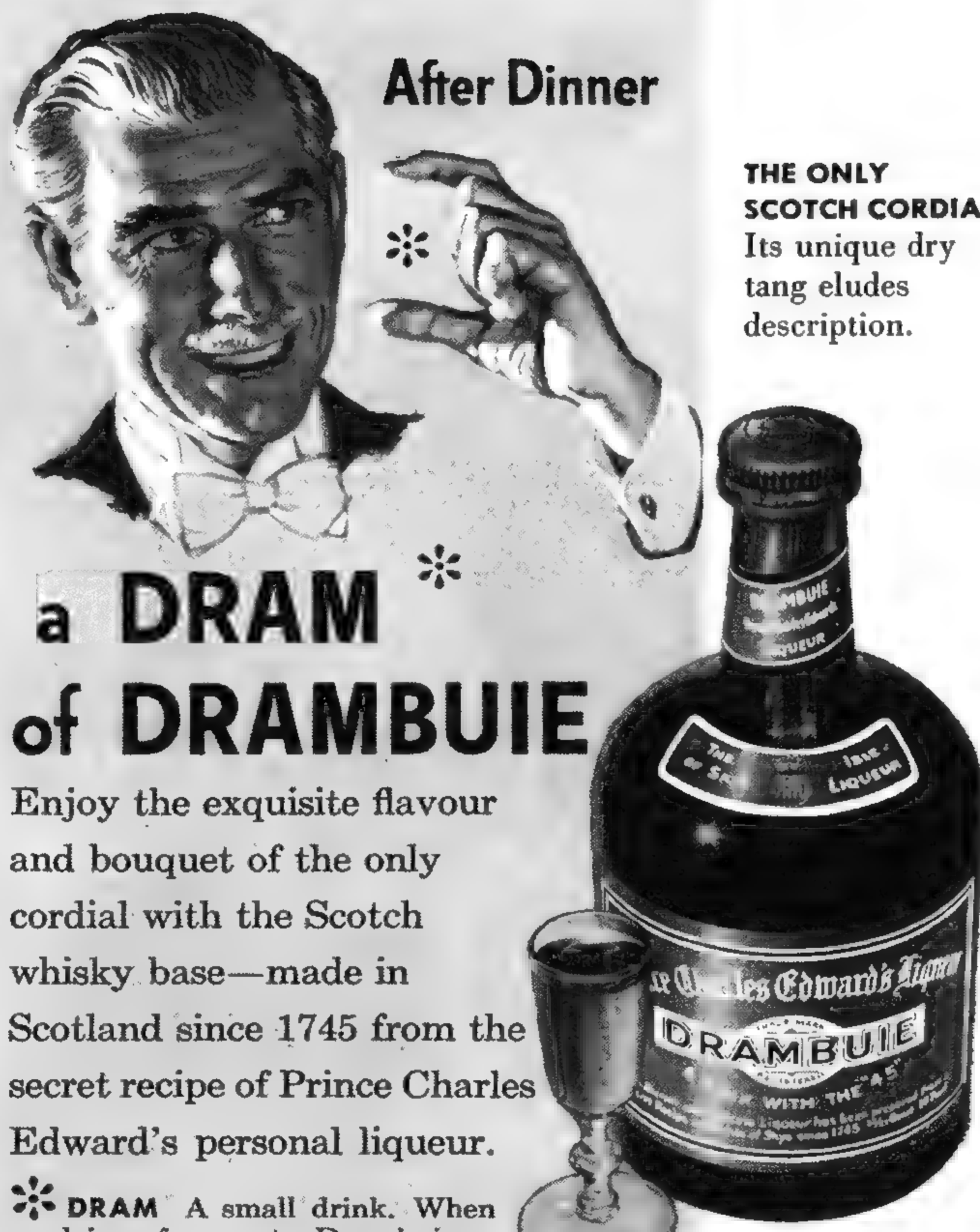
CALIFORNIA—April snow likely to be good in the northern and

Continued on page 158

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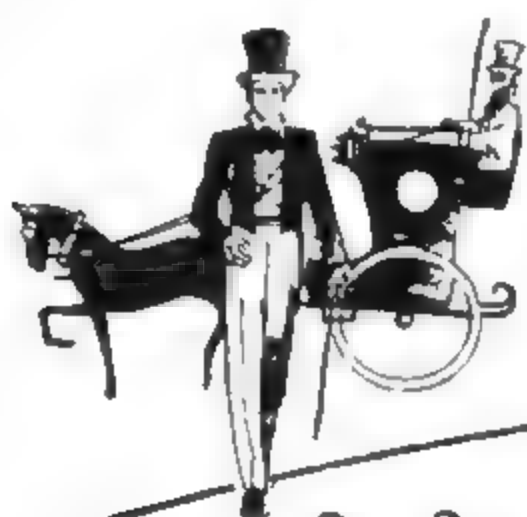
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Esquire's Where and When Calendar

Continued from page 157

central ski areas; somewhat spotty in southern sections. Some year-round skiing in Mt. Shasta area in northern region. Other ski centers in this section include Mineral Winter Sports Area, Tahoe National Forest Area. In central California it's Yosemite, Tuolumne County in Stanislaus National Forest and Inyo National Forest areas; while southern California has Mt. Waterman, only 45 miles from Los Angeles, Mt. San Antonio, Camp Seeley, Lake Arrowhead, Snow Valley and Big Bear Lake regions.

OREGON—Timberline Lodge, one of the best-known ski resorts in the country, is located in the Mt. Hood area. Other top Oregon snow regions are Government Camp, Tilly Jane Ski Bowl, Odell Lake, Hoodoo Ski Bowl, Tollgate Bowl and Crater Lake National Park.

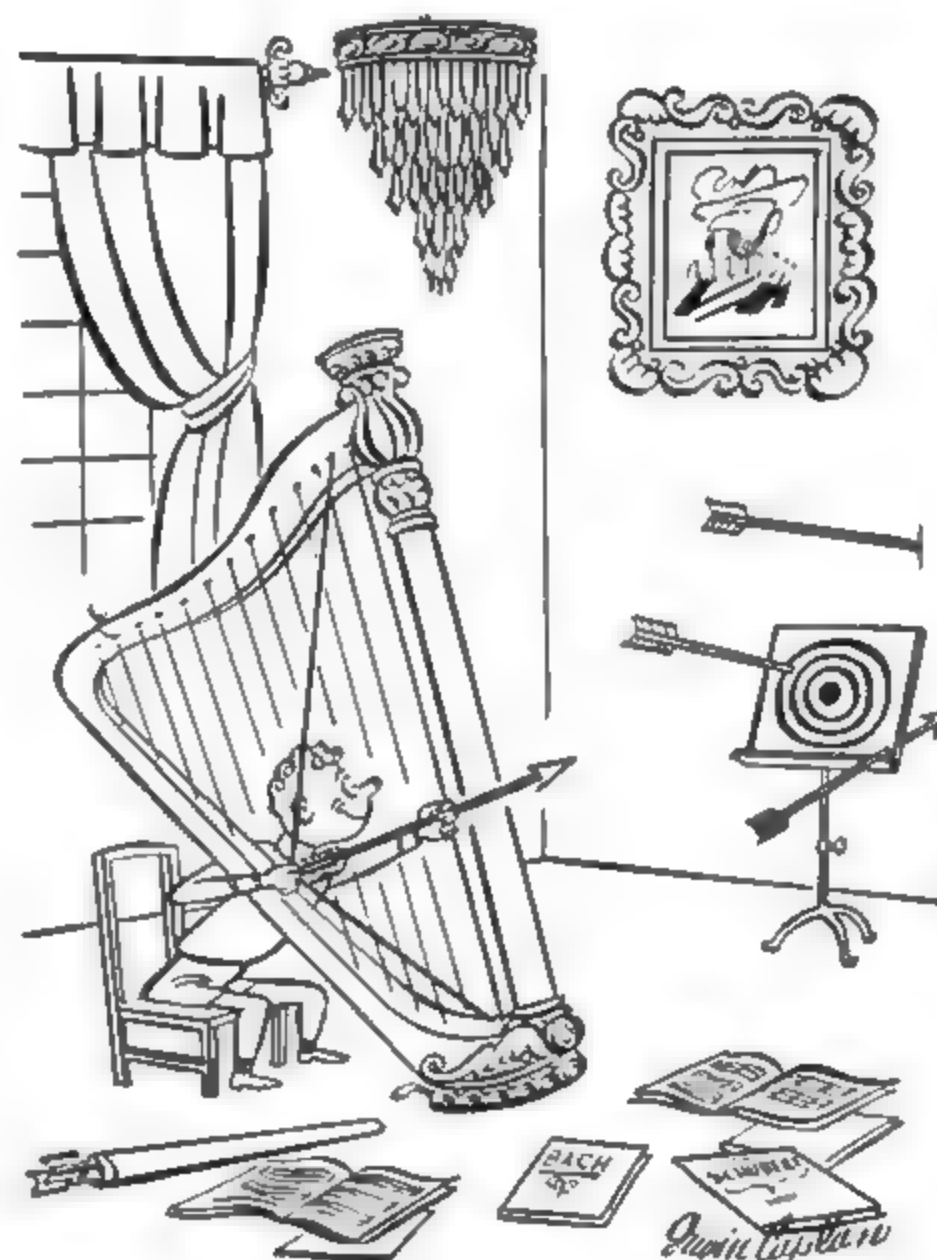
WASHINGTON—There's alpine open-country skiing at Mt. Baker National Forest through April. Other top spring ski spots in the state include Paradise Valley in Rainier National Park, American Ridge Ski Bowl, Leavenworth Area, Milwaukee Ski Bowl, Mt. Adams, Mt. St. Helens, Mt. Spokane State Park, Snoqualmie Ski Bowl, Stampede Pass and Stevens Pass Winter Sports Area.

NEVADA—Best ski center in state is at Mt. Rose, in Mono National Forest.

IDAHO—Learn-To-Ski Weeks—all-expenses including ski school for \$75—continue at Sun Valley through the month. When snow gets thin on Mt. Baldy it's a short ride to whiter pastures. And spring and summer sports get rolling at about the same time on the valley floor.

MONTANA—State's best include the Beef Trail region of Deerlodge National Forest, and Birch Creek and Elkhorn Springs sections of Beaverhead National Forest.

WYOMING—A truly outstanding ski development is the Jackson Hole Area, with fine spring snow conditions generally. You'll usually find good late skiing, too, at Medicine Bow National Forest, Casper Mountain area, Teton Pass and the Big Horn Mountains



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and Big Horn National Forest. UTAH—One of the finest ski centers in the West is at Alta. You'll also find excellent skiing at Snow Basin, Summit Valley and Brighton.

COLORADO—Aspen is receiving, and deservedly, wide publicity as a top ski resort. The white gold of snow sports has rejuvenated an old ghost town. Other ski meccas in the Colorado Rockies include Berthoud Pass, Estes Park, Glenwood Springs, Pike's Peak and Steamboat Springs.

NEW MEXICO—While late skiers are still schussing happily down Sandia Mountain, Aqua Piedra and Hyde Park, sun-seekers are having a happy time of it in the dude ranches of the lowlands. Swell shot for a combination vacation in April.

ARIZONA—Here, too, you can stem and sun-bake within a few miles of each other. Ski fans are having their sort of a time in the celebrated Snow Bowl at the same time as the sun aficionados are soaking it up in desert oases around Phoenix and Tucson. (For detailed coverage on Arizona in the sun, see *Yours for the Basking*, the travel article which appeared in last month's *Esquire*.)

CANADA—Up north, naturally, is where the snow leaves last. In the Canadian Rockies, there's skiing all-year-round on the Columbia Icefield, and you'll enjoy fine late spring skiing around Banff at Mt. Norquay, Mt. Assiniboine, Sunshine Valley and Skoki Valley. In Jasper National Park, in addition to the aforementioned Columbia Icefield, there's real snow fun in April—usually—at Maligne Lake, Trapper Valley, Tonquin Valley, Whistler Mountain, Mt. Edith Cavell and Big and Little Shovel Pass. Outstanding ski centers in British Columbia include Revelstoke, Grouse Mountain and Forbidden Plateau, on Vancouver Island.

Back East, you can't depend on April snow conditions much below the border, so eastern ski fans trying to hang on to a waning season generally journey to the Laurentians north of Montreal to visit such famous snow centers as Shawbridge, Piedmont, Mont Roland, Ste. Marguerite, Val Morin, Val David, Ste. Agathe des Monts, St. Jovite and famed Mont Tremblant.

In New England, best places for good end-of-season skiing generally are New Hampshire's Mt. Washington and Tuckerman Ravine.

Sun & Fun

FLORIDA—April's the month during which Floridians love their home state more than usual. The midwinter tourist crowd has gone home, for the most part, prices have come down, and things generally are quiet and peaceful. Weather's perfect, too. All in all a fine time to visit Miami, Palm Beach, St. Pete, Daytona Beach, Jacksonville, Sarasota, Fort Lauderdale, Key West, St. Augustine, Tampa, Orlando, Lake Wales,

Continued on page 160

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Esquire's Where and When Calendar

Continued from page 159

Fort Myers, Hollywood or whatever other Florida community or resort happens to be your favorite.

HAVANA—Call it "Paris of The New World," a gay old dog of a town, or what you will—the Cuban capital is tops for those who like to laugh in the sunshine. (For detailed coverage see *Sun Spots for February Fun* in February's Esquire.)

THE GULF COAST—Come April, and the weather's fine for outdoor sports all along the Gulf Coast from Brownsville to Key West. Fishing's good (and so is swimming, most days) around Corpus Christi, Galveston, the Louisiana Delta country, Bay St. Louis, Biloxi and Mobile.

MEXICO—Anytime's the time to go to Mexico, and April's certainly no exception. Devaluation of the peso has made Mexico just about the same sort of vacation bargain as it was back in the Thirties. Plenty of places for you to discover, too—as unknown to the Yanqui tourist as Taxco was twenty years ago. Or you can go to the tourist haunts, such as Mexico City and Acapulco, and have yourself a time with as little or as much native atmosphere as you choose.

GUATEMALA—Up and coming as a tourist favorite. Good weather throughout most of the country, unspoiled Indian atmosphere that provides a photographer's dream world, good hotels, reasonable prices and excellent air service to the States are all contributing to Guatemala's rise toward the top of the list of Latin American tourist centers.

Go South to Meet Spring

GEORGIA—It's swimming weather frequently in April through most of Georgia—April's always fine for fishing, boating, riding, golf and tennis. Savannah is a charming old city, with good beaches near by. April days run about 70 degrees, maximum, while evening minimum temperatures are about 50. There's the annual Dogwood Festival in Atlanta, and water sports at Brunswick and St. Simon Island.

SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston is a real gem of the old South, steeped in the atmosphere of antebellum days. There's Myrtle Beach, for hot sunny days, and Aiken, an all-year center for golf, riding, racing, steeplechase, hunting and polo.

NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville is a spring sports capital and gateway to the Great Smokies and the Blue Ridge Mountain country. And Wilmington, about midway between New York and Florida, is flanked by some of the finest beaches on the entire south Atlantic coast.

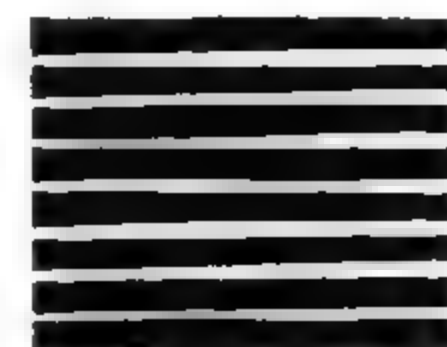
VIRGINIA—The annual Cavalier Specialists Golf Tournament at Virginia Beach late in the month



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is just one reason for an April visit to Virginia. The James River and Peninsula country is lovely in the spring, colonial Williamsburg seems to doze in the warm sunshine, and they're riding to hounds around Charlottesville.

BERMUDA—Right places at right times certainly include Bermuda around Eastertime. The lilies are in full blossom, you can enjoy the beaches almost every April day, and that's just as true for sailing, sight-seeing, golf, tennis, bicycling or just loading your camera with color film and aiming it at practically everything in sight. (There's a great deal more detailed information on Bermuda in *Yours for the Basking* in the March issue of Esquire.)

For the Man With a Long Stride

FRANCE—April in Paris is particularly apt this year, since the winter 25% round-trip air-fare reductions are in effect until the end of March. Revaluation of the franc in terms of dollars has greatly lowered the cost of everything for the tourist. At the time of writing a single room with bath in a de luxe hotel costs about \$6.50 a day, and you can get a good single room in a first-class hotel for about \$4.50. Down on the French Riviera room and meals in a de luxe hotel costs about \$15 a day and, if you are budget-minded, there are plenty of hotels and pensions that are glad to put you up for from \$5 to \$10 a day, with meals. If you're still thinking about skiing, you can indulge in it—up in the Alps near the Côte d'Azur.

ENGLAND—That air-fare reduction is good to England, too, until March 31, and spring is the season for enjoying Britain—when the weather seems suddenly to grow ashamed of what it's been doing, and wants to make amends. Food's adequate, if not exciting, and you'll get all the gas you need, if you decide to ship your car over or hire one to take you sight-seeing. Don't believe all the horror stories you might have heard. Life in England is austere, but not for tourists.

ITALY—Last season proved that Italy has made a real comeback in attracting American visitors. The Italian Riviera has been doing a big winter business, food and service are good, and spring weather is fine through most of Italy—when you're not trying to push a mule up a mountain—with the butt of an M-1.

SOUTH AMERICA—It's an early autumn south of the equator. It's beach weather in Rio de Janeiro, as it is all year round, and they're getting ready for skiing in Chile. In Montevideo and Buenos Aires, the theatres, music halls and cafes are taking on their "return-from-summer-vacation" look. You can bake out your early spring doldrums in the hot sunshine beating down on most of Paraguay, Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, Colombia and Venezuela. A good time, in other words, for a South American visit. As when isn't it? ‡

Continued from page 156

Bed Manners

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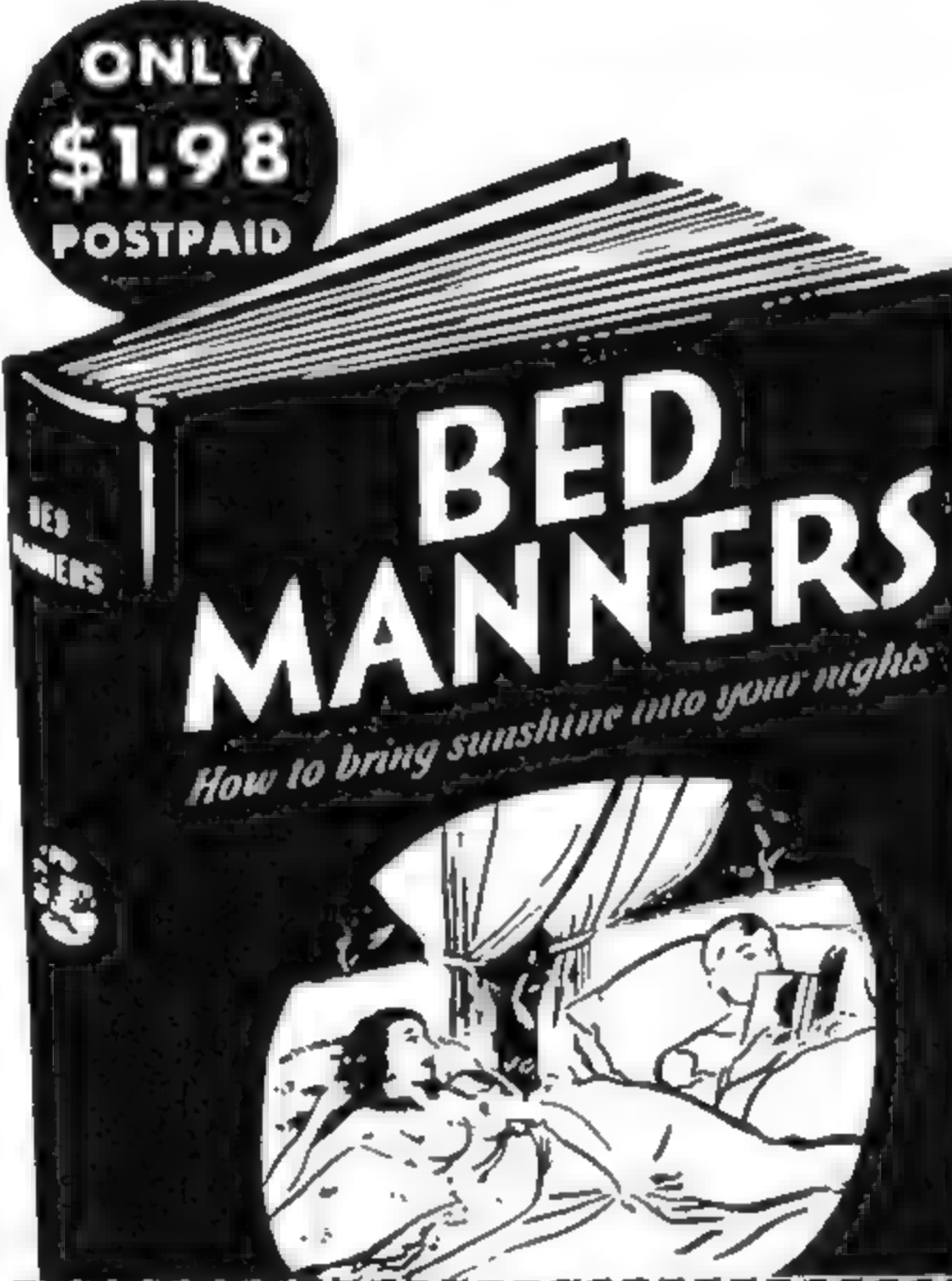
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Going Places

Getting Away From It All

HONOLULU, T. H.—For those of you who come upon this column cold, we'd like to explain that elsewhere in this number of *ESQUIRE*, in a piece called "Meeting Spring Halfway," we promised to give some more specific information on where to go in Honolulu.

THE FAMOUS section of Waikiki Beach, the one you've seen in most of the photographs, is bounded at one end by the Royal Hawaiian Hotel and at the other by the Moana Hotel, with the renowned Outrigger Canoe Club in between. The Royal is more than just an excellent resort hotel—it's a real vacation experience. The Moana's Banyan Court is one of the most popular rendezvous of Waikiki. Another favorite hotel at the beach is the Halekulani.

PROBABLY THE best known restaurant in Waikiki is Lau Yee Chai, and a real Roxy among Chinese restaurants it is. Its wood panellings were shipped piece by piece from Shanghai, its formal gardens are lovelier than those at most private estates at home, and its outdoor dance floor has the first vertical rock garden we've ever seen, and with its own waterfall, too.

IF YOU'RE having trouble making beautiful music with the Hawaiian light of your life, take her to Mochizuki, a Japanese garden the like of which—if you hail from east of Miyako—you've never come across before. It's a series of little islands interlaced with canals and connected by typically arched Japanese bridges. There's a private, single-roomed tea house on each island, in which you and your party are served. You take off your shoes before you go in, then enter and squat on rush mats around a low table while your suki-yaki is cooked in a corner and served to you with hot sake by lovely Japanese girls dressed in the customary kimonos and obis. After they discreetly retire at the end of the meal you're on your own, and if you can't do good then, you'd better hop the first boat or plane back to your wife.

TRADITIONAL Hawaiian feast is the luau, in which a whole pig is barbecued on hot stones in a pit dug into the ground. Best way to go to a luau without be-

ing lucky enough to stumble in on one in a small island village, is to go to one of the luaus scheduled at Elmer Lee's restaurant twice a month. And, since we've done the groundwork, tell Elmer Lee, or Tatsuro Matsuo at Mochizuki, or Ralph Yempuku at Lau Yee Chai, that Esquire sent you—and they'll fix you up fine. If there's a table in the place, you'll get it. They promised.

RIGHT NOW is probably the best time to confess that on the flight to Hawaii we were the only passengers on our Pan-American Clipper who didn't cork right off to sleep—and you can blame it on our incurable gadgetitis. The airline probably thought they were taking on the Sandman as an extra crew member when they installed seats which can be converted into sleepers in all their DC-Fours flying to Honolulu, but they weren't figuring on passengers like us. We were having so much fun making with the mechanism that we didn't finally drop off until long after the snores of the other passengers had blended with the hum of the propellers.

BLONDE Stewardess Kay Byrnes had us all nicely tucked in, blankets and all, but that didn't satisfy us. We had to play with the leg rest, adjust the foam-rubber seat-back, lift up the table on which they serve meals every hour on the hour (or so it seems) and wiggle the curtain surrounding our seat. We even enjoyed ourselves figuring out what time it was all over the world with the help of a little dingbat Pan-Am thoughtfully provides for childish patrons. Next thing we knew, Stewardess Byrnes was shaking us and pointing out Diamond Head. The mechanical Sandman had gotten us, after all.

SINCE WE'RE talking about golf in *ESQUIRE* this month, we can't miss the chance to point out that one of the top tournaments of the season is being held at one of our favorite hotels. It's the annual \$10,000 Specialists Tournament at The Cavalier at Virginia Beach. If the 250-acre seaside estate of The Cavalier in the April Virginia sunshine—with its tennis, swimming, riding, boating and dancing—isn't reason enough for a visit, you can always deceive yourself into thinking you'll cut strokes off your golf score by watching the masters at work.

with Esquire



Painting the Town

NOW, IN THE approaching Springtime, the early dark comes less swiftly than it did in the winter. Now the daylight lingers a while and the twilight, when it finally descends, seems softer. And this is just as well. For this is a season for softness, a season for whispering violins and muted brass and old songs and the rustle of silk. So now, in the lingering light, the couples move leisurely through the canyon of Manhattan as they make their way to cocktails or the institution known as tea dancing. In the Stork and the Savoy-Plaza the bands drift from one song to another as the couples glide over the polished floors. And then, finally, the dark washes down into the streets and the bands stop playing and the couples depart. The dinner hour has come and, because this is Springtime, it is an unhurried hour, a witching hour, an hour to which Manhattan is prepared to cater.

IN THE TWO level room with its soft-rounded, kidney-shaped bar—the Leslie House has its whispering hour. For here, at 30 West 56th, time is of something less than the essence. So you sip your drink and then another drink and presently you glance at the menu and after a while you finally make a selection from the good things listed there. And sometime during the evening, a man strolls into the shadows and begins to sing and then you are sure that it is spring again. For this man is Tommy Lyman, and there is no one quite like him. So he strolls from table to table and whispers his songs—his songs of bliss and heart-break, his songs out of the redolent past, his songs like *Melancholy Baby*. This is Manhattan—West 56th Street in Manhattan—but it could just as well be Peoria or Tampa or Sacramento. Because the language is the language of love—sacred and profane love—and it is also the language of the springtime. No one has ever spoken it so affectingly as Tommy Lyman.

AND AT Madison Avenue and 61st Street, in a plush room known as the Colony Restaurant, the people—the bright and the rich and the celebrated people—

linger over the smoked rainbow trout with the horseradish sauce and then proceed to something light like chicken hash and wind up with one of the ineffable desserts. Because here, in the spring and in every other season as well, the food is utterly magnificent. Or down at 10 East 46th Street, in a restaurant called The Miramar, there is superb fare too. There is, to be more precise, a collection of steaks and filets that are unsurpassed anywhere in this country. And there is the green salad, and the rich soups, and the good, good desserts. And because it is Spring, no one hurries. Everyone simply sits there and takes all the time in the world. Which is as it should be, because good food, like love, should not be rushed.

AND IN CHICAGO too, where the breeze off the lake is warm, there is the trace of Springtime too. It is at Wacker and Michigan, in a wonderful, wonderful place called, somewhat incongruously, the London House, which goes in for hearty things like broiled sirloin steaks and a miraculous onion soup and appetizers like baby lobster tails. And the waitresses are very lovely, indeed—which, in the spring, is only as it should be.

AND ALSO IN Chicago is a place called Imperial House, which is fine in any season, but downright marvelous in the spring. For here are cooling things—like the fine Vichyssoise and the plate of assorted cold cuts and the crisp salads and the Hawaiian Pineapple Surprise. Here are things to which a young man's fancy turns in the spring. And here is softness and leisure and graciousness too—and all at reasonable tariffs.

SO NOW, with the coming of spring, the early dark comes less swiftly than it did on the frosted afternoons of the winter. And everywhere—at the Miramar and the Colony and the Leslie House, and even at the ordinarily brisk Jimmy Kelly's, which seems to have been in Greenwich Village since the beginning of time, at these places in Manhattan; and at Imperial House and London House in Chicago—people linger over their repast. Fortunately, it is repast of irreproachable quality.

For information about any hotels, restaurants or night clubs, write "Esquire About Town," 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

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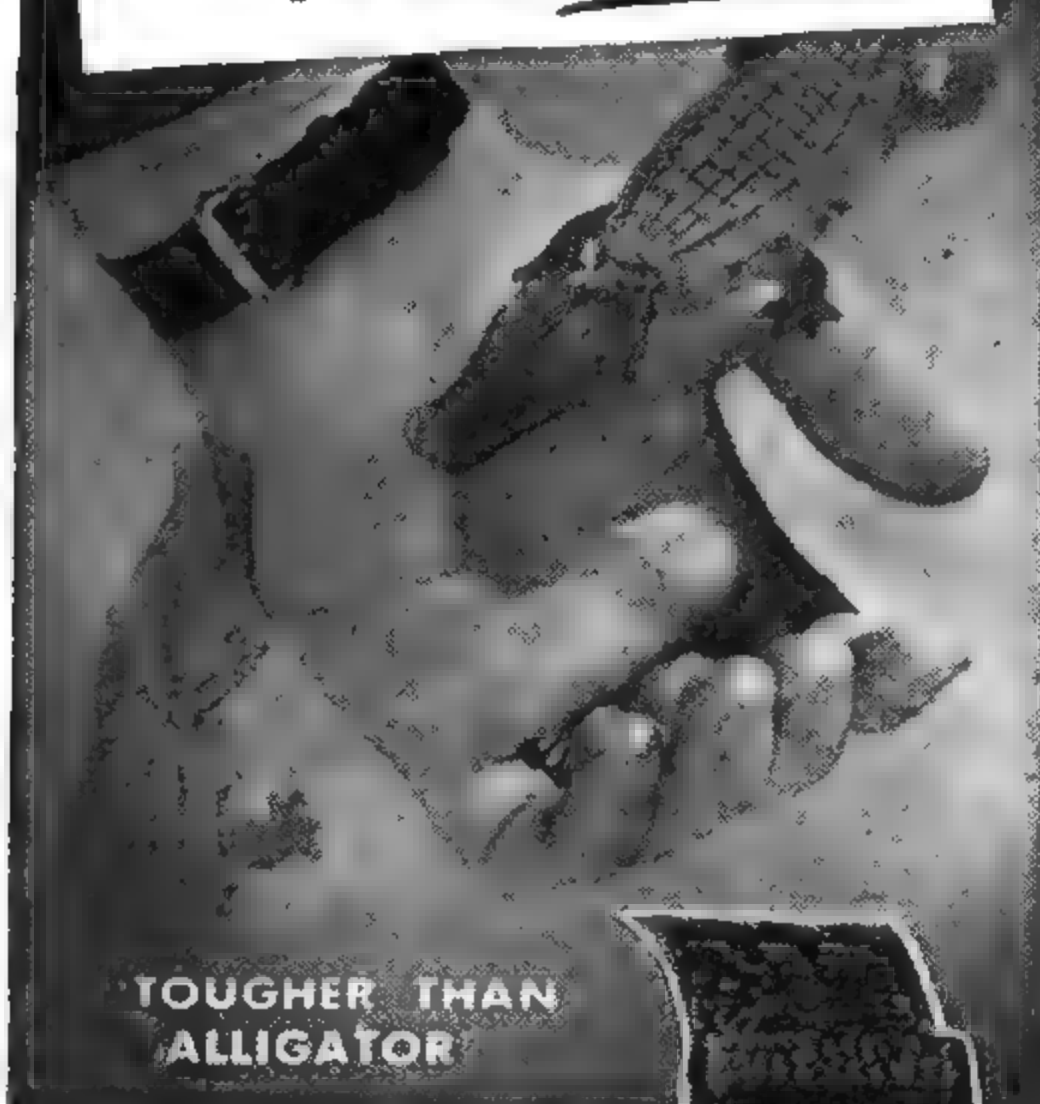
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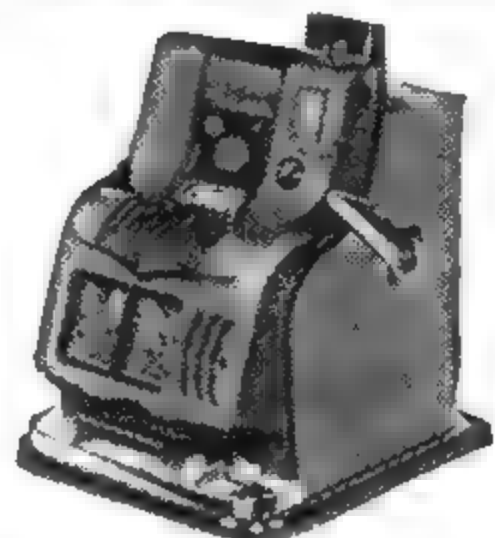
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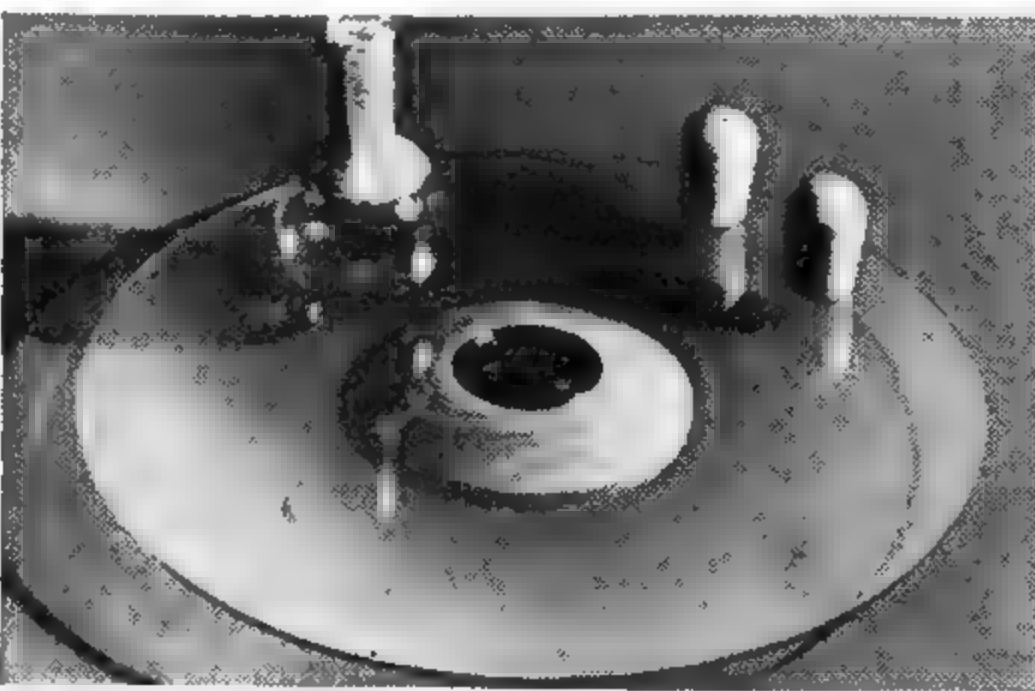
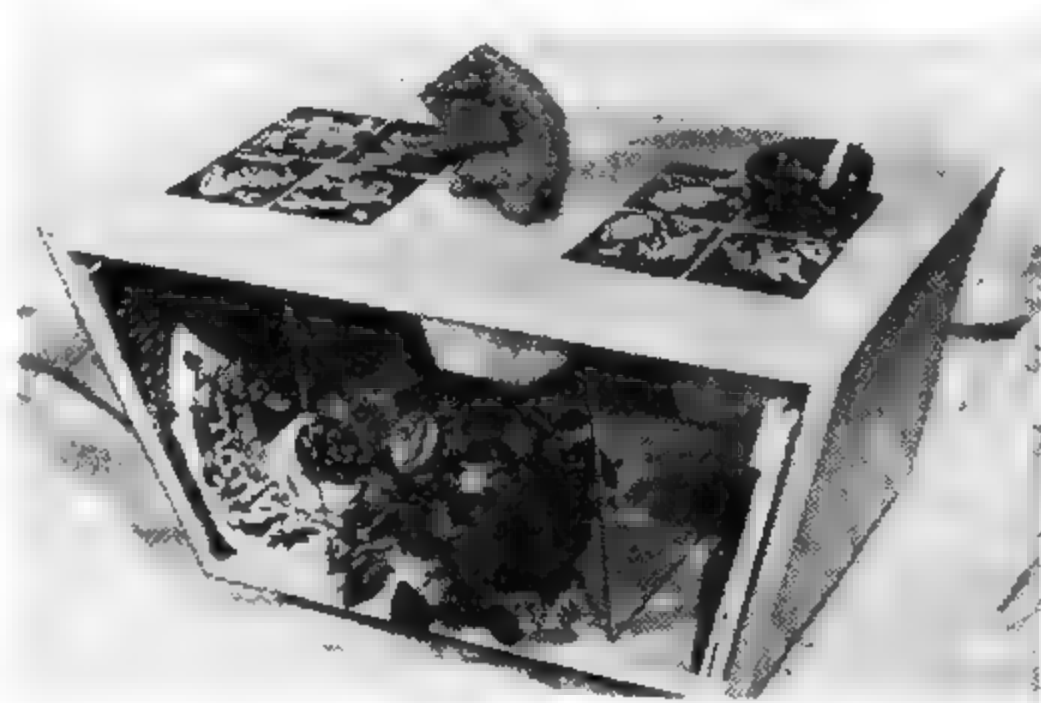
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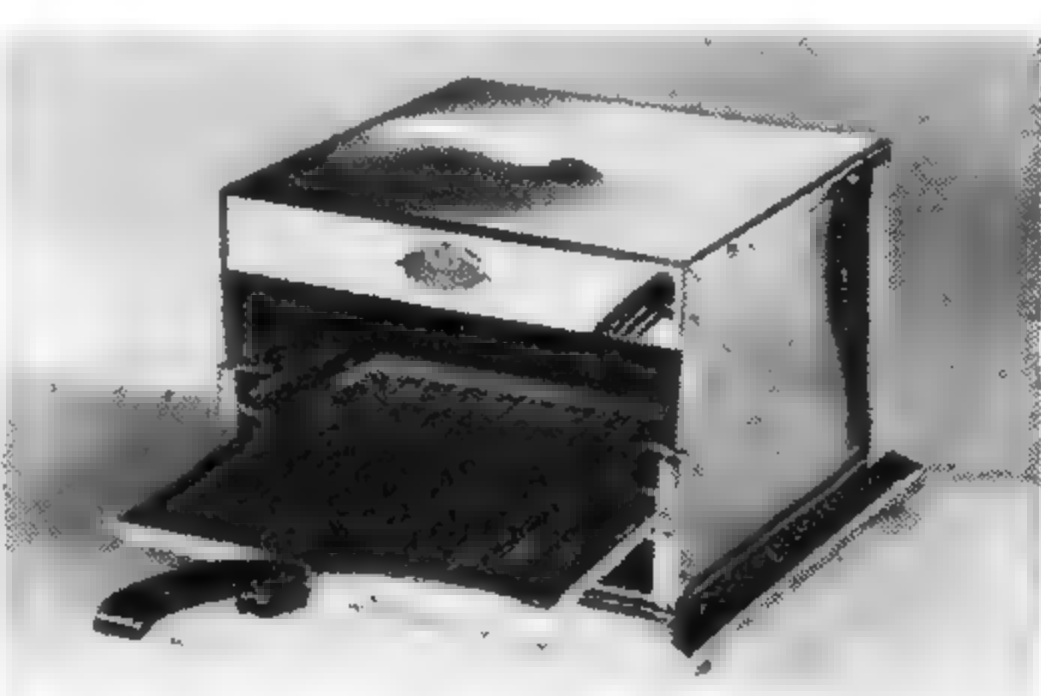
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A CUSTOM BUILT magazine-coffee table designed has hand-painted tiles set in the top and vertical glass partitions in the bottom. It is 18" high, 16" deep and 30" long. In white oak with a light pickle finish, the wood is hand-polished and rubbed to a satin lustre. Made also in mahogany, walnut or primavera.



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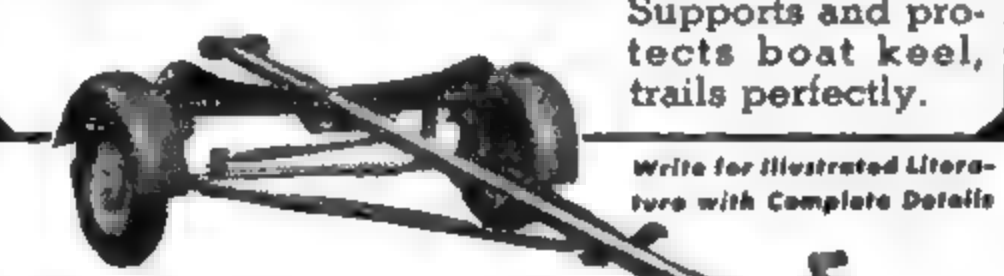
AMAZINGLY FAST and thorough, this mixer does a job of whipping eggs, cream, mayonnaise or drinks by simply pumping the handle up and down. The drip-proof measuring cup and pitcher are plastic with a stainless steel lining at the bottom. Developed by a research chemist, both items are tops in efficiency.

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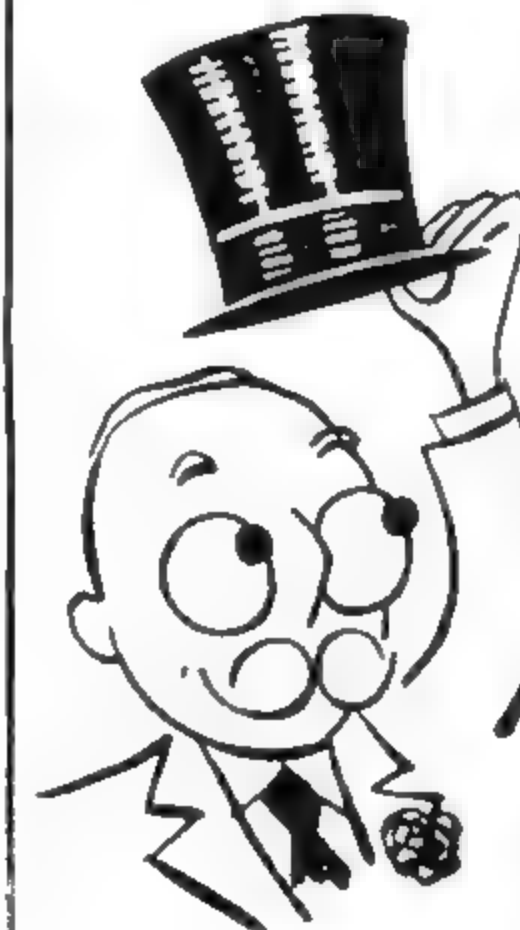
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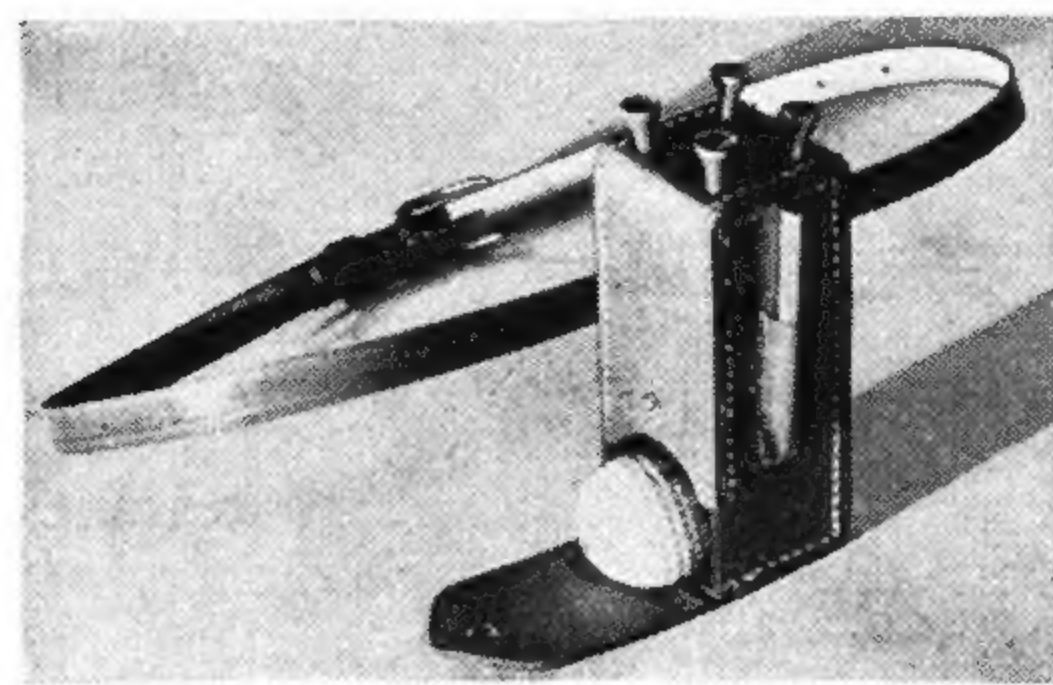


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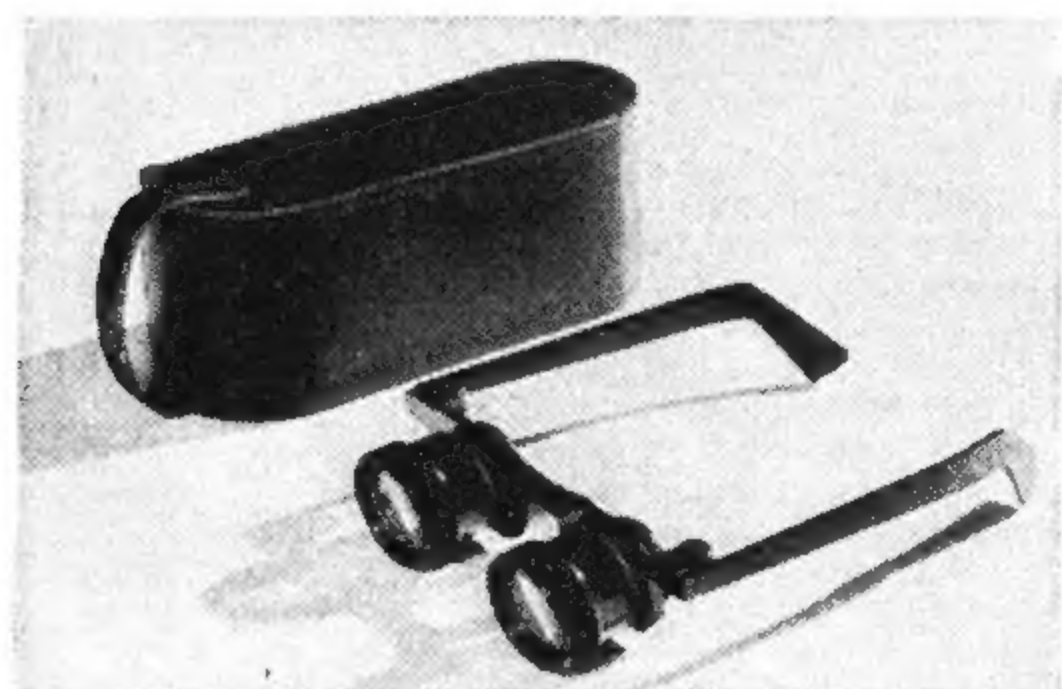
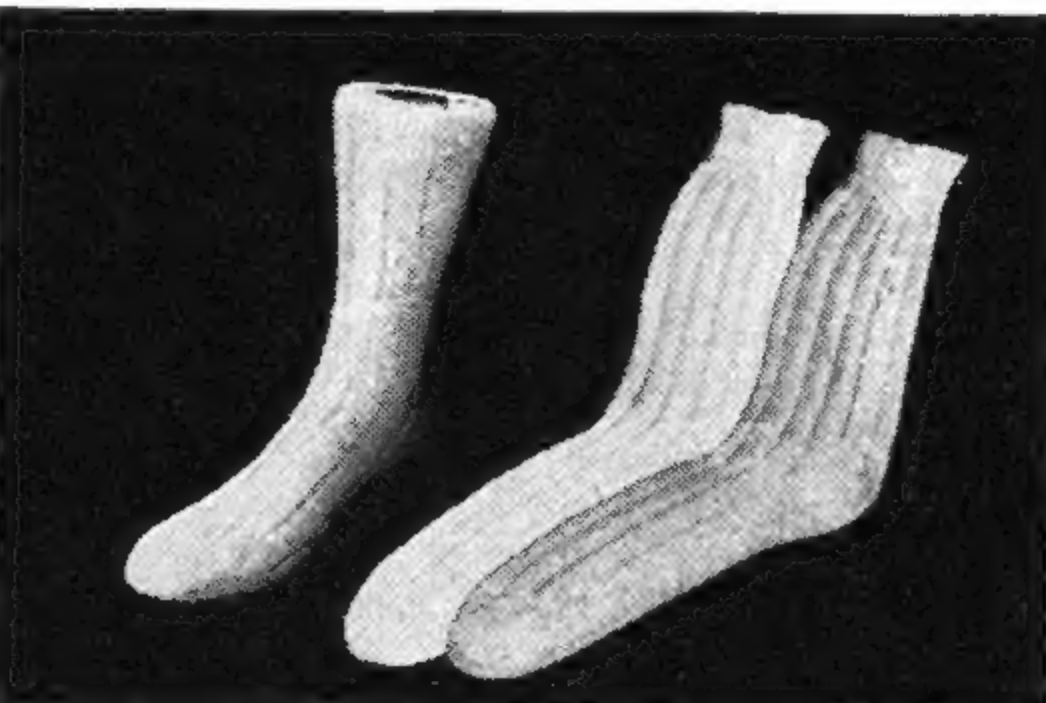
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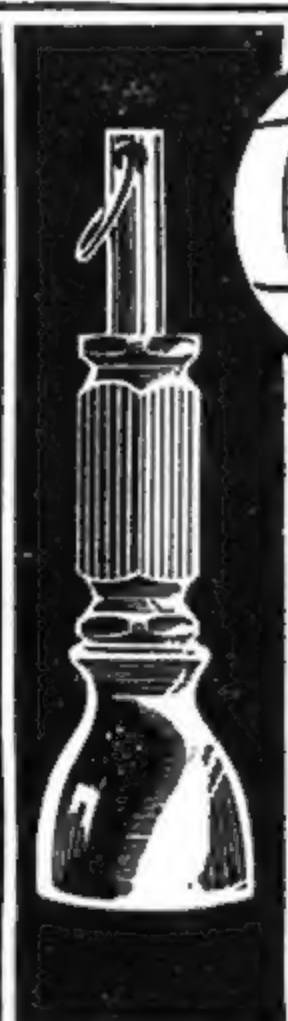
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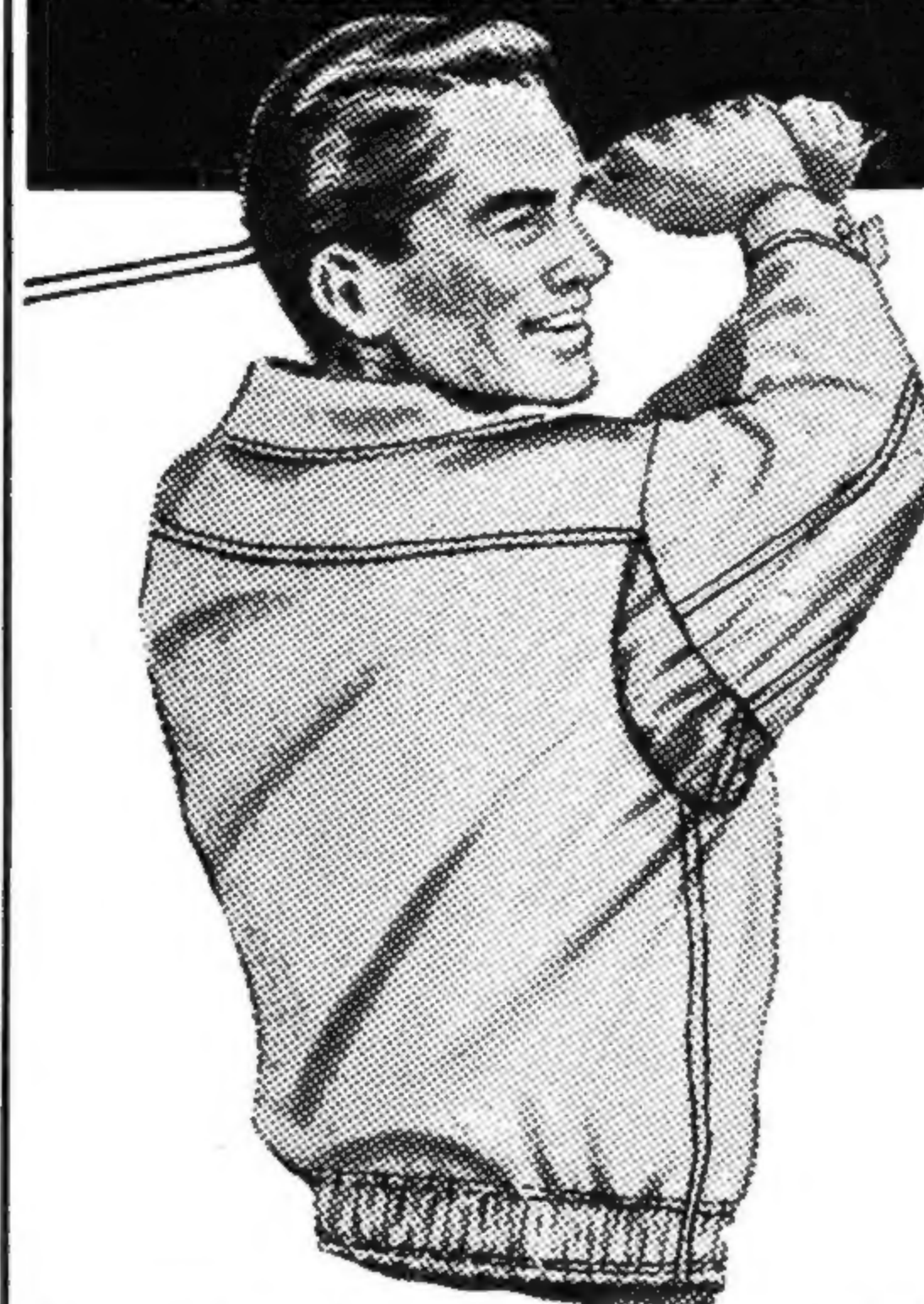
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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

APRIL, 1949

Abels, Robert.....	34	Lanvin.....	29
Ace Mfg. Co. (Flight Ace).....	151	Laughs Unlimited.....	31
Air-O-Magic Shoes.....	127	Leathercraft Process of America Inc.....	34
Allen Edmonds.....	35	Lentheric, Inc.....	22
Alligator Company, The.....	101	Lewis & Waterman.....	30
American Extension School of Law.....	31	Lincoln Tailors.....	34
Amity Leather Products Co. (Rofls).....	116	Linguaphone Institute.....	34
Ampro Corporation.....	24	Los Angeles Sportogs.....	150
Arden Book Co.....	161		
Arnold Company, The.....	32	MacGregor.....	4
Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc. (Grant's).....	8	Mackie Lovejoy Mfg. Co.....	30
Avon Sole Company (Du-Flex).....	133	Magic Center.....	164
		Mansfield.....	21
Bar Mart, The.....	36	Marx & Haas-Korrekt Co.....	135
Bar Master.....	36	Mashek Co., Frank.....	30
Barnes & Co., A. S.....	36	McKesson & Robbins, Inc. (Tawn).....	157
Bass & Co., G. H. (Sportocasins).....	154	Meeker Company, Inc., The.....	10
Bates Shoe Company (Phi Bates).....	102	Melaire Distributing Co.....	36
Bauer & Black ("Bracer").....	103	Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane.....	160
Bellows & Co. (Partners Choice).....	6	Micro-Vox.....	165
Benbow Briar Pipe Co.....	31	Miller & Sons, J. (Cricket).....	157
Blye, John.....	29	Miramar.....	163
Bond's Big Men's Shop.....	36	Moir's.....	36
Borman Sportswear Inc. (Kool-Jac).....	31	Monarch Mfg. Co. (Pitch-N-Putt).....	113
Bostonians.....	141	MontaMower Distributing Co.....	30
Breier Sons, Inc., Marcus (Bantamac).....	38	Moto-Mower Company.....	33
Bropar.....	34	Mylsh, Mann & Drucker, Inc. (Nelson-Paige).....	17
Brownstein-Louis Company (Hendan).....	159		
Burger, Joseph.....	33	National City Bank of New York.....	162
Burke Golf, Inc.....	150	National Distillers Products Corp: Gilbey's.....	40
		Old Crow.....	100
Calvert Distillers Corp. (Lord Calvert).....	11	Native Boot Company.....	29
Carmel, Wm.....	164	Navarro Bros.....	31
Cash's.....	34	Nettleton Co., A. E.....	147
Cavalier, The.....	162	New Era Shirt Co.....	125
Cheney Brothers.....	37	"Nice-Cubes".....	36
Cherry Heering (Schenley Import Corp.).....	145	Nosek, Adolph.....	34
Chippewa Falls Woolen Mill Co.....	164		
Church Co., Inc., Edmund T.....	158	Park & Tilford Import Corp: Booth's House of Lords.....	163
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. (Arrow).....	97	Harvey's.....	22
Cohama Tie Fabrics, Div. United Merchants and Manufacturers, Inc.....	28	Reserve and Private Stock.....	14
Concord Shoes, Inc.....	30	Parker Pen Company, The ("51").....	II Cover
Concord Watch Co.....	148	Pedersen Sales Company, The.....	16
Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc.....	163	Pee Wee House.....	29
Coopers Inc. (Jockey).....	15	Peters Div., International Shoe Co. (City Club).....	13
Copacabana.....	163	Phillips-Jones Corp. (Van Heusen).....	25
Cosmopolitan Mfg. Co. ("Great Dane").....	149	Pioneer.....	7
Currick & Leiken Co., Inc. (Rumson Tweed).....	161	Polygator.....	164
Curtis Shoe Company, Inc.....	99	Portis Hats.....	118
		Press Box.....	162
Davis Mfg. Co.....	30	Progressive Leather Goods Co.....	128
Defiance Mfg. Company.....	165		
Delapenha & Co., Inc., R. U. (Myers's).....	162	Q. T. Novelty.....	33
Dobbs Hats.....	III Cover		
Dunlap Hats.....	39	Rabsons.....	162
Duotone Company.....	36	Rainfair, Inc.....	130
Dutch Masters.....	152	Rau Fastener Co. (Klikit).....	23
		Raxon Fabrics Corp.....	126
Eagle Clothes, Inc.....	124	Renfield Importers Ltd. (Remy Martin).....	119
Elder Mfg. Co. (Mark Twain).....	110	Reynolds Tobacco Company, R. J. (Camel).....	IV Cover
Emerson Hats.....	32	Roberts, Johnson & Rand Div., International Shoe Co. (Rand).....	111
Empire Products, Inc.....	164	Rogers Imports, Inc. (Air-tite).....	136
Endicott Johnson Corporation.....	149	Rum and Maple.....	33
Engelson, Larry R. (Hylo).....	140		
Eunice Novelty.....	33	Schenley, Sir John.....	155
		Schiffelin & Co. (Hennessy).....	117
Fell, Inc., Frederick.....	32	Seaforth.....	29
Fellman, Ltd.....	164	Seagram-Distillers Corp. (V.O.).....	20
Field and Flint Co. (Foot-Joy).....	114	Semler, Inc., R. B. (Kreml).....	16
Flex-Let Corporation.....	10	Shane Corp., C. B. (Season Skipper).....	104
Florsheim Shoe Company, The.....	26	Shanhouse Sons, Inc., W.....	159
Folker Fabrics Corp. (Fisch).....	144	Sheraton Hotels.....	163
Frank & Meyer Neckwear Co. (Regal).....	129	Shulton (Old Spice).....	155
Freeman Shoe Corporation.....	120	Siesta Novelty.....	34
Frye Shoe Co., John A.....	32	Simpson Imports, Inc. (Daks).....	160
		Smith Shoe Co., J. P. (British Walkers).....	138
Garcia, Rafael R.....	32	Smokers Robot Co.....	31
Gerrits Gadgets, Inc. (Miser-Mitt).....	31	Society Brand Clothes, Inc.....	121
Gilbert of California (Holdapleat).....	146	Sportex Foundations.....	30
Glenmore Distilleries Company (Kentucky Tavern).....	112	Sports Center, The.....	165
Glo-Lure, Inc.....	164	Stebco Products (Tulide).....	31
Golfcraft Inc.....	153	Stein & Company, A. (Paris).....	18
Gourielli.....	131	Stern Apparel Corp. (Ayrstar).....	148
Grais & Sons, Rubin.....	157	Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc. (Elevators).....	34
Gruen Watch Company, The.....	3	Stout Factory Shoe Store Co.....	31
Grunwald-Marx.....	160	Studebaker Corporation.....	12
Hale Rubber Co., Alfred (Rajah).....	154	Talon, Inc.....	19
Hammon Park Clothes.....	27	Taylor Corporation, E. E.....	105
Hanan and Son, Inc.....	158	Taylor & Company, W. A.: Drambuie.....	157
Harley-Davidson Motor Co.....	32	Sandeman.....	153
Harris Mfg. Co., B. W. (Zero King).....	142	Tee-Nee Trailer Co.....	164
Harris Tweed Association Ltd.....	154	Textron, Inc.....	123
Harvard Clothing Co., Inc.....	151	Timely Clothes.....	109
Hattstrom Golf Specialties.....	33	Traub Mfg. Co. (Orange Blossom).....	163
Henry Hanger Co. of America, The.....	31	Treasure Mart.....	30
Herman Optical Co.....	165	Triangle Raincoat Co., Inc. (Weatherbee).....	159
Heublein & Bro., Inc., G. F. (Club Cocktails).....	132	Tums.....	158
Hill, Herb.....	31		
Hillierich & Bradby Co. (Louisville Grand Slam).....	8	U. S. Rubber Co. (U. S. Royal).....	137
Holton Company.....	165	Venus Corp.....	32
House of Crosby Square, The.....	152		
House of Murphy.....	163	Weaver, Dorothy.....	34
Hull Mfg. Co.....	33	Week Cutlery, Inc.....	32
		Weissman Watch Corp. (Welsbro).....	159
Ice Cubo Co.....	29	Weitz & Co., Inc., S.....	143
		Wes-Ko Distributors, Inc.....	33
Jerks Socks, Inc.....	161	Westminster, Ltd.....	9
Johnson Motors.....	29	Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co.....	166
Juilliard & Co., Inc., A. D. (Zephyroy).....	153	Wile Sons & Co., Inc., Julius (Benedictine).....	151
		Wilson Sporting Goods Co. (Strata-Bloc).....	24
Kanner Hat Co., Inc., Joseph (Caxton).....	31	Wimbledon Shirt Co., Inc. (The Olympic).....	108
Kensington Hats.....	18	Winer Mfg. Co., Inc. (Sunlife).....	155
King Size, Inc.....	34	Winthrop Shoe Company, Div. International Shoe Co.....	122
Kings, The.....	162	Wiss & Sons Co., J.....	158
Klepa Arts.....	33		
Klinger, Georgette.....	30	Young, Inc., W. F. (Absorbine Jr.).....	33
Knipe Bros., Inc. (Ward Hill).....	156		
Knox the Hatter.....	134		
Kornman Co., A. L. (Koolraon).....	106		
Kravin Park Clothes.....	139		
Kuehnert & Co., A. (American Hosiery Co.).....	165		
Kuppenheimer & Co., Inc., B.....	98		

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